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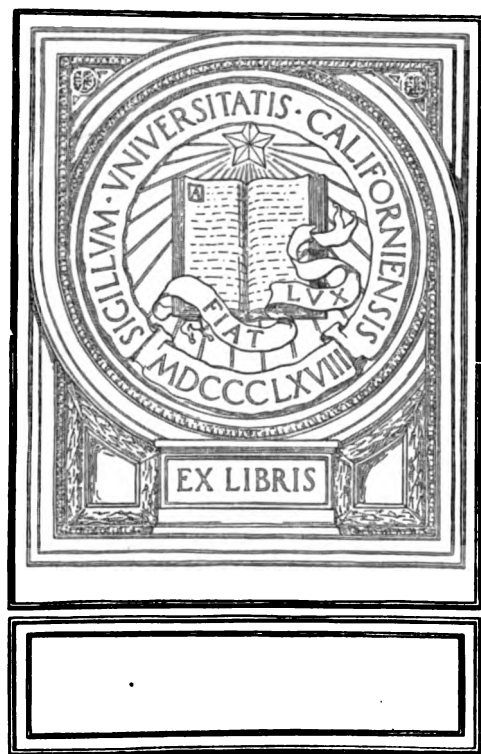
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THE  
POSTHUMOUS  
DRAMATICK WORKS  
OF THE LATE  
RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

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**THE**  
**POSTHUMOUS**  
**DRAMATICK WORKS**

**OF THE LATE**

**RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.**

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**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

**LONDON:**

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TO VIRI  
ABROGLAO

**A L C A N O R.**

**A TRAGEDY.**

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**VOL. II.**

**B**



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Herodian.  
Alcanor.  
Barzilla.  
Halak.  
Sameas.  
Serapion, *an Egyptian Slave.*  
Affghar, *an Arab.*

Augusta.  
Mariamne.  
Glaphyra.

M125245





# ALCANOR.

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## ACT I.

*Night. The Entrance of a Prison.*

*AUGUSTA enters, attended by SAMEAS, with a Guard bearing Torches.*

*Aug.* Advance your torches to the dungeon's mouth—

And is it here my beauteous rival dwells?  
Is it within these melancholy walls  
That Mariamne, Herod's matchless queen,  
Once the bright wonder of the gazing world,  
Ambition's victim, now despairing pines?

*Sam.* Such was the will of Herod, and, though dead,

Yet, whilst his stern decree stands unrevok'd,  
Here she must dwell, nor view the light of heaven,  
Till mercy beams upon her.

*Aug.* I would see

How gracefully the heroine wears her chains:  
Twice seven long years she triumph'd on my throne.

I would fain see, if those all-conquering eyes,  
Whose fires extinguish'd mine, maintain their lustre.

*Sam.* Is this a triumph worthy of Augusta?

What joy can it reflect on Judah's queen  
To mark the faded cheek, the languid eye,

VOL. II.

C

And trace the furrows of corroding grief  
In that fair face, whence every charm is fled?

*Aug.* If there be comfort to a wounded spirit  
In a proud rival's fall, give my revenge  
What name you may, it must be nature still :  
Therefore no more, but lead me to the dungeon.

*Sam.* Herod is laid in earth, your princely son  
Is destin'd to possess Judæa's throne ;  
Rome crowns your wishes, fortune smiles upon you ;  
But, if your happiness is not complete,  
Until contrasted with the gloomy scene  
That here awaits you, enter, and enjoy  
All the delights that horror can bestow.

*[They enter the prison.]*

*HALAK enters, followed by HERODIAN.*

*Her.* Stop, venerable stranger, and be pleas'd  
In courtesy to tell me, if 'tis here,  
Within this gloomy mansion, that your queen,  
The royal Mariamne, is imprison'd.

*Hal.* Sir, though in prudence I might stand  
excus'd  
From a reply, I shall not treat your question  
With that contempt ; nor you with such mistrust—  
'Tis here that Mariamne is imprison'd.

*Her.* Oh, heav'n and earth !—but sure, or I  
mistake,  
Or in those features, spite of all the change,  
That time has wrought, my memory still can trace  
An ancient valued friend—Are you not Halak?

*Hal.* I am, and if my old eyes don't betray me,  
I now behold Herodian, and the son  
Of that dear saint, whom these dark cells entomb.

*Her.* I am Herodian—this full heart can witness  
I am the son of that ill-fated mother,  
And the excluded heir of Judah's throne.

*Hal.* Thou art the heir; the covenant of heaven  
Is with the house of David—Oh, my prince,  
Let me embrace thy knees—

*Her.* Rise, rise and say  
If I may enter here, and vent my sorrows  
On that maternal bosom, where I hung  
In helpless infancy—Oh, what is nature,  
If son forgets the mother, that has fed him?

*Hal.* Alas, my prince, if here you seek to enter,  
The walls shall answer to your suit, as soon  
As those who guard them; fruitless were the time,  
And full of danger, spent in that attempt:  
Better it were, in this important crisis,  
To seek those loyal friends, whose sage advice  
Might guide your counsels, and protect your  
person,

Or e'er your brother, slave-born, base Alcanor,  
From his Arabian deserts shall return,  
As shagged Esau from his chase of old,  
And claim an elder birthright.

*Her.* Will heaven suffer  
That exil'd Ishmaelite to reign in Judah,  
And let the bondman lord it o'er the free?

*Hal.* Alas, the will of Cæsar is our law.  
What is Judæa, what is all the world  
But one vast province of imperial Rome?  
And though I doubt not but our Sanhedrim  
Would, with once voice, decree the throne to you,  
Yet now, so venal are the Roman tyrants,  
Lest but an Æthiop's sooty hand with gold,  
And he shall buy the diadem of Herod.

*Her.* Where is the record of my elder claim?  
Unjust and cruel as my father was  
To the unhappy tenant of that dungeon,  
Yet I must think, he never would prefer  
Augusta's Idumean son to me,  
A prince descended from the loins of David.

*Hal.* So swift, so instant was the mortal shaft,  
That struck your father's heart, death gave no  
warning,  
But sprung at once with fury on his victim,  
As 'twere his purpose to preclude repentance.

*Her.* Horrible consummation!—Were you present?

If so, relate the manner.

*Hal.* Words would fail me;  
The feelings of a son could ill endure it.  
High on his throne he sate in regal state,  
His proud heart swelling, whilst applauding crowds,  
With impious acclamation, cried—*A God!*  
*A present God!*—When on the word behold!  
Down fell this idol god, gasping, convuls'd,  
With dreadful agonies, down from his throne  
Death-struck he fell, and lay outstretch'd, a corpse  
Welt'ring in blood, too terrible for sight.

*Her.* It was the hand of heav'n—there lies the  
sin;  
There dwells the cause, that drew this judgment  
down;  
It was the wailing of my wretched mother  
In bitterness of soul, that cried against him;  
It was the spirit of that hermit-saint,  
Whose sacred blood bedew'd these impious walls,  
That his dissever'd head might grace the revels  
Of a lewd capering minstrel—He it was,  
That, from the quiver of unerring death,  
His swiftest arrow drew, and bade him strike.

*SAMEAS comes forth from the prison.*

*Sam.* Guards, to your posts! Whoe'er you are,  
withdraw,  
And stand at distance till the queen has pass'd!

*Her.* Oh, my foreboding heart!

*Hal.* No more : retire !  
This cloister will conceal us—Nay, be quick !  
[*Halak and Herodian withdraw.*]

*AUGUSTA comes forth with Attendants.*

*Sam.* Well, royal lady, you have seen your prisoner—  
And let me hope, the pitiable sight  
Has mov'd your heart to mitigate her sufferings.

*Aug.* Sameas, I rather should have thought  
your office  
Was more concern'd with justice than with pity;  
But I perceive Herod mistook your nature,  
When he impos'd this cruel task on one,  
Whose yielding heart is turn'd with every tear,  
That a fair woman sheds.

*Sam.* I can be firm,  
Though not unfeeling : you have seen the dun-  
geon,  
In which the wreck of all, that once was great,  
And beautiful, and happy, is ingulf'd :  
There was no preparation on our part ;  
Your visit was unlook'd for : did you find  
One secret solace in that dismal dwelling,  
One ray of light, by charitable stealth,  
Let in to cheer the darkling wretch within it ?  
If in your vengeance you could reap delight,  
From contemplation of a suffering creature  
In the last stage of misery, sure I am  
You have enjoy'd that transport in perfection.

*Aug.* How else should perishable nature stand  
A siege of woes, so numberless as mine,  
If dreams of dear revenge, and one faint spark  
Of hope still glimmering through the dreary void,  
Had not upheld me ? Six years I had reign'd  
In Herod's heart, his consort and a queen ;

When Mariamne's arts seduc'd him from me :  
Me he repudiates, and espouses her—  
Nor is this all—She rises in her power,  
And, unrelenting, bars me in a prison  
For twice sev'n years—My infant son meanwhile  
Driv'n to Arabia's deserts—What are wrongs,  
If these are not ?

*Sam.* In their full force I own them,  
I feel them to be wrongs, and do admit,  
Not to retaliate injuries like these  
Would be an instance of such rare forbearance,  
A virtue so sublime, as few have reach'd.

*Aug.* Yet, sure I had some sense of that forbearance,  
When as I enter'd, and in silence stood  
Contemplating her melancholy state,  
The tear of pity trickled down my cheek,  
And all the woman rush'd into my heart :  
The glimmering lamp shone faintly on her face,  
And ghastly pale it seem'd—Advancing then  
I was about to speak, when lifting up  
Her heavy eyes, she fix'd a look upon me,  
That chok'd my swelling throat, and stopp'd my  
speech.

*Sam.* Ah, who that so can picture human  
woes,  
And had the power, would want the will to heal  
them ?

*Aug.* What would you have me do ?

*Sam.* Would it be much,  
If you indulge her with the common blessings—  
Air, and the light of heaven ?

*Aug.* Let her enjoy them.  
I grant your suit for both.

*Sam.* Herod is dead ;  
What danger can accrue, if, to relieve  
Her solitary hours, some gentle friend

Were suffer'd to approach her—'Twould be  
cheering,

And with my life I'll answer for her safe-guard.

*Aug.* On that condition, be it as you wish!

*Sam.* Humbly I give you thanks. I've been  
importunate,

But mercy is the brightest ornament  
That royalty can wear.

*SERAPION enters, and kneels to AUGUSTA.*

*Ser.* Hail, gracious queen,  
Imperial lady, I have joyful tidings;  
Your princely son Alcanor is arriv'd  
In health and safety.

*Aug.* Hah, my son, my son—  
Saw you the prince—Comes good Barzilla with  
him?

*Ser.* I saw him enter Cæsarea's gates,  
Barzilla by his side; his Arab guard  
On their fleet coursers rang'd, their lances couch'd,  
In moony phalanx follow'd—'Twas a sight  
To draw all eyes upon them—

*Aug.* Is he comely,  
Gallant, and graceful? Doth he wear a look  
High and beseeming of his royal birth?

*Ser.* All that your heart can wish Alcanor is.

*Sam.* There, now you see the blessed fruits of  
mercy—

How quick the recompense succeeds the act.

*Aug.* Yes, Sameas, now the bright'ning pro-  
spect cheers me,  
Now the sun smiles, the land in view looks joy-  
ful,

And happily we ride before the gale,  
O'er swelling seas with full and fav'ring tide,  
Into the haven of prosperity—

Sameas, farewell ! Be watchful of your prisoner,  
But temper caution with what grace you may.

[*Exit attended.*]

HALAK *brings* HERODIAN *forth.*

*Hal.* You may come forth—She's gone.

*Sam.* Stand !—Who are these ?

Whence come you, and how dare you here intrude,  
On this forbidden ground?—Halak ! Amazement !

*Hal.* Regard us not as spies—We are in truth  
Lovers of mercy, and as such your friends

*Sam.* Why did you hide yourselves within that  
cloister ?

Was it to listen to our conference ?

*Hal.* Not for that purpose—yet I own we  
heard it.

*Her.* We heard—the son of Mariamne heard  
Your intercession for his suffering mother,  
And will record it in his grateful heart,  
So long as life and memory are vouchsaf'd  
him.

*Sam.* The son of Mariamne ! Can it be ?  
Halak, you should be honest—Is this so ?  
In solemn truth declare !

*Hal.* You know me well ;  
No conscious falsehood ever stain'd my lips :  
In very truth, the rightful heir of Herod,  
The son of Mariamne, stands before you.

*Sam.* With soul affianc'd to his sacred right,  
I pay my homage on my bended knee.

*Her.* Had I the pow'r, I'd bid thee rise to  
honour,  
But take my thanks—'Tis all I can bestow.

*Sam.* Prince, have you fortitude to meet the  
sight,  
That I can shew you—your imprison'd mother ?



*Her.* I have; I feel that heav'n will give me  
strength

To kneel and ask a blessing—

*Sam.* Oh, forbear;

You must not speak to her, you must stand off  
At distance, where her feeble sight can't reach  
you.

This is my counsel, prince, and in regard  
Of your mind's peace, I urge you to observe it.  
Now, Halak, mark me—From this door she'll issue,  
And when I give the signal of her coming,  
Draw off and stand apart. [*Enters the prison.*]

*Her.* Ah, my good friend,  
He must know little of the human heart,  
Who thus requires me to control its feelings.

*Hal.* Yet t'would be well to arm yourself, my  
prince,  
With as much constancy as you can summon.

*Her.* I'm fully arm'd—but what can fence off  
nature?

Had heaven decreed me to a private station,  
I might have seen my parents, full of years,  
Yield their last breath, and close their eyes in  
peace;

That had been triumph in the conscious trust  
Of their election to a happier state:  
But what is now my lot? A father there,  
Venting his impious vaunts, struck down by  
heaven,

A god this moment, and the next a corpse—  
Here, at the dungeon's mouth, the living tomb  
Of an imprison'd mother, whilst I stand,  
Waiting the ghastly vision to appear,  
Where is the son, who, in a scene like this,  
If he has human feelings, can foreknow  
Where passion may transport him the next  
moment?

Uphold me, heaven! She comes—He gives the signal.

*Hal.* Here, here! this over-hanging roof will hide us—

*Her.* No, I'll not stir—Spell-bound, I'm rooted here.

*SAMEAS leads MARIAMNE from the Prison.*

*Sam.* Fear nothing—we are now without the walls;

A little further on you'll meet the breeze!  
'Tis now the evening hour, when the pale shades  
Of near approaching night have melted down  
Day's gaudy tints, forsooth like yours too strong—  
Lift up your eyes, and tell me what you see.

*Mar.* Nothing distinctly: all is mist around me:  
But I perceive a stream of air so subtle,  
It penetrates each pore, and though I shrink,  
As if immers'd in water, it revives me.  
Whom must I thank for this?

*Sam.* The queen permits it,  
In pity for your sufferings.

*Mar.* Has she pity?  
Is it not rather you that have persuasion?  
You have a feeling heart, and many a time,  
When you have brought me food, I have look'd up,  
And, by the lamp's pale light, have seen the tear  
Drop on the bread you gave me—Oh, that drop  
Made sacred what it fell on, and methought,  
Whilst there was one kind heart that pitied me,  
Life was not totally bereft of comfort.

*Her.* Halak, give way! I can refrain no longer.

*Mar.* What voice is that? I heard the name  
of Halak—

*Sam.* Lo, he is present!

*Mar.* Let me hear him speak.

*Hal.* My ever-honour'd mistress, I am Halak,  
Your poor old servant, who has never fail'd  
To visit this sad mansion day by day,  
Sueing for leave to pay his mournful duty—  
But all in vain—

*Mar.* Yes, yes, the voice is Halak's;  
My ear is faithful to its friendly tones—  
Your goodness too I know, worthiest of men,  
And now my eyes recover their lost function,  
And I can see you—Oh this, this is comfort!—  
I see another there, I see a form  
Familiar to my dreams, a kind of spirit,  
Which in the midnight horrors of my cell,  
When all was dark around me, self-illumin'd,  
As the blest angels are, has beam'd upon me,  
In likeness of a son—

*Her.* That son is present,  
And, kneeling at your feet, implores a blessing.

*Mar.* Beloved of my soul—Would heav'n that  
now  
Thus sinking in these arms I might expire!

*[She falls upon his neck as he kneels.]*

*Her.* Help me to raise her!

*Mar.* No; they'll take me from thee,  
And shut me up in darkness—Oh, my son,  
A little longer the death-dealing angel  
Will free this spirit, whilst I hang upon thee,  
And let thy filial bosom be my grave.

*Her.* Call not on death! The power, that gives  
us life,  
Can make that gift a blessing, and permit us  
To build our best deservings upon patience  
Under the trials of his chast'ning grace.

*Mar.* Enough! thou'st said it; thy inspiring  
words  
Have arm'd me to endure—Sameas, where art thou?  
Behold me ready: Lead me to my dungeon!

*Sam.* Not to your dungeon; though I may  
not set

Your person free, your comforts are enlarg'd;  
Nor am I limited in time so strictly,  
But that you may enjoy some minutes more  
Of converse with your son—but longer stay  
Here would incur remarks, that might impede  
Your farther privilege; therefore be ready  
To follow where I lead; these friends so dear—  
They shall support you, and have leave to enter.

## ACT II.

*Scene, a Chamber.*HERODIAN *meeting* HALAK.

*Her.* Welcome, my friend, I've waited your  
return

With anxious expectation—Have you seen  
This new-discover'd star that all men gaze at,  
This wonder of the time—my Arab brother,  
And, as report proclaims, my king that shall be?

*Hal.* I have not seen him.

*Her.* What do you collect  
From those who have been happily advanc'd  
To that high honour?

*Hal.* All agree in this—  
His form is manly, his demeanour bold,  
His language very nature, and his manners  
Those of the savage hordes with whom he liv'd.

*Her.* Such is Alcanor—Now resolve me, you  
That have such long experience of mankind,  
And have been train'd in courts, what do you  
counsel?

Shall I oppose myself to this barbarian,  
Whom the strong hand of Rome, and his base  
mother

Have rais'd to sudden power, or meanly fly,  
And leave my wretched parent at his mercy?

*Hal.* Here to abide were absolute destruction,  
Yet to desert a title, sacred deem'd  
For endless generations, would be treason  
Against yourself and heav'n—My counsel is,  
That you repair to Rome, and at the foot

Of Cæsar's throne, where kings are fain to kneel,  
Put up your suit, and urge your ancient right.

*Her.* Well you advise, and reason must approve;  
But in the weakness of my heart I waver;  
For know, my friend, in this distracted bosom,  
There is a tyrant passion holds command,  
And I am beauty's slave. In my late exile,  
It was my chance to harbour with a Syrian,  
Philotas nam'd, a hospitable man;  
He, when Seleucus, his unhappy monarch,  
Died, as you know, in wretchedness and want,  
Took to his charge the daughter of his master,  
An orphan relict, my ador'd Glaphyra:  
To her my vows are pledg'd, to her I promis'd  
Instant return. How then can I abandon  
All that my heart holds dear?

*Hal.* Alas, my prince,  
What can I say? Love is no hero's passion;  
But if your word is pass'd, behold me ready  
To execute your will, whether it be  
That I should go to Rome in your behalf,  
Or to the Syrian beauty that enslaves you:  
Nor toils, nor dangers, no, not death itself,  
Can shake my constancy, when you demand it.

*Her.* Thus to my heart, my grateful heart I  
press you,  
Bravest and best of friends! And now in candour  
Hear and forgive my weakness, whilst I own,  
That, haunted as my fancy is with horrors,  
I would not fail my promise to Glaphyra,  
And go to Rome were I to gain its empire,  
Such agonizing dreams, such dreadful visions  
Have haunted me this night—Methought I saw  
Glaphyra struggling in the brutal arms  
Of that false Syrian, in whose charge I left her;  
Methought I heard her screams, by which a-  
waken'd,

And, leaping from my couch, I seiz'd my sword,  
 And in my frenzy rush'd to her defence,  
 Whilst terror shook each joint, and even now,  
 So strong the impression dwells upon my mind,  
 I cannot shake it from me.

*Hal.* 'Twas the shock  
 Of last night's scene with your imprison'd mother,  
 That bred these fearful and distemper'd thoughts;  
 But come with me—Your person is unknown,  
 We will devote an hour to observation,  
 And then prepare for what we may resolve on.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Scene changes to the Palace.—A State Apartment.*

*AUGUSTA enters, and is met by BARZILLA, who attempts to kneel and is prevented. Guards attend.*

*Aug.* Welcome, Barzilla!—Hold; no knees to me—  
 Give me your hand!—Ah! my old friend, is't so?  
 Twenty long years gone round since last we parted  
 Have left, methinks, some tracks of winter here.  
 Avoid the chamber— [*The Guards withdraw.*

Am I yet to tell you  
 What place you keep in this recording heart,  
 How inmost you are here? No, good Barzilla,  
 The trust, which in your bosom I have lodg'd,  
 The dearest secret of my life, to you  
 Alone confided, witness my regard.

*Bar.* And I have kept your trust religiously.

*Aug.* I will not doubt it.

*Bar.* I have hope you do not.

*Aug.* No, on my life! I know you to be faithful;  
 Let that suffice! Is the young man here with you?

*Bar.* He waits your pleasure—

*Aug.* Why that downcast look,  
That melancholy tone—Reveal thy thoughts !  
Art not content ? If my preventive bounty  
Hath left thee nothing for thyself to wish,  
Adopt another's wants, invent desires ;  
Be satisfaction henceforth turn'd to surfeit,  
And let imagination weary out  
Thy tongue with asking, ere my hand with giving.

*Bar.* Below ambition, yet above caprice ;  
Thy servant seeks not to obtrude a wish.

*Aug.* Why then thou art content ; but art thou  
also  
Mindful of former days, and that sad state  
Of mournful want, in which my bounty found  
thee ?

Is it still present to thy mind, how low  
Misfortune's leading hand had press'd thee down  
In life's profound decline, when I confided  
Alcanor, then an infant, to thy care ?  
Set him before me.

*Bar.* I obey—but look  
To see the merest child of nature, one  
As void of courtly manners, as of craft ;  
For never yet in cities hath he dwelt,  
But with the wand'ring Ishmaelite in camps,  
And what should he of this great world have learnt  
More than a shepherd's boy, or how can I  
Train up a prince for empire and Augusta ?

*Aug.* Talk not to me in this desponding style ;  
Look, look ! is that Alcanor whom I see  
Clad in his Arab mantle ?—Hah ! he comes—  
Is this your shepherd-boy, your child of nature ?  
Art cannot mend such nature—

ALCANOR enters.

Speak, Barzilla !  
Tell him to pay his homage to his mother.



*Bar.* Son, you are now in presence of the queen.

*Alc.* Well, if I am, what do your forms require  
Of him that is in presence of a queen?

*Aug.* When, for the first time, you approach a  
mother,

What does your nature dictate?

*Alc.* To inquire

Why I have been deserted by that mother,  
From infancy till now—this nature dictates.

*Aug.* Imperious fate forbade that I should pay  
thee

The duties of a mother: fourteen years

I was immur'd in prison.

*Alc.* 'Twas my father,

Herod, the king now dead, that sent you thither,  
And do you mourn for him?—So would not I.

*Bar.* Check your bold tongue! You speak you  
know not what.

*Alc.* I speak what nature dictates, as she bade  
me;

Such are not apt to err. Your modes I know not,  
But we, the world's free denizens, who range  
With flocks and herds in common, where fresh  
pasture

And welcomespringsinvite, must keep men honest  
By rendering wrong for wrong, and death for  
death,

Our law and our religion is revenge.

*Aug.* If, as you speak, you act, you'll find full  
cause,

When you come forth into this faithless world,  
To put your Arab maxims into practice.

*Alc.* Barzilla, tell the queen how I chastis'd  
The wretch, that would have forc'd the Syrian  
damsel.

*Aug.* Tell it thyself.

*Alc.* I'm ill at such relations—

*Aug.* I'll hear it from none other.

*Alc.* So it chanc'd,

We harbour'd by the way with one Philotas—  
Barzilla knew the man—At dead of night,  
When all but villainly was laid to rest,  
A female scream awaken'd me from sleep;  
Instant I snatcht my sword, and quick, as thought,  
Ran where the cry directed; there I found  
A damsel struggling in the lustful arms  
Of that old caitiff—To his heart, at once,  
I drove my rapier, and redeem'd the maid:  
'Tis so we children of the desert act—  
Barzilla knows the rest.

*Aug.* Relate the rest.

*Bar.* The prince hath briefly told, what briefly  
pass'd.

I deem'd it needful to resume our march  
Without a moment's loss; nor could I leave,  
In that extremity, the rescued damsel,  
Half dead with terror, to abide the dangers,  
That needs would follow that intemperate act.

*Aug.* You brought her with you?

*Alc.* Yes, that charge was his;

The women and the camels were his care;  
I and my Arab horsemen kept aloof.

Beauty, like hers, was only to be trusted

With purity and continence like his.

*Aug.* Of what condition is she, slave or free?

*Bar.* Of royal birth, the daughter of Seleucus,  
That hapless prince, who, when dethron'd by  
Cæsar,

Was fain to labour for his bread in Rome.

Her name Glaphyra—

*Aug.* Set her in my sight!

A maid so father'd claims our best protection.

[*Exit Barzilla.*]

*Alc.* Did I not well?

*Aug.* Thou didst.

*Alc.* Barzilla chided ;

But why should vengeance pause when virtue  
suffers ?

He was as swift to sin, as I to punish :  
I'll not repent the deed.

*Aug.* To rescue innocence  
Needs no repentance ; but beware of love,  
It is not beauty, 'tis ambition now  
With bridal smiles, that weds thee to a throne.

*Alc.* I know not what love is—I never felt it ;  
But this I know, no object half so lovely  
Ere met my sight before—Lo, where she comes !

*BARZILLA conducts GLAPHYRA.*

*Aug.* Why 'tis a form compounded of all beauty,  
Simplicity with elegance combin'd,  
And virgin dignity—Illustrious maid ;  
With pity we have heard the sad recital  
Of your misfortunes, and with all respect  
Due to your high descent, we bid you welcome ;  
And much it glads us, happy fortune brought  
Our princely son so timely to your rescue.

*Alc.* Speak not of that—banish that painful  
subject !

*Gla.* 'Tis delicate, 'tis generous on your part  
To spare me the recital ; but if words  
Could speak my gratitude, I'd not be silent.

*Aug.* Barzilla, I would speak with you apart.

*[They withdraw.]*

*Gla.* Prince, I perceive in thy sequester'd haunts  
Thou hast convers'd with virtue—Oh, persist ;  
Keep her for ever near, loose not her hand,  
Lead her to courts, to councils, on the throne  
Make her thy consort, and, when night comes  
on,

Place that one faithful centinel beside thee,  
And thou shalt sleep secure.

*Alc.* Rude though I am,  
So thou wilt teach me, I will strive to please thee.  
What have I seen amongst thy sex but thee?  
External shapes of things, that walk and move  
With nature's due proportions, but unpolish'd  
And barbarous as myself: they catch the eye,  
Thou ear, eye, heart; they are but earthly beings,  
Thou art all soul, a purifying spirit,  
And mak'st me a new creature.

*Gla.* Oh, no more:  
I must not hear this language.

*Alc.* Tell me then  
How I must speak; teach me a purer language,  
That, when I put up prayers for thee in absence,  
I may adopt it.

*Gla.* Friendship.

*Alc.* Ah! what's friendship?  
To my own sex 'tis proper and apportion'd;  
I've pledg'd it to Barzilla, the wild tribes,  
Hundreds of wandering Arabs have my friend-  
ship;

The very brutes, in some degree, possess it;  
But thou, fair maid, for whom my heart conceives  
A new sensation, thou should'st so describe it,  
That other object may not claim or share it.

*Aug.* Break off their conference! His heart is  
caught. *[Apart to Barzilla.]*

*Bar.* Lady, the queen invites you to retire;  
Considerate of your health, she has provided  
To entertain you in the private chamber.

*Alc.* She has done well—Glaphyra's spirit needs,  
And my repose demands it—Leave me, leave me!

*[To Glaphyra, who directs a look of acknowledg-  
ment to him, and departs. Exeunt Augusta and  
Glaphyra.]*

ALCANOR and BARZILLA remain.

*Alc.* Friend of my life, protector of my honour;  
I know it is to thee I owe this rescue;  
But have a care! The conquest was not easy,  
And courage, brought too often to the test,  
At last may fail—then I am lost for ever,  
And all thy cares have been bestow'd in vain.

*Bar.* Child of my hopes, I trust thou wilt not  
yield  
To baseness, which thy noble heart abhors.  
Yet (I will own it to thee) when I saw  
The crimson tumult rush into thy cheeks,  
And thy fond eyes drink streams of soft desire  
From the fair Syrian, my heart trembled for thee.

*Alc.* No, if her form, though fair, could so defile  
The sanctuary of my honour, by my soul,  
This weapon, which I wear, should rip it out,  
Though it entwin'd my heart.

*Bar.* Yet take this caution—  
Some vices in their infancy usurp  
A virtuous semblance; hell-born lust awhile  
Its goatish ugliness can varnish o'er  
With cherub smiles of love; by soft approach  
And playful dalliance spreads its lurking fires;  
Then, like the infuriate Syrian, whom you slew,  
Bursts into flame and deals destruction round.

*Alc.* Truly you speak my fears; I look about  
This new-found world with horror—Beauty here,  
With tempting smiles, allures me to dishonour—  
There gaunt ambition's spectre haunts my sight,  
Rapine and lust and murder howl around me,  
Those fiends that lurk beneath a throne—Farewell  
To those calm hours, when each returning day  
On Amram's banks, we call'd the golden sun  
Up to the east, and met the dewy breath

Of morning issuing from the flowery vale—  
These are for ever gone.

*Bar.* And what can empire  
Give in exchange, for these so peaceful scenes?

*Alc.* Power to dispense my mercies to mankind,  
And blessings dealt me by approving heaven.

*Bar.* Then hear me, heaven! And if my breath  
has fann'd

The native spark of this ethereal fire,  
That burns within him, grant my earnest prayer—  
Nourish the sacred flame, and as thy hand  
Hath rais'd it high, oh, keep it ever bright,  
That, like a beacon on the mountain's top,  
His high-enthroned virtue may be seen  
Clear and unsullied by a guilty world!

*Alc.* Oh, still be near me, still direct my course,  
And, what you've rais'd, support!

*Bar.* I'll not forsake thee;  
And should the false lights of this treach'rous  
world

Divert (which heaven forbid!) thy youthful course  
From the warm chase of glory, in that moment  
I will come forth, recal thy devious steps  
Back to the saving point, from which they stray'd,  
And put thee in the glorious track again.

## ACT III.

AUGUSTA, BARZILLA.

*Bar.* Now, royal lady, Rome has crown'd your wishes ;

I saw Alcanor mount the throne of Judah,  
And where your labours end, his cares commence.

*Aug.* How was the edict relish'd by our elders,  
When it was publish'd in the Sanhedrim ?

*Bar.* There was a question stirr'd, if Herod's son  
By Mariamne was not yet alive,  
And Sameas, keeper of the royal prison,  
Was call'd upon to give in evidence  
His knowledge of the matter.

*Aug.* What said he ?

*Bar.* He said, that, holding office confidential  
Under the king, he'd answer to none else.

*Aug.* And well he said—Behold, the king approaches—

*ALCANOR in his royal robes, followed by his Guards,  
Arabs, SAMEAS, and after them HALAK and  
HERODIAN, who stand apart.*

*Aug.* Long life and glorious to Judæa's king !

*Alc.* Health, and as many years of calm content  
As may please heaven, to our much-honour'd  
mother !

Your forms have wearied me ; but though no time  
Nor ancient use can dignify such trifles,  
They harm not me, so let them take their course.  
Now, soldier, you, that to the bearded elders,  
When question'd of your prison'r, gave for answer,

That you would plead to none, but to the king,  
Know that the king commends your bold reply,  
And now requires you to disclose to him,  
What you withheld from them—The question is,  
If Mariamne hath a son alive?

*Sam.* The queen, my prisoner, hath a living son.

*Aug.* Sameas, correct yourself—'tis known to all  
Herodian died in Syria.

*Alc.* Hear you this?

Upon what proof do you assert he's living?

*Sam.* Upon the evidence of my own senses.  
I should be much-unwilling, in this presence,  
To stake my credit upon proof less certain.

*Alc.* The man is confident. Let him proceed.

*Sam.* It had been long, oh king, my painful duty  
To hold, in strict and solitary durance,  
The wretched Mariamne; once the consort  
Of your late royal father; till last night,  
So harsh were my instructions, none approach'd  
her,

Myself excepted; the sun's cheering light  
Ne'er visited her dungeon, when it pleas'd  
My gracious queen, here present, to inspect  
Her dying state with pity, and allow me  
To abate the rigour of my former treatment.

*Alc.* Go on, tell all the horrors of your prison;  
I blush for human nature whilst I hear you.

*Sam.* Arm'd with authority, so grateful to me,  
I did not lose a moment to impart  
These mercies to my pris'ner, I releas'd her  
From her dark cell, let her inhale the air,  
Then balmy soft, and reconcile her sight  
To evening's sober shades: here, while she stood,  
A man, well known to her in former time,  
Halak by name, who, at the prison gates,  
Day after day had come, with fruitless suit,  
Craving my leave to pay his mournful duty,



Unseen of me till then, address'd my pris'ner,  
And much delight his welcome greeting gave her.  
Thus far I suffer'd, when behold a stranger,  
Young, and of aspect dignified and noble,  
Instant appears, and kneeling at her feet,  
Proclaims himself Herodian, and her son :  
She starts, surveys him, falls upon his neck,  
And whilst he clasps her fainting in his arms,  
She, with maternal ecstasy entranc'd,  
Calls upon heaven to let her die at once,  
And breathe out her sad spirit on his bosom.

*Alc.* For ever sacred be the rights of nature !  
Who shall withhold the mother from her child ?  
You, madam, are a mother, you have felt  
All the soul-rending pangs your pris'ner feels ;  
Recal these horrors to your thoughts, and say  
How you would wish your son to think and act.

*Aug.* I wish my son to think this specious tale  
A plot, concerted with the meddling elders,  
To impose a false Herodian on the world,  
And conjure up a rival to dethrone you.  
Let Sameas, who describes this tender meeting,  
Say, if he held this stranger for the son  
Of Mariamne—If he did, I tell him  
He is a traitor not to have secur'd him.

*Alc.* Have you done this ?

*Sam.* I have not.

*Alc.* Could you do it ?  
Had you a guard ?

*Sam.* I do acknowledge it.

*Aug.* Here then at once I put you to the test—  
Either confess that all you have been telling  
Is a mere fable, or avow the truth,  
And own yourself accomplice in the plot.

*Sam.* No, I stand here at issue for the truth,  
And, be it what it may, I will abide it.  
He whom I saw, and suffer'd to escape,

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I then believ'd, and hold to that belief,  
 Was true Herodian, Mariamne's son :  
 But if, because I had not heart to tear him  
 From the embraces of a dying mother,  
 I am to suffer, let the axe fall on me !  
 If I'm a traitor, 'tis of mercy's making ;  
 You may condemn me—I appeal to heaven.

*Aug.* He braves our vengeance. Guards, arrest  
 the traitor !

*Alc.* Hold, madam, though short counsels suit  
 me well,  
 A man's life may demand a moment's pause.  
 Let it be known that Sameas is in peril,  
 And if the man he sav'd be the true prince,  
 He will stand forth in honour, and avow it.

*HERODIAN comes from behind the Guards.*

*Her.* Behold him present ! He you seek, am I.  
 The true Herodian, son of Mariamne—  
 If you require a witness, here is one,  
 A friend that knows me, and is known of all.

*[Addressing himself to Halak, who stands beside him.]*

*Alc.* 'Tis well ! I doubt you not : your manly  
 bearing  
 Bespeaks your royal birth, and needs no voucher.  
 How did you pass our guard, and for what purpose  
 Are you here present ?

*Her.* At the call of honour  
 I came to justify this generous man,  
 Knowing the danger I had drawn upon him.  
 If 'tis in him a crime not to have seiz'd me,  
 Behold I am his pris'ner—he has seiz'd me,  
 And holds me faster, bound by my own sense  
 Of justice, gratitude, and conscious honour,  
 Than all the fetters you can pile upon me.

*Alc.* Fetters and prisons are a coward's weapons,

A tyrant's mean resource ; let the laws shackle  
Robbers and thieves, but my ambition's rival,  
If such you are, go forth, erect your standard,  
And strike for empire ! I'll not hold your person.

*Aug.* My son, beware.—Herodian is your rival ;  
You have him in your power—Did you not say  
Your law and your religion is revenge ?

*Alc.* True ; but what is there to revenge in  
him ?

How am I wrong'd, because he is my brother,  
My father's son ? Is it offence to me  
That the affections of his heart impell'd him  
To visit an imprison'd, dying mother,  
At risk of his own liberty and life ?  
Put me in his place, and yourself in hers,  
How would you then exclaim, if I were seiz'd  
For visiting your cell, or this good man  
Traduc'd and menac'd for permitting it ?  
Speak, those that hear me, do I judge aright ?  
What says Barzilla ?

*Bar.* Oh, persist in mercy !  
If you have hope of happiness in heaven,  
Or heart's content on earth, I do conjure you  
Lift not your hand against Herodian's life.

*Aug.* Enough ; you've said it—Your all-pow-  
erful voice

Is law : Barzilla is Judæa's king.

*Alc.* Affghar !

*Aff.* What says my king ?

*Alc.* Draw out your guard,  
My faithful Arabs ; I am going forth.

*Aug.* Whither, with what intent ?

*Alc.* To teach Herodian  
How he should act to you, if giddy fortune  
Should raise him to the throne, and hurl me down.  
My nature is not made to war with women ;  
If Herod's frenzy threw his wives in prison,

The son of Herod will not hold them there.  
 Brother, your hand—Let Sameas lead the way.  
*[Exit with the Guards, and all but Augusta.]*

AUGUSTA *alone.*

Go, get thee hence, thou honourable madman !  
 Open the prison gates, make clear the dungeon,  
 Which thou thyself shalt be the next to enter.  
 Dupe of Barzilla's virtues, I predict  
 This vanity of mercy will undo thee ;  
 Death will cut short thy triumphs—As a meteor  
 Gives one bright flash, and then is seen no more.  
 So will thy glory—Hah, Glaphyra comes—  
 If there is any power to counteract  
 The influence of Barzilla, it is love,  
 And her bright eyes already have inspir'd it.

GLAPHYRA *enters.*

*Gla.* Health to Augusta !

*Aug.* Health and happiest hours,  
 With ever-circling joys, to fair Glaphyra !  
 I have a friendly claim upon your patience  
 For a few private moments.

*Gla.* I attend,  
 With due devotion, to your royal pleasure.

*Aug.* Come, you must put aside this distant air,  
 And hear a woman to a woman speak,  
 Without reserve, the language of the heart—  
 If each fair form, which this wide world contains,  
 Could here assemble, you alone, Glaphyra,  
 Daughter of Syria's monarch, have my voice,  
 Were I to choose a consort for Alcanor.

*Gla.* I am the child of solitude ; your throne  
 Is circled with ambitious beauty—choose  
 From that fair circle some less humble maid.

*Aug.* Why this reserve. You cannot but perceive

Our son adores you.

*Gla.* I take heaven to witness,  
That never, from the sad distressful moment,  
In which your son first found me, to this hour,  
Have I, by word, or look, or female art,  
Attempted his affections.

*Aug.* Can I doubt it?  
Your high-born dignity, your conscious pride  
And self-respect would never so descend.  
Nor could Alcanor's generous heart be won  
By arts like these—Your honour he has rescued,  
Your person snatcht from ruin worse than death—  
This you will not deny—

*Gla.* Reward him, heaven,  
With never-fading glory ! May his throne  
In wisdom and in mercy be establish'd,  
And, in the arms of some superior fair,  
Endear'd by beauty and by truth ennobled,  
Whilst I am distant far, may he forget  
That e'er Glaphyra's name provok'd a sigh !

*Aug.* Now I can read your heart and solve its doubts :

You see a rude unpractis'd son of nature,  
Encompass'd with temptations, and you paint  
Youth's giddy bark, with swelling sails out-  
spread,

Driv'n by the breath of flattery on the rocks  
Of pleasure's faithless shore ; you see our son  
Press, with a trembling weight, the unsteady  
throne :

Save him, Glaphyra ; let not your preserver  
Be made the victim of romantic honour :  
Ev'n now he's gone against my strong protest  
To set the imprison'd Mariamne free—  
'Tis madness, and not mercy.

*Gla.* Oh, 'tis great,  
'Tis glorious.

*Aug.* Child, you say you know not what ;  
That Mariamne is his rival's mother,  
That rival is Herodian ; whilst he lives  
Rome may give kings, peace she can never give  
To vext Judæa, for in him the line  
Of David centers, and with him would cease—  
Well may you start and be amaz'd—for know,  
Here in this very spot, just ere you enter'd,  
Herodian stood—defenceless, self-surrender'd,  
Single—My son surrounded by his guards—  
What did he?—Wond'rous to relate, he spar'd  
him,  
Call'd him his brother, took him by the hand,  
And led him forth, Barzilla at his side,  
To witness the deliverance of his mother—  
And see he comes—Now, now be firm, and save  
him !

*ALCANOR enters hastily.*

*Alc.* I've freed your pris'ner. Chide me not,  
good mother,  
For I am merciful—By him that made me,  
I would not wear your crown on other terms.  
Hah ! what is this ? Why does Glaphyra kneel ?  
Why stream those beauteous eyes ?

*Aug.* She has a suit ;  
Hear her, my son ; so shall her wisdom guard  
The throne, her beauty well deserves to share.

*Gla.* No, no, I covet not to share his throne ;  
You much mistake my suit. Not to the king,  
But to the godlike attribute, which deals  
Such mercies to mankind, to that I kneel.  
O prince, the prayers that gratitude shall breathe  
From the full hearts of mothers and of sons,

By thee redeem'd, shall be to heaven more welcome,  
 Than the rich incense of a hundred altars  
 Steaming with sacrifice, and thou, for whom  
 Those prayers are offer'd, shalt be crown'd with  
 blessings.

Now, royal sir, permit me to depart: [*She rises.*  
 My longer stay will but offend the queen.

*Alc.* If it offends the queen, the queen can take  
 A ready method to avoid the offence.

*Aug.* I understand you, sir, and am as ready  
 To take, as you are to suggest, that method:  
 But have a care how you provoke the vengeance  
 Of an insulted mother; what much time  
 And pains have made, a moment can unmake.  
 [*Exit.*

## ALCANOR, GLAPHYRA.

*Gla.* Alas, I tremble: she is greatly mov'd;  
 For pity's sake dismiss me.

*Alc.* No; I will not.

Mysteries I hate, and menaces I laugh at.

*Gla.* You will not!—is it thus Alcanor speaks?

*Alc.* I pray you pardon me; I am not yet practis'd,

Like the tame sons of idleness and ease,  
 In the smooth phrase of courts. My tuneless voice,  
 Crack'd with the shoutings of the clamorous  
 chase,

Ne'er sounded love's soft pitch; some happier lips  
 Pour those melodious accents in your ear,  
 Whilst mine grate harsh and hateful.

*Gla.* Were this so,  
 Were it forbidden by our destiny  
 That we should meet, I'm sure your noble nature  
 Would not attempt to arrest my plighted heart  
 From its allegiance.

*Alc.* Be not sure of that ;  
I know not yet what nature I am of.

*Gla.* Let Mariamne, let Herodian say  
What nature you are of.

*Alc.* They know but little ;  
And nothing to the point of my forbearance.  
When I show mercy to a fallen enemy,  
I do not thwart my nature, I indulge it.  
But, if I saw you in the exulting arms  
Of a successful rival—heaven and earth !  
Let not that rival meet me in my wrath.

*Gla.* Might I not hope, if pity were too feeble,  
Pride and your inborn dignity would check you ?

*Alc.* No, were Barzilla's self to cross me then,  
What might befall my friend, my more than father,  
I tremble to conjecture. Oft I've driven  
The spotted panther to his desperate bay,  
Yet never brook'd I a companion's spear  
To strike my destin'd victim, and arrest  
The savage trophies I had held in chase.

*Gla.* Spare me, in pity spare me, let me pay  
My grateful thanks and part.

*Alc.* Stay yet a moment !—  
You bade me, if I e'er became a king,  
That I should take fair virtue by the hand,  
Lead her to courts, to councils, on the throne  
Make her my consort ?—Thus behold I take  
Fair virtue by the hand—Ascend my throne !  
There sit enshrin'd, like a protecting angel,  
With guardian wings outspread and fostering  
smiles

Sheltering the frightened tribes, that start aghast  
From my fierce manners and coarse rugged looks.

*Gla.* Talk not of looks or manners ; all is noble,  
In every feature, every word and act  
Alcanor's soul impressively appears ;  
And sure I am, the guardian of my honour



Will not expose me longer to the chance  
Of what the queen in anger may devise,  
But let me fly for refuge to Barzilla.

*Alc.* 'Tis granted; if there be one human heart,  
Where virtue may repose, it is Barzilla's.  
Approach, my faithful Affghar!—To your care  
I give a sacred trust, defenceless beauty  
And virgin innocence—the test of friendship—  
Conduct this lady to Barzilla's castle,  
Where I have lodg'd Herodian and his mother;  
You know the place—Say I have sent her to him  
For refuge from the malice of Augusta—  
There needs no more—Farewell!—Stay not to  
    thank me;  
But part at once—My Arabs will protect you.

## ACT IV.

ALCANOR, HERODIAN.

*Her.* Alcanor, when we parted at the prison,  
Such was the scene, so powerful were my feelings,  
I could not speak to you, and even now,  
Conscious you look not to the praise of men,  
I'll not oppress your ear, or waste your time  
With a display of words—You have done nobly;  
Henceforth I am your brother, not your rival.

*Alc.* I know not what I've done, that should  
demand

That sacrifice from you: I found you here  
Under my roof, a brother—Had I found  
My direst enemy, could I have harm'd him?  
I found a hapless woman in my prison,  
I let her out—Could any man do less?  
If, in pursuit of what my heart inspir'd,  
My heart has led me right, why praise me for it?  
When virtue seeks more than its own reward,  
It becomes vanity—I will not hear you.

*Her.* Oh, blessed solitudes, oh, sacred haunts  
Of uncorrupted nature, where the eye,  
Ranging the interminable wild, discovers  
Nor fence, nor landmark to confine its scope,  
But all it sees possesses, till the soul,  
Expanding with the space it contemplates,  
Grows like the scene, magnificent and vast.

*Alc.* Yes, in the desert, which has been my  
school,

We think and act at large; but like the plant,  
That, shrinking at the touch, folds up its leaves,  
So, in its contact with a guilty world,

The soul collects and draws within itself  
Its wide-expanded feelings—Therefore fly,  
Before my mother's policy prevents it ;  
Whilst yet my power protects you, speak your  
wishes,

And speak your wants—My hand is open to you.

*Her.* 'Tis nobly offer'd—By my father's bounty,  
Whilst Mariamne reign'd, I was endow'd  
With fair possessions in the vale of Sharon :  
Thither, so you confirm the royal grant,  
My wishes point—Ambition I renounce.

*Alc.* If that contents you, I confirm the grant.  
What have you more to ask ?

*Her.* Illustrious youth,  
By virtue more exalted than by fortune,  
Of heaven I've much to ask on your behalf,  
Of you my benefactor nothing more,  
But simply your permission and safe conduct  
For my departure hence.

*Alc.* Whither to go ?

*Her.* I have a friend some two days journey off,  
Beside the Merom lake—his name Philotas—

*Alc.* Well, what of him ?

*Her.* I lay my heart before you—  
Philotas has in trust its dearest treasure—  
An orphan maid—

*Alc.* Go on !—Her name ?—

*Her.* Glaphyra.

*Alc.* You love her, and you left her with Phi-  
lotas ?—

*Her.* I did.

*Alc.* Why then you left her with a villain.

*Her.* Uphold me, heaven ! has he betray'd his  
trust ?

*Alc.* He was in act to do it, when I sav'd her ;  
Whilst she was struggling in his arms I kill'd him,  
I struck him to the heart, and sav'd Glaphyra.

*Her.* Oh, let me kneel, and call on heaven to  
bless you! [*Is about to kneel.*]

*Alc.* Forbear! Man was not born to be ador'd,  
And you, perhaps, are kneeling to a demon:  
Stand up! you know not what is passing here.  
Answer me truly—Are you married to her?

*Her.* I am not married, but our faith is pledg'd.

*Alc.* Leave me; escape! begone upon the mo-  
ment,  
Before the fire that's kindling shall consume you—  
Oh, through my head, my heart! Lost, lost for  
ever! [*Exit abruptly.*]

*BARZILLA enters.*

*Bar.* Hah! what is this?

*Her.* Oh, good Barzilla, save him!  
He rages with a passion for Glaphyra,  
And I, unhappily for his repose,  
Have own'd myself possess'd of her affections.

*Bar.* Away! you'll find Glaphyra at the castle;  
She's with the queen your mother—he prepar'd  
For instant flight. Lose not a moment's time;  
But leave your cause to me.

*Her.* Angels inspire you  
With powers of soft persuasion to appease him!  
[*Exit.*]

*ALCANOR re-enters.*

*Alc.* Where is he going? Call him back, Bar-  
zilla!

*Bar.* Why; for what purpose?

*Alc.* I revoke my mercy:  
He tempts me past my bearing—Stay me not:  
The vessel of my peace is tempest-torn,  
Whelm'd by conflicting passions, rack'd with love,  
And gulf'd in deep despair.

*Bar.* Are you a man?

*Alc.* Away! I never will resign Glaphyra:  
He shall not live, that dares dispute my title.

*Bar.* Your title! What's your title to Glaphyra,  
If she has pledg'd her heart—the tyrant's title,  
The title of the wolf to seize the lamb?

I tell you, sir, you are about to do  
The very deed, for which you kill'd Philotas.

*Alc.* 'Tis false. Whodares to call my love a crime?  
Recal the odious word!

*Bar.* No, I avow it:  
Commit what crime you may, I'm not afraid  
To give it its true name.

*Alc.* Down on your knees,  
Beg for your life! Hence from my heart for ever!  
All memory of your friendship I cast off.  
Lo, I am arm'd: escape whilst yet you can:  
You tread upon your grave—

*Bar.* I care not; strike!  
Here is my heart—Strike, parricide, but know  
You kill your father.

*Alc.* Hah! my father?—Yes;  
I've call'd you father—

*Bar.* By the eternal truth,  
I am your father: your intemperate rage  
Has wrung the secret out: Augusta's son,  
Whose princely name you bear, died in his birth,  
And poverty corrupted my weak virtue  
To substitute my infant in his place.

*Alc.* Did you do this?

*Bar.* I did this guilty deed:  
Unseen of all, in the dead hour of night,  
Tempted by dire necessity, I took thee,  
A smiling infant, from thy mother's breast,  
And gave thee to Augusta, in the place  
Of her lost hope expiring at her side.

*Alc.* I'll hear no more; the fable is too gross:

There cannot be in nature such a parent,  
 Or, if there were, it cannot be Barzilla.  
 Could I believe that you had been this monster,  
 Who sold your child, barter'd your blood for  
                   shekels,

And brooded o'er a lie for twenty years,  
 By the Great Power that made me, I'd not live  
 To meet the direful curse, that must pursue  
 And overtake the son of such a father.

*Bar.* Your sword was in your hand, your visage  
                   wild ;

I trembled at the sight—

*Alc.* Lo, I am calm :

The horror that hangs o'er me, has subdued  
 And made all lesser passions sink before it.  
 If truth you told, few hours are left for me,  
 And, when I drop the sceptre, death receives me ;  
 There I shall meet my judge—Here then I pause  
 Upon the awful interim, prepar'd  
 So to employ it, as shall best atone  
 To him, whose right, unconscious, I usurp'd.

[*Exit.*

AUGUSTA enters.

*Aug.* Ah! have I found you? Do you turn aside  
 And hang your head? What sullen discontent  
 Has seiz'd the sage philosopher of Shinar,  
 The great Gamaliel of the wilderness?  
 Does your boy-king rebel, and has the Syrian  
 Conjur'd another passion up, to rival  
 Your fine new-fangled maxims of forbearance  
 And self-denial? Have Glaphyra's eyes,  
 Arm'd with almighty love, taught him a lesson  
 Not to be found in your morality?

*Bar.* Oh, most unnatural father that I am!  
 Lost, hopeless wretch! for ever be accurs'd  
 The hour in which, by sordid bribes allur'd,

(Like the base Canaanites who sold their brother)  
 I took your dead Alcanor, and impos'd  
 My living babe upon the credulous king.  
 Now, now the dreadful retribution falls  
 On my devoted head—Never again  
 Shall I enfold him in these aged arms:  
 I have disclos'd the fatal secret to him;  
 He knows me for his father, and I sink  
 Under his filial curses to the grave,  
 The murderer of my son.

*Aug.* Oh, where was then  
 Heav'n's vengeance? Why did not the lightning  
 strike  
 Or e'er that word had pass'd thy perjur'd lips,  
 Bound by so many and such solemn oaths  
 To an eternal secrecy? Thou traitor!—  
 To thine ownself as faithless as to me—  
 To thine own son—Dost think he will believe  
 thee?

No, he shall not; I'll out-face thy confession,  
 And thou shalt find, that I have still the power  
 To punish the betrayer of my trust—  
 Away! begone! I hold no talk with traitors.

[*Exit Barzilla.*]

*As BARZILLA goes out, SERAPION appears.*

*Aug.* Approach, Serapion!

*Ser.* Behold your slave!

I live but to obey you.

*Aug.* Slave, methinks

Thou'rt an Egyptian. When our royal Herod  
 Met Antony and his imperial mistress  
 At Samosata, thou wast in the train  
 Of that fair reveller—'Twas then, Serapion,  
 Thy better stars preferr'd thee to my service.

*Ser.* Blest be the time! If you, my royal lady,  
Bear it in mind, how should your slave forget it?

*Aug.* Men of thy cast, they say, will promise  
fair,  
And shrink from the performance—Tell me now,  
If I were haunted with a walking spirit,  
Whom I would lay to rest, dar'st thou administer  
A spell to quiet it?

*Ser.* I dare do any thing,  
That thou dar'st counsel.

*Aug.* Nay, thou shalt not feed  
On airy promises—Here, take this jewel—  
What, man, accept it!

*Ser.* My thrice-bounteous lady,  
There needs not this to bind me to thy service.

*Aug.* That stone might grace the diadem of  
Cæsar,

Yet is it but a foretaste of my bounty.  
Be faithful, and thou shalt be drench'd in gold,  
Steep'd to the lips in treasure, blazing bright,  
Like Mammon's altar, pil'd with glittering ore,  
The offerings of idolatry to sin.

*Ser.* Who bleeds for this?

*Aug.* Barzilla.

*Ser.* Hah! Barzilla?—

*Aug.* Doth it revolt thee? In the western tower  
He sleeps this night: thou art most private there;  
Know'st every passage, and can'st thread the maze,  
That darkling winds around the vaulted pile,  
Commodious for the deed thou tak'st in hand.

*Ser.* Say'st thou this night? He sleeps his last—

*Aug.* But swear,  
Swear to perform it!

*Ser.* By each sacred thing,  
That can record or sanctify my oath,  
I swear—

*Aug.* 'Tis well! You med'cine my sick soul,



Pouring the balm of comfort on the wounds  
 Ingratitude has made—He falls; he dies—  
 But see the king!—remember, and be faithful.  
*[Exit Scrapion.]*

*ALCANOR enters to AUGUSTA.*

*Aug.* Welcome, my son! you come upon a wish.

*Alc.* I come to call your conscience to account.  
 It has been told me I am not your son.

*Aug.* And who is he that dares avow that falsehood?

*Alc.* Barzilla.

*Aug.* Yes; Barzilla has his motives:  
 You may ev'n thank yourself for that deception:  
 You've turn'd the brain of that old doting man,  
 Who having foster'd you these twenty years,  
 Now fain would father you. 'Tis all a plot,  
 To sink your high-born energy of soul  
 By peasant principles, and to melt down  
 The bright imperial ore, of which I form'd you,  
 To his base dross. Some sudden start of passion,  
 Some gust, that gave his apathy alarm,  
 Drove him to this resource.

*Alc.* I do confess  
 'Twas when he urg'd me to resign Glaphyra,  
 And had so gall'd my spirit by reproaches,  
 That in my rage I was about to kill him.

*Aug.* There, there the artifice convicts itself.  
 Why did he feign himself to be your father?  
 He trembled for his life. When I advis'd  
 The seizure of your rival, and prepar'd  
 Glaphyra to receive you in her arms,  
 Why, but to keep your noble mind in bondage,  
 Did he oppose my counsels, and persuade you  
 To enlarge Herodian, and renounce Glaphyra?  
 But you shall still possess her—The true parent

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Gives joy, gives rapture ; the false father chills  
Your generous passion with the freezing maxims  
Of cold forbearance—rules unfit for kings.

*Alc.* Is he a king, within whose bosom reigns  
A tyrant passion, that enslaves his reason ?

*Aug.* Is he a man, who lends his easy faith  
To fictions, that would not deceive a child ?  
And what does he deserve, who would degrade  
The son of Herod to a peasant's brat ?  
Were you his son, would he conspire against you ?  
No, 'tis because he knows you to be mine,  
That, in his malice against me your mother,  
He leagues with those, who call Judæa's throne  
The throne of David, and would pull you from it.  
Strike then, while yet you may, oh, strike these  
traitors ;

Live, reign, be happy, know me for thy mother,  
Or fly with him, and be a wretch for ever !

*Alc.* No, 'tis too late for flight ; having advanc'd,  
I never can go back : all that I am  
I must for ever be, or cease to be :  
Having once been a king, I will not live  
Detected, an impostor, at the mercy  
Of my triumphant rival, and behold  
Oh, worse than death ! Glaphyra in his arms.

*Aug.* Hah ! is it so ? Does she reject Alcanor,  
Her brave defender, and prefer Herodian ?

*Alc.* Oh, fatal truth ! I have preserv'd her  
honour,  
He has possess'd her heart.

*Aug.* Where is your spirit ?  
Where is that brave revenge, of which you  
boasted ?

*Alc.* Ah, if I am thy son, forbear to tempt me :  
Should not a mother turn my heart to mercy,  
Not to revenge ?

*Aug.* Should not a mother save

Her son from madness, from despair and death?  
 Take nature's answer from a mother's lips—  
 I would—Can mercy point that saving way?  
 'Tis not in mercy's power: to justice then  
 Turn thy revolving thoughts; inquire of reason,  
 Ask if 'tis fitting to supplant a son,  
 To give a son's fair birthright to his rival,  
 And sacrifice thy life to save Herodian's:  
 Does heav'n prescribe such mercy to a mother?  
 I'll not believe it does: I, like thyself,  
 Was once weak pity's dupe, and mark what fol-  
 low'd—

Twice sev'n long years of dark imprisonment—  
 If the example terrifies, avoid it,  
 And profit by experience dearly purchas'd.

*Alc.* Urge me no farther. Leave me to reflec-  
 tion.

What you have said has sunk into my heart;  
 I do believe Barzilla has deceiv'd me.

*Aug.* Be confident of that. He is a traitor:  
 Think no more of him.

*Alc.* Had I never left  
 Arabia's deserts, never seen Glaphyra,  
 Love and ambition had been harmless passions,  
 And I been happy.

*Aug.* Be advis'd by me,  
 And you shall still be happy.

*Alc.* Oh, too much,  
 Too much already—I will hear no more.

*Aug.* Farewell! remember, in the western tower  
 Herodian sleeps— [Exit Augusta.

ALCANOR alone.

What then? There let him sleep!  
 Avaunt, seducer! let my virtue struggle.  
 Strengthen my soul, just heav'n! Let him awake

To-morrow, and be blest—On him the sun  
Laughing shall rise; round him the dancing hours  
Shall tread their sportive measures—his the day  
And every day—Night and despair are mine.

## ACT V.

HERODIAN, GLAPHYRA.

*Her.* Yes, my Glaphyra, 'twas a dreadful moment,

And even so as you describe its terrors  
My fancy drew it in my last night's dream.  
Methought I saw the accursed Syrian seize you,  
No saving angel came, no brave Alcanor  
Flew to your rescue—Horror froze my blood.

*Gla.* Pierc'd to the heart at once Philotas fell;  
So sudden was the stroke, I saw it not,  
Nor knew the hand that sav'd me.

*Her.* Heaven reward him !  
Were the world's empire mine, I'd yield it to him.  
But what is empire? Fond, unhappy youth,  
His heart, alas ! is sensible as mine  
To beauty's fair perfection—He adores you.

*Gla.* With pity I behold his painful struggle.

*Her.* And do you not behold his virtues too  
With admiration? If he now should claim  
Your gratitude, your love—could you reject him.

*Gla.* Where would your question lead me?

*Her.* What am I?  
What have I done? He sav'd you, I forsook you :  
With me you sink into a private station,  
With him you mount a throne.

*Gla.* No more of this,  
You say it but to prove if thrones would tempt me;  
Therein you wrong the daughter of Seleucus,  
Whose glories once, though now eclips'd and lost,  
Dazzled the nations. To Alcanor's virtues

I bend with reverence, from his love I shrink  
With terror and affright.

*Her.* And cause there is  
For terror and affright: I've seen him rage  
Fierce as the gust, that tears his sandy wilds,  
And fiery as the sun, whose burning orb  
Withers parch'd nature up. Oh, my soul's treasure,  
That we could fly from hence!—

*HALAK enters.*

My friend, what tidings?

*Hal.* Alcanor comes; I pass'd him on the way.

*Her.* Comes he in peace and mercy to release  
us?

*Hal.* I know not that: he stopp'd and briefly  
ask'd me

If Mariamne liv'd—ere I could answer,  
Go tell your prince, he cried, that I am coming  
To fix his fortune and my own for ever.

*Her.* How look'd he when he spoke those  
awful words?

*Hal.* Fatally wild, and, as a shadow, pale;  
And, whilst with quiv'ring lips and hurried speech  
He bade me warn you to the western tower,  
The very scene inspir'd my soul with horror;  
For there no ray of heav'n's blest light is seen,  
Hope, cheerful offspring of the morn, ne'er enters,  
But murder, ambush'd in those gloomy cells,  
With list'ning ear, in midnight silence, sits  
Watching the hour, that tolls her victim's knell.

*Her.* Break off! I never will suspect Alcanor,  
And if he wrongs my confidence, behold!  
I have a weapon—Look, our mother comes—

MARIAMNE *enters.*

*Mar.* Once more, my son, with feeble step and  
 slow,  
 As fits a wretch just sinking to her grave,  
 Trembling I come to take a last farewell.  
 The prince, who wrongfully usurps your throne,  
 Has, in his mercy, deign'd to set me free,  
 And though too late that mercy comes, I thank  
 him,  
 I bless him for the deed. With this fair prin-  
 cess,  
 To whom you are affianc'd, you may live  
 Secure, nor envy him a crown of cares.  
 Thus let me join your hands—In sight of heaven  
 Here kneeling interchange your nuptial vows,  
 So shall I breathe a blessing on you both,  
 And die content. [*They kneel.*]

*Her.* Recording angels, hear me!  
 And, whilst I press to my devoted heart  
 This virgin hand, witness my wedded oath!  
 Now say, Glaphyra, if thy soul accords  
 To this my solemn vow.

*Gla.* To every word,  
 Conscious what judgments would await the breach  
 Of this our mutual oath, I do accord.

*Mar.* Rise, rise, ye wedded pair! Offspring of  
 kings,  
 To great achievements born, now arm your hearts  
 To meet the dangerous trial that awaits you.  
 In courts like this, floated with human blood  
 And peopled with assassins, whilst you stand  
 With only truth and justice on your side,  
 Both naked, both unarm'd, you well may doubt  
 How long Alcanor's mercy shall withstand  
 The vengeful precepts of his cruel mother.

*Her.* A few short minutes will decide on that;  
 Ev'n now I'm summon'd—Hark, I hear his trumpet.  
*[Exeunt.]*

*Scene changes to the Western Tower.*

ALCANOR with Guards, meets SAMEAS.

*Alc.* How now, whence come you? Why that bloody sword?

*Sam.* 'Tis an assassin's blood. Barzilla's stabb'd  
 By an Egyptian slave, whom in the act  
 I seiz'd and slew—

*Alc.* Oh, lead me, lead me to him!

*A Chamber in the interior. Barzilla is discovered wounded. Alcanor enters.*

*Alc.* My friend, my father!—Oh, accursed deed,  
 Soul-rending sight! What can I do to save thee?

*Bar.* Nothing: 'tis all in vain. The slave has  
 kill'd me.

The queen, the queen suborn'd him—he confess'd it.

*Alc.* Oh, horror, horror! Then am I thy murderer;

For I inform'd the queen of all that pass'd,  
 When, to arrest my hand uprais'd to strike,  
 You feign'd yourself my father—'Twas a fault,  
 But grievously, alas! you have aton'd.

*Bar.* It was indeed a sin, a crying sin,  
 But not against the truth—I am thy father.

*Alc.* Stop; have a care! Thou'rt dying—Do  
 not load  
 Thy parting soul.



*Bar.* I know that I am dying ;  
I feel it, and with my expiring breath  
I take it on my soul—I am thy father.

*Alc.* Augusta vouches strongly—

*Bar.* Yes, and kills me  
For having told the truth—Surely, my son,  
Thou wilt not curse me.

*Alc.* Mark, if I will curse thee—  
Judge of all human hearts, absolve my father !  
Blanch with his contrite tears this crimson sin,  
And, white as snow, record him in the book  
Of life eternal !—Give me now thy blessing !

*Bar.* Ye interceding angels, who address  
The throne of mercy for imperfect man,  
Make this dear youth your care, confirm his virtue,  
And grant him life—if life be innocence—  
But if dishonour, infamy await him,  
Waft him yet guiltless on your wings to glory !

*Alc.* Help then to fit me for this tow'ring flight,  
And with parental firmness point this sword  
Against this recreant bosom—"Tis not me,  
'Tis guilt you kill—Oh, stab it to my heart !

*Bar.* What do you mean ? Declare !

*Alc.* This midnight hour,  
This solitary silence, mad desires,  
And prompt occasion, aided by the counsels  
Of my seducing mother, all assail'd  
And shook my constancy ; with ready sword  
I came prepar'd to call my rival forth  
To equal combat—

*Bar.* Oh, my son, forbear !  
With my last breath, I warn you to forbear—  
And now I can no more—reach out your hand—  
Farewell for ever !—Oh ! I faint—I die ! [*Dies.*

*Alc.* My father, oh, my father—look upon me !  
Lift up your eyes awhile, and ere you close  
Their trembling lids, behold a deed of justice !

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Ah no, he's dead—His spirit has escap'd,  
 And all his troubles cease. He's gone for ever.  
 One false, one fatal step, and only one,  
 Marr'd a whole life of virtue—Affghar, Arabs !  
 Stand by the body, and with reverence guard it—  
 Now lead me to Herodian—Hah, who comes ?

*AUGUSTA enters.*

Remorseless woman, is it not enough  
 To kill by proxy, must you come in person  
 To feast upon the sight of human blood ?  
 Arrest that murderess ! She is not my mother.

*Aug.* Hah ! say'st thou ? Stop these ruffians !

Pause a moment,

And hear me speak apart—I yet will save thee—  
 There is no plea in nature, that should urge thee  
 To spare Herodian : he is not thy brother.  
 Thou art Barzilla's son, a peasant born,  
 Rais'd by my bounty to a kingly throne.  
 Wilt thou resign Glaphyra ? Art thou mad  
 To sacrifice revenge, ambition, love ?  
 The secret of thy birth dies with thy father ;  
 Send but Herodian where Barzilla is,  
 And thou shalt reign secure—

*Alc.* Avaunt, seducer !

Tempt me no more—a father's dying words  
 Are sacred—Look ! his wound bursts out afresh ;  
 Though dead, his blood cries out on me for justice !  
 Seize her, arrest her ! drag her to her dungeon !  
 [*The Arab guard forces Augusta off. Alcanor exit.*]

*HERODIAN and GLAPHYRA.*

*Her.* Be comforted, my love ! though I must  
 leave thee,  
 I will not doubt but that commission'd spirit,

Which o'er the sleep of virgin innocence  
Keeps his angelic watch, will here be present,  
As heretofore he was in greater need.

*Gla.* I fear not for myself; Alcanor's nature  
Is far too noble to conceive such baseness;  
It is for thee I tremble; 'tis the malice  
Of his revengeful mother, and the effects  
Of this expected interview I dread.  
The pangs of jealousy are new to him;  
Mild to submission, dreadful when oppos'd,  
His fiery passions ill endure restraint.

*Her.* In this, and through our lives in every  
trial,  
'Tis on heaven's providence we must depend;  
And ah! if now we part to meet no more,  
Dear to my soul, farewell! There was a moment,  
A fond weak moment—but it was a short one—  
When, in my anxious care to guard your life,  
I had foregone your love. That now is past;  
Our faith is plighted by an oath in heaven,  
And we must fall, if such our fate—together.

*Gla.* Behold me ready!

*Her.* Peace; break off! I'm summon'd.

*SAMEAS enters.*

*Sam.* Prince, 'tis the king's command that you  
repair,  
Without a moment's loss, under my guard  
To attend the Sanhedrim, that now is met.  
To you, fair princess, like command I bear,  
And the same quick obedience is enjoin'd;  
Be pleas'd to follow—No excuse will serve.

[*Exeunt.*

*Scene draws off, and discovers a magnificent Hall, in which the Sanhedrim is assembled in their proper Habilitments. A Throne in the centre for the King, and on each side barriers to prevent intrusion upon the space devoted to the Elders, &c.*

*Chief Eld.* [Rising.] Why with such haste, at this late hour of night,  
Our Arab king hath summon'd us to council,  
Brethren, I am yet to learn; but this I know,  
And you, ye sages of the law, can witness,  
The right of Mariamne's son to reign,  
As heir of David's lineage, stands enroll'd,  
With dire denunciation of heav'n's wrath  
On all opposers—This premis'd, I yield  
To Rome's decree, and call on this assembly  
To rise with one accord, and greet Alcanor  
Their king, now entering to ascend his throne.

*ALCANOR enters; the Elders all rise, and salute him as he passes, by laying their hands across upon their breasts, and bowing their heads. He ascends the steps of the Throne, bows to the Sanhedrim, and seats himself upon it—Then, after a pause, speaks as follows.*

*Alc.* Elders of Judah, with no better speech  
Than nature dictates, I shall tax your patience.  
Exil'd and driv'n to range Arabia's deserts  
From infancy till now, your laws and records  
Are undivulg'd to me: I neither question,  
Nor can acknowledge what I never saw.  
Call'd to this throne, I hold it for a duty  
To let you know how I have us'd the power  
Intrusted to me for your general good,

Within the period of this one short day  
Which I have pass'd amongst you.

*Ch. Eld.* Royal sir,  
The Sanhedrim are honour'd in this pledge  
Of your most princely candour, and we hail it  
As an auspicious omen, that a reign,  
Which so commences, will be long and glorious.

*Alc.* Grave sirs, I pray you, treat me not with  
flattery;  
Other applause than my own conscience gives  
Will be but lost upon me. Your late king,  
Upon what cause concerns me not to inquire,  
Left an imprison'd lady at my mercy,  
His queen, and mother of his son. By heaven,  
It mov'd my indignation to be heir  
Of such a legacy—I set her free—  
Do you approve?

*Ch. Eld.* With heart and soul, we thank you,  
And 'tis no flattery to declare such mercy  
In you, the son of Herod and Augusta,  
Is truly great, beneficent, and noble.

*Alc.* Then nature must be thank'd, that put  
within me

A heart that never could oppress the fallen.  
Now, sirs, I know there are amongst you some,  
Who look'd with evil eyes on my election—  
I care not which they are; let them avow it;  
I bear no malice to sincerity:  
Herodian has their wish—I have his person  
Now in my power—I would not touch his life  
For the world's worth: I've summon'd him be-  
fore you.

Let him assert his right, and let all those,  
Who hold the covenant of heaven in honour,  
Speak for the son of David, and uphold him  
Against the specious claims of an assassin,  
For with that name I brand my seeming mother.

*Ch. Eld.* In wonder and amazement we are lost;  
 Abash'd, confounded : such a dreadful charge,  
 And with such dignity of soul enforc'd,  
 By one so interested to suppress it,  
 Deprives us of all speech—

*Alc.* Produce your prisoner !

*AFFGHAR and the Arabs enter, bringing in AUGUSTA  
 under guard, as Prisoner.*

*Ch. Eld.* Oh, heaven and earth!—The queen?—

*Alc.* Aye, sirs, the queen—

But call not upon heaven when she is present,  
 For in heav'n's peace a murderess has no part.  
 Stand from before her!—That remorseless woman,  
 When foil'd and mourning o'er her dying child,  
 Seduc'd Barzilla (the best man on earth  
 That fatal act excepted) to impose  
 Me, me his new-born infant, on the king,  
 And father her dead prince—Oh, shame to nature!  
 This fatal secret, twenty years conceal'd,  
 He, in his agony, confess'd to me,  
 When dying from the stab of an assassin,  
 By her suborn'd to kill him—Let her answer  
 If this be not the truth.

*Aug.* I will not answer

A base impostor. What is truth to thee,  
 Thou peasant slave, whose whole life is a lie?  
 Till I can find language, that may express  
 My hatred, my contempt, I will be dumb.

*Alc.* You have heard enough. To your hands  
 I commit her :

My power draws to an end : take her away !

*[They take Augusta off.]*

Say, is it fitting such a wretch should live ?

*Ch. Eld.* With grief of heart, we say it is not  
 fitting.

*Alc.* Now, sirs, you've heard the sum of my  
short annals;  
I reign'd in ignorance, but I reign'd in mercy.  
Here comes your rightful king—

HERODIAN and GLAPHYRA, with SAMEAS,  
HALAK, &c.

Approach, Herodian,  
And you, the fair enslaver of my heart !  
The Sanhedrim have heard my full confession,  
And how betray'd to think myself a prince,  
The son of Herod, I have press'd your throne  
With an usurper's, not a tyrant's, weight.  
Had I remain'd unconscious of my birth,  
I should have held my seat, and sent you hence  
To find redress where you had chose to seek it.  
But now assume your right, ascend your throne,  
And place beside you that angelic maid,  
Whose innocence it was my happiest lot to save,  
Whose love my first ambition to deserve,  
But my sad fortune never to obtain.

*Her.* Heroic youth, in virtue more sublime  
Than thrones can make you, oh, be near me still,  
And teach me how to reign !

*Alc.* Your heart will teach you ;  
That must be virtue, which Glaphyra loves.

*Gla.* And thou art virtue—

*Alc.* Oh, no more ! Too late,  
Too late those pitying eyes are turn'd upon me.  
My spirit is too proud to be imprison'd  
In an ignoble case : it bends its flight  
To realms, where disappointment never dwells,  
And love is universal as the day,  
That brightens through eternity—Behold !  
Thus, thus I set it free—

[*Stabs himself.*]

*Her.* Oh, horror, horror ! [*The Sanhedrim rises.*]

Rise, fathers, rise ! Support him, save him ! Ah !  
He dies—the fatal point has reach'd his heart ;  
'Tis finish'd— He expires ! What noble fruit  
Of growing virtue with its native trunk,  
Is now cut down and strew'd upon the grave !

*Gla.* Judge him with mercy, heav'n ! He was  
not taught

Thy precepts of submission—Nature's child  
Will, with the God of Nature, meet forgiveness.

*[Curtain falls.]*



# THE ECCENTRIC LOVER.

A COMEDY.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Admiral Delroy.*

*Sir Francis Delroy, his Nephew.*

*Gangrene.*

*Peter Crowfoot.*

*Sir Henry Netterville.*

*Fenton, Secretary to Admiral Delroy.*

*John Seagrave, Admiral's Steward.*

*Tom Transit, Servant to Sir Francis.*

*Doctor Crisis.*

*Gabriel, Crowfoot's Man.*

*Ostrich, an Undertaker.*

*Servant to the Admiral.*

*Fidelia, Wife to Crowfoot.*

*Constantia, the Widow Brahmin.*

*Eleanor de Ferrars.*

*Widow Blandy.*

*Undertaker's Men, Servants, &c.*



# THE ECCENTRIC LOVER.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*An ornamented Grove, or Shrubbery, with the Mansion of Admiral Delroy in view.*

JOHN SEAGRAVE *meeting* TOM TRANSIT.

*Sea.* Ah, Scapegrace, is it you? Where is your master; where's the gay Sir Francis?

*Tran.* Ecco lo! [*Pointing to the house.*]

*Sea.* So you're come back at last—

*Tran.* Ecco mi!

*Sea.* Echo you! Not I, indeed—What sort of a tour have you had?

*Tran.* Amusing—I shall give it to the public.

*Sea.* The travels of Tom Transit—Jackanapes! you have not brought a Lady Delroy home; Sir Francis hasn't stumbled on a wife—

*Tran.* No, no, friend Seagrave, stumbling on a wife is a false step, that he, with all his eccentricities, won't make. Let others marry: we have cut that system.

*Sea.* Prig! puppy!

*Tran.* Hold a moment! Don't be vulgar, and call names. Take a pinch of snuff, old boy, and keep your temper. Now for your news—How is the Admiral? Clear of the gout? Out of his element, I should guess—a fish upon dry land—

*Sea.* A sword fish, if he is one. But who taught

you to rail against matrimony? You don't expect, I hope, to put it out of countenance.

*Tran.* No, truly, it is past blushing.

*Sea.* Lookee, Mr. Thomas Transit, if your young Baronet won't marry and uphold his family, perhaps my old Admiral will.

*Tran.* Excellent Admiral!—Marry him by all means, and dance at his wedding.

*Sea.* Aye, sir, why not?

*Tran.* No reason in the world why not. There is a dance exactly for your purpose; 'tis call'd *the Dance of Death*, and you shall lead it up. Adieu! ancient mortality, adieu!—But hold—Can't you find out some soft-roed melting sea-nymph to allay the stormy passion of an amorous triton?—Oh, marry by all means—Marry, and breed mermaids! [*Exit Transit.*]

*Sea.* Confound the fellow! Mermaids and sea-nymphs! Why surely he glances at our purser's widow, for whom 'tis known I have a tender leaning—Nay, if I said 'twas love, I said the truth—I am in love; I'm sure of it—I'll swear it—Oh, widow, widow, lovely widow Blandy, that I could see you!—

*Widow BLANDY taps him on the Shoulder.*

A sprite! a fairy!—

*Blan.* A little too substantial for a sprite, and rather out of size for a fairy—Now don't tell me, friend John, you did not know I was behind you.

*Sea.* By my soul I did not! so don't affront me, don't suspect me, widow.

*Blan.* I don't suspect you. Here's my hand upon it, let us be friends—

*Sea.* For life—

*Blan.* You are too quick—Give me a month.

*Sea.* Zooks, widow, every month in my life is a nail in my coffin.

*Blan.* Consider, 'tispn't a year since poor Tom died.

*Sea.* I lov'd Tom Blandy—I lamented him—but Tom, alas! is dead—(don't cry, don't cry)—Aye, and as dead this moment, as he will be twelve months hence—Whereas your humble servant is alive, and more alive perhaps just now, than I may be to-morrow.

*Blan.* Talk to the Admiral; you know his bounty is all I have to trust to—Should he be angry, and take away my pension—

*Sea.* He take away your pension, he'll not take away a pin from a brave seaman's widow—Didn't your husband fall in action close at the Admiral's side? And didn't the old hero bid him die in peace, and think no more about you—He would do for you; and hasn't he so done?

*Blan.* He has, heaven bless him! and by the same token, this is my quarter-day.

*Sea.* Oh, well remember'd! I perceive you had more than one good reason for your visit. Come, I'll conduct you—Transit is come home. Beware of him; he's a seducing fellow—

*Blan.* A handsome one he is; but don't be jealous of what as yet you cannot call your own.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to an Apartment in the Admiral's House.*

*Admiral DELROY, Sir FRANCIS DELROY.*

*Sir F.* No, let the world go on without my help. I cannot marry, uncle; and I will not.

*Adm.* Go, hang yourself; I've done with you. I've given you twenty good substantial reasons, and, if it was to save your life, I'd not deal out another. 'Sdeath, do you consider what it is for a man like me, bred a seaman from his cradle, to reason about any thing? Sir, I'm not us'd to reason—

*Sir F.* So I should think.

*Adm.* When I was under command, I never presum'd to ask a reason; when I was in command, I never condescended to give one. In the whole course of my servitude, I was never at half the cost of argument, that you have put me to. I've led hundreds of brave fellows to the arms of death, with the tenth part of the trouble I have taken to lead you to the arms of a fair woman—Now you may go your own way—I care not.

*Sir F.* That is the very way I am resolv'd to go, and none other.

*Adm.* A good journey to you!

*Sir F.* There is a luxury in being free, no husband can enjoy—You never married, Admiral.

*Adm.* Not I. What then? I was a poor devil of a younger brother; you are a rich fellow, and head of your family.

*Sir F.* Granted, and I take the only sure way to keep that head as nature form'd it.

*Adm.* Speak reverently of nature, and don't lay your head to her charge; she has nothing to do with it. And now be pleas'd to tell me where I am to bestow the small modicum of money I have earn'd in my profession—Not upon you, methinks.

*Sir F.* Give it your ward; give it to Eleanor.

*Adm.* Well, if I did, where is there such a girl as Eleanor De Ferrars?



*Sir F.* No where: to do her justice, she's the prettiest, most finish'd piece of female mischief living. Defend me from her; I have not the temper to tame a monkey.

*Adm.* Tame your own monkey, and none else will harm you. What is a man, that can't command his temper? Look at me, sir; I'm just now in a temper to beat your brains out; but I keep it in, I muzzle it; no man can find out when I am in a passion—Death and confusion!—What do you laugh at, sir?—Swearing don't show it—that's a way we have to make ourselves be heard—And do you think a wife could ruffle me?

*Sir F.* You never tried.

*Adm.* Don't challenge me to try, I know my risk; I see my difficulties; but when I've once look'd danger in the face, I am not apt to flinch it—Now, what's the matter?

JOHN SEAGRAVE *enters*.

*Sea.* Please you, noble Admiral, poor Tom Blandy's widow has made bold to call—

*Adm.* I know her business—make her welcome, John, and when I'm ready, I'll call for you—[*Exit Seagrave.*] Francis, a word with you!

*Sir F.* Say on, commander!

*Adm.* Lookee, this it is—Ellen is now with me; her education's finish'd, and my guests regard her as the mistress of my house, of which she does the honours with much credit—I'll tell her you are here—

*Sir F.* By all means—Lay me at her feet, I pray you.

*Adm.* Come, come, no raillery—Let me see you treat her, as it becomes my honour and your own.

[*Exit.*]

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*Sir F.* Hah! apropos—no sooner said than done—Here comes Miss Eleanor—the plot's too bare; she angles for me with a naked hook—

*ELEANOR enters, as if passing through, and slightly notices Sir FRANCIS DELROY.*

*Elea.* Oh! are you here?—

*Sir F.* [*Aside.*] Heavens, what beauty!

*Elea.* Don't be alarm'd. I'm only passing through.

*Sir F.* Suppose I'm gratified and not alarm'd, will you then pass, or will you not, in passing, pause till I've look'd upon you?

*Elea.* Why should I, when I'm positive you can see nothing you like in me?

*Sir F.* I like beauty—You are very handsome—

*Elea.* That's what I am not—in your eyes at least 'tis certain I am not.

*Sir F.* I admire elegance—You are very graceful—

*Elea.* Nonsense! I'm sure you say what you don't think.

*Sir F.* I never said you was very good-humour'd.

*Elea.* You never said any thing to put me in good humour; so pray let me pass quietly through the room, for I did not seek you, and have nothing to say to you.

*Sir F.* Say nothing then, or say what you will, it shall be nothing.

*Elea.* What signifies telling me I am graceful and handsome, which I have no pretensions to, and saying I am not good-humour'd, which I know I am? In short, Sir Francis, I perceive you have brought back the very same temper you

took out with you, and a blessed companion, truly, you must have had.

*Sir F.* You're right; my temper can suit no one but its owner; the sulky thing does well enough by itself; in partnership 'twould be intolerable.

*Elea.* I perfectly agree with you—

*Sir F.* For the first time—so now we are friends, and you may bless your stars, that when my uncle would have married us, I foresaw all your misery, and withstood you.

*Elea.* You withstood me! Oh, monstrous to say that—When did you withstand me? How did you withstand me?

*Sir F.* Very easily.

*Elea.* Worse and worse! Let me tell you, Sir Francis, I am vain enough to think you had not found it quite so very easy, had I laid out to make it otherwise; but you know in your conscience if ever I did speak a kind word to you, 'twas only to humour the Admiral, and not out of liking to you.

*Sir F.* What sort of words were those you said to me, when I broke my arm? Were not they kind ones?

*Elea.* Oh! aye, then, indeed—then you merited a kind word, for you broke it in my rescue—but now—now the case is alter'd with you quite.

*Sir F.* How is it alter'd? I have not one only, but both arms at your service.

*Elea.* Yes, but methinks you are determin'd they shall be of no service to me.

*Sir F.* How so?

*Elea.* Because where I am, there you never are. That is one way of withstanding me, I confess, and I give you credit for the invention of it.

*Sir F.* But now I'm come to stay with you.

*Elea.* So am not I with you—Good bye to you—You'll be off, I suppose—We shan't see you at dinner.

*Sir F.* I don't know—As you behave yourself—perhaps I shall not stop another hour, perhaps I may be induc'd to stay a month.

*Elea.* I'll bet you any wager, you don't stay to dinner.

*Sir F.* Done! here's my hand—

*Elea.* What shall it be?

*Sir F.* A kiss—Give it me. [*Struggles.*

*Elea.* Before you've won it? No; that's not the bargain. Keep off!—Ah! now I hate you worse than ever: I would I had pepper on my lips to choke you! [*Runs off.*

*Sir F.* You have love-powder on your lips, you wicked little witch! Away with you, away with you! I am a fool to trifle with a kitten; a man gets nothing by such play but scratches. [*Exit.*

*Scene changes to the Admiral's private Chamber.*

*Admiral DELROY, JOHN SEAGRAVE.*

*Adm.* Come hither, John! Now mind what I shall say, and answer what I ask you in few words—Don't prate, don't gabble—mark me! How old do you take me to be? I have lost the register.

*Sea.* As for your age, Admiral, I would it did not wear so fast—As for your fame, it will remain for ever.

*Adm.* Speak like a seaman—I don't like that stuff—Let me consider—It must be about fifty and five round years; it may be more, it can't.

be less, John Seagrave. What of that? The Delroys mustn't drop. Old Crowfoot married a young buxom wench, when he was turn'd of sixty.

*Sea.* The more fool he.

*Adm.* Well, well, he has had his whim—Now harkye, John, if I were to lay up in blanket-bay, with a warm mate beside me, what would you say to that?

*Sea.* Why, drown it, Admiral, that is as it may be. Much may be said on both sides of that question.

*Adm.* Egad, I'm glad you've any thing to say on my side—Let me hear it.

*Sea.* Wives, please your honour, as the tide now runs, are ticklish ventures—Some are good for little; many are good for nought—a few, be-like, may pass.

*Adm.* That's but cold comfort, John—And in your wisdom, what sort of a wife would you propose for me? The Delroys must not drop.

*Sea.* Then, Admiral, the lady you shall take to be your better half in that adventure, must, under favour, be somewhat younger than yourself.

*Adm.* A deal, a great deal younger—half my age—

*Sea.* Then again, she may be too young. Your honour wouldn't like to lay out for more bantlings than your conscience will own to.

*Adm.* No, no, John; just enough to keep the family afloat, and no more. I wouldn't overstock the pasture, nor have my neighbours turn in, and plead right of common.

*Sea.* Burst it! 'twill take an infinite of pains to keep your fences up, or they will break 'em.

*Adm.* You've said it, John; you've stagger'd me. No more on't—Here, take this bit of paper

—Where is Blandy's widow?—It is her quarter's pension—Give it her. Tom was my purser, and a hearty fellow; he did not skulk in the bread-room, but turn'd out, and was shot at my elbow in the heat of action: he was whipp'd out of the world before he could make any provision for his wife: I promis'd him to be good to her; he was dying, but he understood me, and it cheer'd the pulses of his heart in his last moments. Promises, so given, above all others, should be sacred.

*Sea.* Noble, noble Admiral, who would not die for you?

*Adm.* Die for me! No, no, die for your country!—Go, get you gone!—but harkye, John, come back—How is your wound? Methinks you halt a little; I'm afraid these cold winds pinch it, shipmate; do they not?

*Sea.* Greatly beholden to your noble kindness—What are my scratches? I am proud to see your honour hold your own so manfully, thank heaven! [*Exit.*]

*Adm.* I must not be so rough with that kind creature. I would not strike the heart that loves me so, for all the world can give—Hah! who comes? By all that's unexpected, 'tis old Gangrene! A humourist, who, though rugged as a bear, wears in his soul inviolable truth, and sturdy unaw'd virtue, rare to be found in these degenerate days—Welcome, my friend!

GANGRENE enters.

*Gang.* I have few friends will say so.

*Adm.* You're a plain speaker. The world knows your character.

*Gan.* And therefore shuns my company—'Tis

welcome. I never lov'd the world enough to be concern'd for its neglect of me. In truth, I know not why I visit you—You have been ever in the chase of glory ; I have sat brooding on the nest of solitude. You have been popular, caress'd, applauded—I have been spurn'd, avoided, and proscrib'd—And why? Because, forsooth, I cannot cheer a joke at the expense of truth, nor join in the roar of the table, when common sense is kick'd out of company.

*Adm.* Come, come, don't play the misanthrope with me, that know you. Where have you been buried this many a day? Why haven't I seen you during my long confinement in the gout?

*Gan.* For that very reason. Hadn't you plague enough without my visits?

*Adm.* Prythee what consolation is so grateful as the attentions of a friend?

*Gan.* But I have not the gift of consolation, nor any wish to witness the inquietude of a gouty man's temper—No, the world don't seek me in my health, I am not bound to seek the world in its sickness.

*Adm.* What brings you then so far from your own home to visit an old friend?

*Gan.* I do not come to visit you, I come to visit Peter Crowfoot's wife.

*Adm.* You'll meet her here at dinner.

*Gan.* Who dines with you besides?

*Adm.* The handsome widow Brahmin—

*Gan.* What the Ephesian matron? Old serjeant Brahmin is but ten days dead, she'll marry ere ten other days are told.

*Adm.* Come, come, ten days! 'tis six months at least—My Secretary Fenton lays close siege.

*Gan.* He'll carry her. Fenton has an oily tongue—

*Adm.* And a brave heart, take that upon my word. My nephew Frank is with me.

*Gan.* There's a fellow—shy as a wild goose, freakish as a monkey—but still I like him—shame upon my folly!

*Adm.* But what can be your business with the wife of Crowfoot in his absence?

*Gan.* I have monies of old Peter's in my keeping—He never had the wit to make a fortune; but he has had the economy to mend it. He was rash enough to marry a young wife in his dotage, and weak enough to fancy she was fond of him.

*Adm.* Why then does he stay so long from her?

*Gan.* He has a plea for that—The man is dead.

*Adm.* Dead! you surprise me, sir; you shock me.

*Gan.* I can't think why. The world has no great loss in Peter, nor has Peter of the world. He liv'd in a delusion, and died in time before he found it out.

*Adm.* Fine talking; but in your opinion, Gangrene, all wives are hypocrites—I beg to doubt it. But do you give this news of your own knowledge, or only by report?—

*Gan.* A letter, which I receiv'd this day, inform'd me of it.

*Adm.* Come, come, it may or it may not be true—don't spoil our meeting with a dismal story.

*Gan.* Certainly, I can be silent; but excuse me for crediting her for any real sorrow, if old Peter shall really be dead and in his coffin—

*Adm.* You shall be just as incredulous as you please—Come, let us join the party. [*Exeunt,*



ACT II.

*Scene, a Garden attached to Admiral Delroy's House.*

FIDELIA, *the Widow* BRAHMIN, ELEANOR.

*Fid.* Bravo, my Eleanor! a table better serv'd, or better grac'd by the presiding lady, I never saw—And as for your Admiral—Oh! what a delightful man! I'm dying for him.

*Elea.* He's happy when he sees his friends about him.

*Fid.* Some of his friends but ill return the favour. I could have cuff'd the ears of that Sir Francis.

*Elea.* He was profoundly silent—

*Fid.* Most pertinaciously and provokingly mute: old Gangrene is not a more genuine mummy, nor my Constantia here a more determin'd Niobe in marble.

*Con.* But you made up for us, Fidelity. We were the tombs and you the orator, who talks for the dumb bones that sleep within them.

*Fid.* Granted, my dear; compar'd to my alarm, the tower of Babel was a Quakers' meeting; but I, who talk'd incessantly, meant nothing; you said not a word, and meant a great deal.

*Con.* Come, come, you drew all ears and eyes upon yourself.

*Fid.* Whose eyes? not Fenton's—they were all your own; I almost fear'd your head-dress would take fire, their glances were so caustic.

*Con.* Oh! rank scandal.

*Fid.* You little hypocrite! [*Taps her cheek.*] As

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for you, Ellen, your sweet pensive face, your disappointed plaintive cast was studied with eye so scientific and intuitive by your new guest, Sir Harry Netterville, that I suspect he is a modeller, and means to worship you, Pygmalion-like.

*Elea.* Unless he has Pygmalion's power, I doubt if he will animate the statue—Come, shall we walk? The gentlemen are at their bottle.

*Fid.* With all my heart—Constantia stays behind.

*Con.* Why should I stay behind?

*Fid.* Because, because—It is a woman's reason—You may guess it—Come, Ellen, let us leave her. [*Exeunt Eleanor and Fidelia.*]

*Con.* She has releas'd me, but she has found me out—Well, nature will be nature. Fenton, Fenton, why did I sit and listen to your suit? If you forsake the table and pursue me, I can't escape—you overtake and conquer.

FENTON enters.

*Fen.* Alone, fair sufferer! For ever thus? May I not share your sorrows?

*Con.* Ah! Mr. Fenton you have a feeling heart, you know my loss; you knew my dear good man.

*Fen.* I knew his virtues, all the world knew them.

*Con.* Then well may I—Nothing—Oh, nothing can restore him to me.

*Fen.* Impossible—He's gone, and what am I? Not worthy to revive in your sad heart one charitable thought.

*Con.* Nay, say not that: I will not hear you say it—I think of you most worthily.

*Fen.* You suffer me, because you see I virtuously admire you; you know I dare not form a hope, and pity me.

*Con.* How truly you unravel my poor heart! Fenton, you must not hope, indeed you must not. Nay, I could almost wish you did not love me: 'tis hard to feel a passion and suppress it.

*Fen.* 'Tis agony, 'tis death—but for your sake I'm resolute to suffer, or to die.

*Con.* Oh, Fenton, you afflict me—I am faint and feeble as an infant—

*Fen.* In my arms let me support you! Rest, sweet sufferer, rest on a friendly heart, that only beats for you!

*Con.* Aye, call it friendly—I can rest on friendship—but at your peril never speak of love.

*Fen.* I'll perish first. My heart shall burst asunder, before I'll wound your ears with any word so horrible as love or marriage.

*Con.* No, no; you will not speak of that, I'm sure.

*Fen.* Impossible! you'd hate me if I did.

*Con.* Hate is too strong a term. I cannot hate you.

*Fen.* You cannot love me—How then must we live?

*Con.* As sympathizing friends, mingling our tears, and echoing sigh for sigh: our souls shall harmonize, and from the list of all love's various attributes, we'll cull the purest only for our chaste communion.

*Fen.* Take then my heart, and mould it to your wish; attune its flexible and feeling chords in unison with those that twine about your own, and wed them to each other: a marriage so refin'd and spiritual is but another name for friendship, soften'd by beauty on your part, on mine,

quicken'd, inspir'd, and subtiliz'd by love—But hark ! they're coming—Let us fly from noise to meditate on these delicious dreams.

*Con.* Oh, Fenton, Fenton, why wast thou a man ? *[Exeunt.]*

*Sir HARRY NETTERVILLE, Sir FRANCIS DELROY.*

*Sir H.* Let me die, Frank, if I am not astonish'd at your insensibility to that lovely girl.

*Sir F.* Sir, if I'm not as sensible to beauty as you would have me, I must bear the shame ; for your astonishment, I must intreat you to master it as you can.

*Sir H.* If Eleanor De Ferrers cannot bring your eccentricity within the pale, you'll never marry.

*Sir F.* I hope Sir Harry Netterville will do just as he likes, and not be much astonish'd, if what I do not like I let alone.

*Sir H.* I see you're not just now in the humour with me ; yet I must ask you one decisive question —

*Sir F.* Why ask me any question ? Ask yourself if you like Eleanor, and act accordingly.

*Sir H.* Come, no evasion. By the rights of friendship, I claim a candid answer—Am I free to address Miss De Ferrers, and is there not a chance of my encountering a rival where I have long been used to meet a friend ?

*Sir F.* Haven't I said you're free ? What would you further ? I have told you all that honour can demand ; if your curiosity exacts more, I'm silent. What pretence has any man to extort from me communication of my inmost thoughts ? Use your own freedom, and encroach not upon mine.

*Sir H.* Be it so ! recollect, however, I have

been opening my heart, whilst you are masking yours.

*Sir F.* Masking! what's that? Reform your language, sir. I have as little patience as duplicity—

*Sir H.* And I, perhaps, as little care to sooth your petulance, as you have to subdue it. Deal with me only as I deal with you.

*Sir F.* Whoever is offended with my dealings, knows where to find redress for the offence.

*Sir H.* I never doubted you, nor will suppose your dealings will be such as to compel me to seek that redress.

*[Exit Sir Harry Netterville; as he is going out Delroy speaks.]*

*Sir F.* Then why so many words about it? What are all these manœuvres to sift me? To tie me down to answers and resolves, that, whilst I keep in my own power to change, I may recal at my own will and pleasure?—I won't be talk'd to in that way by any man; I won't be bound by fetters of my own furnishing—Let him make his own way with Eleanor as he can. I saw what he was at—the girl saw it too, and humour'd it through mere coquetry—In that they're all alike; the whole sex are of the camelion race: the properties of shifting are their own—the harlequins of nature—Hah! here she comes—

ELEANOR enters.

Now, madam, you are sought for—

*Elea.* Who seeks for me?

*Sir F.* A man, no matter who—a lover, that's enough.

*Elea.* Come, don't be foolish. Tell me who it is.

*Sir F.* Sir Harry Netterville—I give you joy ! You've caught him, hook'd him—You angled for him with your eyes all dinner.

*Elea.* You're much mistaken, sir, and very cruel.

*Sir F.* Didn't you sit by him at table, talk, smile, look tender, play those pretty airs, and mould those pretty features into faces that nature never made ? I saw you do it ; I watch'd you, Eleanor, and know you like him.

*Elea.* I like politeness, affability—I can't receive attentions, and not feel the difference 'twixt the condescending manners of a well-bred gentleman, and the repelling taciturnity of a cynic.

*Sir F.* 'Tis very well ; I'll tell him what you say ; I'll let him know how charming you esteem him.

*Elea.* Are you his advocate ?

*Sir F.* I am his friend.

*Elea.* You are—and, like a friend, set off his merits in the best light, that your own shade could give them.

*Sir F.* You can be bitter, madam—

*Elea.* I can feel the sting of insult, and from you the most, because the hand that strikes, is that which once was *sacrific'd* to save me. [*Exit.*

*Sir F.* I've gone too far—Confusion ! Here again ?

*Sir HENRY NETTERVILLE enters.*

*Sir H.* Did not Miss Eleanor go off that way.

*Sir F.* What if she did ? I don't stand here to be a finger-post for her pursuers.

*Sir H.* No, truly, nor for any purposes so friendly and benevolent.

ELEANOR *re-enters hastily.*

*Elea.* Hold, I conjure you, hold! Sir Harry Netterville, I want to speak with you.

*[Exit with Sir Harry.]*

*Sir F.* Hah! hand in hand—He has carried off the prize, and turns a look of triumph upon me. Damnation!

GANGRENE *enters.*

*Gan.* What angers you, young sir? What disconcerts you?

*Sir F.* Myself and my own thoughts. Oh, how I envy your philosophy! You can view folly, falsehood, affectation with stoic apathy and unmov'd muscles—Teach me your art!

*Gan.* You are too young to learn, and I too honest and too much your friend to put you out of humour with the world, and turn your wholesome blood to that vile stuff, which rankles in my veins.

*Sir F.* Are you not happy then? are you not calm amidst the throng of follies, that surround you?

*Gan.* No, I'm not happy, neither am I calm, whilst others round about me are disturb'd. In word and deed I am true; but in my feelings I'm a hypocrite—For instance, now—What right has an old fool like me, whom no one cares for, to care for any one? Why, of all men living, to care for you? Yet I must tell you, sir, you have annoy'd my feelings not a little.

*Sir F.* How so? explain yourself.

*Gan.* I shall not please you, but for that I am not studious, so I speak the truth. You act a part

unnatural and unseemly ; you ape my manners without my excuses ; you play the cynical philosopher before you have the beard to set it off—This is mere mummery. I had my eye upon you at the table ; if you had worn your heart upon your sleeve, it had not been more naked to my sight.

*Sir F.* You read it then—Now say what you discover'd.

*Gan.* I saw it rack'd with jealousy, caprice, and self-tormenting pride ; I saw you affect to hold love at defiance, whilst your very soul was tortur'd by the effort : I saw you studiously neglect a lady worthy your best affections, and when happiness was in your reach, and courted your acceptance, I saw you sit wrapt up in self-conceit, with folded arms and mimic apathy, spurning the offer'd blessing.

*Sir F.* This you saw, or thought you saw ; now answer me one question—Can any wise man look for happiness in marriage, as we see it in these days ?

*Gan.* I own that by experience of the times, marriage presents no tempting prospect to a wise man's view—a thousand rascals are on foot to plunder it of its domestic property. Seduction is become a trade so easy, that every blockhead sets up for a master, and there are husbands mean enough to profit by damages for infamy they wink at.

*Sir F.* And would you have me marry in the face of precedents like these ?

*Gan.* I would—the danger well deserves your caution ; but should not damp your courage. Your nation's character is now at issue : 'tis not enough that we defend our country from its inveterate foes, whilst we permit their vices to



invade us—And can you be that meanest of mean things—a sneaking base seceder?

*Sir F.* You have rous'd me, sir. Your manly plainness charms me. I thank you for your lesson—I'll digest it, and then to school again.

[*Erit.*

*Admiral DELROY enters to GANGRENE.*

*Adm.* Was not that Francis?

*Gan.* I believe it was.

*Adm.* Shame upon him! he chill'd the social gaiety of my table.

*Gan.* Well, well, there must be time, and youth will have its time. Our poor friend Peter has had his—Hang it! I would not willingly give way to grief; but 'twas a kindly creature, and I miss him. I find my heart does but belie my tongue, when I affect to treat his death so lightly.

*Adm.* I won't believe him dead—She must have heard of it.

*Servant enters.*

*Serv.* Please you, Admiral, old Mr. Crowfoot is arrived from London. [*Erit.*

*Adm.* There, there! I had presentiment of this.

*Gan.* So help me truth! I'm glad to have told a lie.

*PETER CROWFOOT enters.*

*Peter.* Noble, noble Admiral, and my very good friend, I kiss your hands—Ah, Gangrene, who thought of meeting you?

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*Gan.* Answer me first, are you alive or dead? Peter, or Peter's ghost?

*Peter.* Peter, and no ghost—what ails you?

*Gan.* I tell you, Peter, I've announc'd your death—and dead you either are, or ought to be.

*Peter.* Ought to be dead! you're very much mistaken—I ought to be alive. Where is Fidelia?

*Gan.* Where a young widow should be—making merry with her companions—Come! you've said your say—Vanish! I have you here *in scriptis* dead—Vanish, I say, in fire, or turn transparent, and drop into a mummy.

*Peter.* I tell you, I'm not dead; nor ever was, except for a few seconds after dinner at Alderman Porringer's: the gristle of a goose's breast-bone stuck in my throat, and I had a tug for my life, till a staymaker, who was luckily in company, fish'd it up again with a stripe of whale-bone, and reliev'd me. I suppose, the Alderman penn'd you that epistle by way of joke.

*Gan.* Egad! I'll make him eat his joke.

*Peter.* If he eats no man's jokes but his own, they'll never choke him—but have you blabbed it to Fidelia?

*Adm.* No, I took care of that.

*Peter.* Did you? She's much beholden to you.

*Gan.* Would it have kill'd her, think you?

*Peter.* I can't tell that; I won't positively say it would have kill'd her outright; but I flatter myself it would have gone very near to have kill'd her.

*Adm.* Then, no doubt, you congratulate yourself on our discretion.

*Peter.* There's something to be said on both sides of that question, my good Admiral. For Fidelia's sake, it may be lucky; it has sav'd her some trouble; but for me—Oh, what a triumph,

to have seen the whole force of her affection brought to the test, and discover every thing that death only can discover, without the inconvenience of dying.

*Adm.* That's beyond me; I don't comprehend it.

*Gan.* Why Peter would be peeping into the book of fate, when the best that can befall him is to know nothing, and believe every thing. He longs to bathe himself in the tears of his wife.

*Adm.* That luxury I shall never covet. Heaven forbid there should be a tear shed for me, that I can stop!

*Gan.* A tear on the cheek of a woman is no more a positive sign of sorrow, than a dimple on her chin.

*Peter.* There's an infidel for you—there's a Turk in his opinions of women—Oh, where is my Fidelia to confute him on the spot?

*Adm.* Aye, wait till she comes in with Ellen from their walk—then if she sheds tears, they will be tears of joy—I'll send my servants out in search of them. *[Exit Admiral.]*

*Manent PETER and GANGRENE.*

*Peter.* Ah, Gangrene, I could almost wish—

*Gan.* Hold! I forestal your wish, and will not hear it—If you and I, now in the vale of years, expect young women to run mad with joy, when we return from absence, or expire with grief, if we return no more, we ask of nature to make a miracle for our amusement, and are the dupes of our own self-conceit.

*Peter.* Now why, friend Gangrene, tell me why you are thus severe upon the sex, and so incredulous about the sincerity of my wife? Give me

your reason—that's my good man—only give me your reason.

*Gan.* Friend Peter, I have myself been married, and married to a lady elder than your wife, when I was a pretty deal younger, than you were on your wedding-day. I was then a merchant resident in Lisbon, kept a hospitable house, cheer'd my friends, and was myself a cheerful fellow. Few husbands ever lov'd a wife better than I did mine, and fewer still ever treated wife more kindly—She play'd me a vile jade's trick in return—

*Peter.* Oh, the ungrateful hussey! What kind of trick?

*Gan.* Can't you guess it, Peter? Elop'd with a rascally Portugeze, captain of a Brazil-man, carried off a considerable property in cash and jewels, and fled with her paramour to Fernambuca.

*Peter.* And what did you do in that case?

*Gan.* Follow'd her—found, however, the wretched creature had ceas'd to exist before I arriv'd, and took care that the seducer died before I departed.

*Peter.* In short, you kill'd him.

*Gan.* I put him to death, sir, fairly, with my own sword; I employ'd no assassin: I trust I was too much of an Englishman for that. Now no more of this—I have answer'd what you ask'd me, and the moral of the tale is—be quiet and content! As human happiness is, in fact, little else than delusion, and as the weakest understandings are most apt to be deluded, you, Peter Crowfoot, have a right, by nature, to be one of the very happiest fellows in creation.

## ACT III.

*A Grove.**Widow* BRAHMIN, FENTON.

*Con.* I'll walk no farther, and I'll hear no more. Love is a subject you agreed to banish; Fenton, you've talk'd of nothing else this hour.

*Fen.* Is it in human nature to avoid it.

*Con.* Twelve months are sacred to a widow's sorrow; it is a sabbath she must set apart, if not for conscience, for example's sake. Oh, you false friend, you have broke faith with me.

*Fen.* It was a contract against truth and nature.

*Con.* I'll fly to solitude—We meet no more.

*Fen.* No more!

*Con.* This evening I shall leave Fidelia; and, as retirement is at once my refuge and my choice, I shall repair to a sequester'd mansion, that I possess upon the western coast, where, as I pace the shores of that vast ocean, on which, I trust, your flag will ever triumph, I will put up a prayer for Fenton's safety.

*Fen.* Fenton has heard his doom—Farewell for ever!

*Con.* Where are you going? You forget yourself. Must I walk home alone?

*Fen.* Behold the Admiral! I leave you in his care. [*Exit.*]

*Admiral DELROY enters.*

*Adm.* Madam, your pardon! Anxiously I've sought this opportunity of speaking with you respecting that young man, just parted from you.

*Con.* Whatever Admiral Delroy has in mind to say to me, demands my best attention.

*Adm.* Madam, you'll judge me not by my expressions, for I have no choice of words—I feel for Fenton, as for a son; for I have known him, liv'd with him, and lov'd him, even from his cradle. That he is sensible to your charms is natural; 'tis not his fault, it may be his misfortune; but if he has forgot himself so far, as to solicit more attention from you, than suits with your decorum, or becomes his respect, I beg to say, I shall not warrant him in such presumption.

*Con.* You have said enough to demand equal candour on my part. In one word, I lay open all my heart: I can no otherwise complain of Fenton, than for his having too much interest here for my repose.

*Adm.* When you are pleas'd to acknowledge these impressions, I need not be reserv'd in bearing witness to his uncommon merits. Madam, he is as noble in his nature, as by his birth and blood—His courage, talents, and integrity are above my praise. Of fortune he can't boast; but something he has earn'd under my flag, and I shall add a little, but enough to keep his honest spirit independent, when I am gone.

*Con.* No wonder you can breathe courage into your comrades, noble sir, when you inspire it even into me. I scorn to skulk behind hypocrisy,

when in your presence. Nothing will I do against the forms that decency imposes on all in my predicament; but as I fear poor Fenton is afflicted, and thinks himself discarded, I beseech you tell him, he ought not always to interpret a lady's anger to his disadvantage, nor shame the gallant training he has had, by running off at the first faint rebuff. *[Exit.]*

*Adm.* That's pretty plain—the meaning I can carry, the words I cannot get into my head; they are too fine for me—but this I'll say, and sing it out to him in two words—*She strikes!*—He has heard that note before.

*Widow BLANDY enters.*

*Blan.* Noble Admiral, may I make bold to say a word to you?

*Adm.* As many as you like.

*Blan.* I humbly thank you—'Tis about John Seagrave. I guess he spoke to you of my affair—

*Adm.* Yes, and I paid him—Isn't it all right?

*Blan.* Oh, to a farthing—but I'm speaking now of quite another thing—

*Adm.* What is it, Mrs. Blandy?

*Blan.* Why, under favour, John, (excuse my blushes) John, please your honour, has been courting me.

*Adm.* That is about another thing indeed—but I have heard of that too—at a distance.

*Blan.* I'm glad 'twas at a distance, good your honour; for somehow, I can't rightly see the way how we should come together. John is an honest man—I don't gainsay it; but then, what's that, if John is always ailing? And then his wound is cruelly against him, aching and throbbing—

bing so at every shift of wind or weather—so that I really think John stands in more need of a nurse than a wife—I do in very conscience.

*Adm.* So do I—John's old and weather-beaten—You are neither.

*Blan.* You're pleas'd to say so.

*Adm.* I say nothing more than truth, good mistress. Take your separate comforts—Grog and a flannel night-cap, with my friendship, is wife enough for John. You'll employ your pension, as you see fit; and if you find a mate with half the honesty of poor Tom Blandy, and half the age of old John Seagrave, I can understand you will not be inexorable—So good luck to you! When we choose for ourselves, we have none to blame, and none to thank for consequences.

[*Exit.*

*Blan.* Oh, then Tom Transit is the man—I'm off.

[*Exit.*

*Scene changes to Crowfoot's House.*

CROWFOOT, FIDELIA.

*Peter.* Fidelia, my darling, dost thou love me?

*Fid.* Why do you ask that question? What puts it into your head just now?

*Peter.* I don't know—unless it is the example of your friend, the disconsolate widow Brahmin. How she mourns for her husband! Would my Fidelia mourn as deeply and as sincerely for me?

*Fid.* Quite as deeply, and at least as sincerely.

*Peter.* She's a living monument of woe—

*Fid.* Yes, and likely to live—She has bore up six months to an end; she'll hardly die of sorrow now.



*Peter.* And pray how long would you bear up, if I were to go off?

*Fid.* 'Tis hard to say what we can do till we are tried—

*Peter.* That's true; but who can tell how soon you may be tried? I am not young, and no man is immortal—For aught I know, I may be now a-going—Man is a fleeting shadow—a wither'd shrub—a drooping ozier—

*Fid.* Some men are; not all.

*Peter.* Well, well! You have not said how long you could out-last me.

*Fid.* 'Tis an odd question—but I might perhaps—I might survive ten days—

*Peter.* Oh, lacrymabile! ten little days! Then what good can I do you by this will, in which I've left you every thing I'm worth? House, park, and property, let 'em all go to charitable uses after I'm dead; I haven't been very liberal in my life. Though you can survive but ten days, charity, it is to be hop'd, may live somewhat longer.

*Fid.* Oh, cruel man, if you treat me in that way, resentment will overcome grief, and I may live to marry another husband, who may use me better, and cannot use me worse.

*Peter.* Sooner than that, take all that I am worth—There, there's my will—Don't open it till I'm dead—then, when you see yourself put down for every thing, what will you do?—

*Fid.* Rear a magnificent monument to your memory.

*Peter.* That will be a long while in hand. I doubt you won't live to see the end of it.

*Fid.* Then the sooner 'tis begun the better; I'll have a statuary to take a mask from that dear face directly.

*Peter.* No, no, no; I'll be excus'd from that operation; he'll suffocate me with his cursed plaister.

*Fid.* He shall put a tube into your mouth, which if you can breathe through, you may escape suffocation.

*Peter.* I'm penetrated with your goodness, but I'll decline the tube; nor do I positively insist upon the monument. Bury me only in your tears, and follow me to the grave; then, if you favour me with your company there, after ten days are over, I shall be perfectly content, and will not disturb your repose.

*Fid.* Ah, that, my dear, has never been your failing, I will say for you—so farewell, and long life to you, if it please heaven; if otherwise, depend on it no cost shall be spar'd at your funeral—Every thing shall be done handsomely, and of the very best materials—Ahah! old Peter, I perceive your drift. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

*Peter.* Egad! she braves me to it, and my confidence begins to totter—*To be thus in doubt, as the poet sings, is to be nothing*—Gabriel!—who waits?—Why, Gabriel?—

GABRIEL enters.

*Gab.* Your pleasure?—

*Peter.* I take you, Gabriel, to be an exceeding honest fellow.

*Gab.* Depend upon it, I am.

*Peter.* And I have a very great regard for you, Gabriel, depend upon that.

*Gab.* I have depended upon it a pretty many years; there only wants a few proofs to put it out of question.

*Peter.* Look for 'em, look for 'em speedily,  
You'll find yourself remember'd at my death.

*Gab.* And when may I look for that, I pray you?

*Peter.* Sooner than you think for. I have  
call'd in the doctor.

*Gab.* What doctor? Doctor Crisis?

*Peter.* The same.

*Gab.* Aye, then you'll make short work of it,  
indeed. Take his prescriptions, and the job is  
done. Your worship knew my wife—a stout,  
hale woman, made to live for ever. She took a  
sore throat, and I call'd him in; she took his  
doses, and I carried her out.

*Peter.* But I don't want his doses—keep that  
secret! Nor when I'm dead shall I be out of  
hearing, so take good heed how you blab. Death,  
you know, Gabriel, is the grand revealer of all  
secrets.

*Gab.* I thought just the contrary. Dead men,  
they say, tell no tales.

*Peter.* They hear none, my good fellow, and  
of course are none the wiser when their wives  
prove hypocrites. Now that's the very reason  
why I told you, when I was dead I'd not be out  
of hearing.

*Gab.* Ah, there it is. I've found the riddle  
out—This is a little fetch to frighten madam—  
just as I serv'd my dame when I was tipsey, and  
counterfeited death—I'll tell your worship the  
story—

*Peter.* No, curse your story—I've heard it a  
hundred times over.

*Gab.* That may be; but, as I tell it differently  
every time, you can't well be tir'd of it.

*Peter.* Hush! here's the doctor. Leave us.

[*Exit Gabriel.*]

*CRISIS runs in.*

*Cri.* Sir, your most obedient humble servant ! I flew to your summons. What is your complaint ?

*Peter.* Ask my pulse that question.

*Cri.* Humph ! Hah ! 'tis a close pulse—It reveals nothing.

*Peter.* Then how should I ?—Be pleas'd to give me your opinion of my case—

*Cri.* My opinion of your case—You wish to know my opinion—be pleas'd to give me pen, ink, and paper, and you shall have my opinion, and my prescription too.

*Peter.* No, no, not so, my good friend ! As I don't intend that my death should endanger my life, I don't mean to take your prescriptions.

*Cri.* Then what am I come for, if not to prescribe ?

*Peter.* Simply for this—that when my wife Fidelia hears your foot in the house, she may believe she hears the death-watch tick.

*Cri.* Tick ! I'm no death-watch, for I never tick.

*Peter.* Well hinted, doctor, that deserves a fee—There it is.

*Cri.* Your very humble ! Now you shall be as well as you please, or as ill as you please. Only if you choose to recover, let me have the credit of curing you—if you do not, let my friend Ostrich, the undertaker, have the honour of entombing you—He is a most excellent workman, I assure you.

*Peter.* And, I dare say, will do your work for nothing.

*Cri.* If he did not, he would be the most ungrateful scoundrel in creation.

*Peter.* Well, thou art a merry physician, however.

*Cri.* Truly, sir, if I take your case rightly, 'tis a merry case—A whim, a frolic—something to raise your lady's expectations, and afterwards disappoint 'em.

*Peter.* That's as it may be, sir. Your business is not to betray the jest, if it is one; but tell my wife you found me in a very bad way, and left me in a worse—The latter half of that she certainly will believe.

*Cri.* I comprehend you, sir; I've got my cue;—and if the lady has got hers, good chance but we shall play back, plot for plot upon you. [*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt.*

*Scene changes to the Admiral's House.*

*Admiral DELROY, ELEANOR.*

*Adm.* Harkye, my child, I must have some talk with you. According to my poor abilities, I have endeavour'd to fulfil the trust repos'd in me by your worthy father.

*Elea.* You have been all that's good and kind and noble.

*Adm.* Enough, my dear, 'tis natural to love the creature that depends upon me, and is withal so worthy of my love. You know that to connect you with my nephew has been the object of my wishes, and I hop'd I saw attachment forming on each side—You shake your head, my Eleanor, in token that I must forego that hope—Is not that what you mean?

*Elea.* It is, sir.

*Adm.* Well, I cannot oppose my observations

to your experience—yet I will believe that he still loves you.

*Elea.* Don't believe it, sir—pray, don't believe it. I have lost his favour; how I can't tell; but that I have is certain—Therefore, no more of Delroy. I wish him to be happy; I cannot make him so.

*Adm.* Not make him so! who then?—but I have done; I say no more; nor would I take this moment to pursue the subject any farther, but that I see a question coming on, for which I'd have my Eleanor prepar'd—Sir Harry Netterville—

*Elea.* I understand you.

*Adm.* I'm glad you do, for I am no adviser in matters of this sort; they are out of my line. Heaven direct your choice! It is but just to say I hear Sir Harry Netterville extoll'd by all that know him, and I think he merits it.

*Elea.* I doubt not but he does—here comes your nephew—

*Sir FRANCIS DELROY enters.*

*Sir F.* The guardian and his ward—most opportune—The court is met, the court of Admiralty, and as the fair appellant is here present, I now desire to enter on my defence—Nay, Eleanor, you must not turn away.

*Elea.* There is no charge: I beg to be releas'd.

*Adm.* Have patience, Ellen, let him speak his meaning.

*Sir F.* That's rather difficult to do, good uncle, for I've but just begun to have a meaning, and learn what kind of two-legg'd thing I am.

*Adm.* I'll tell you in one word—mad, very mad.

*Sir F.* If I am mad, you do wrong to expect meaning in madness; but I'm not quite without some ray of reason, for I perceive I have given offence to one, whose benevolence, had I not sinn'd beyond atonement, would move her to forgive me.

*Adm.* All this I understand. I ask your pardon, Frank, you are not mad now.

*Sir F.* I am endeavouring to collect my rambling wits into some shape of reason—Then I'll unfold my meaning.

*Adm.* Let's have it; by the sample, I've good hopes 'twill be clear common sense, that honest understandings may catch hold of.

*Sir F.* It shall be so clear, that I'll not hide one flaw or foible in my whole composition, and so honest, that I will make this gentle creature own I am intitled to as much aversion, as her soft heart can harbour.

*Adm.* What is all this? He's in the clouds again.

*Elea.* Stay; let us hear him out.

*Sir F.* I've had an hour of self-examination, and in that scrutiny have found such cause to scorn, despise, and reprobate myself, that though I find love is my ruling passion, and this dear object the one thing on earth, that I most love, yet for her happiness, I swear to truth, she ought to hate me, and, by my soul, I almost hope she does.

*Adm.* Confound such nonsense! Lookye, if you have overhaul'd your defects, why don't you repair them?

*Sir F.* Can good be grafted on a root that's evil? No; let the man, who shall aspire to Eleanor, be born in virtue and innately perfect! Such I believe Sir Harry Netterville, and in that

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persuasion hold it a duty to promote his claim,  
and wave my own.

*Servant enters.*

*Serv.* Sir Harry Netterville attends your leisure.

*Adm.* Request his patience: shew him to my room—I'll come—Leave us! [*Exit Servant.*]

*Sir F.* She's mad if she don't take him.

*Adm.* And what are you? Why this romantic zeal to make him happy, and exclude yourself?

*Sir F.* 'Tis not his happiness (I care not for it), 'tis Eleanor's alone that I consult, when I prefer Sir Harry to myself. I am on no terms with the gentleman; I never shall be; nay, perhaps, shall hate him, when he has married Eleanor; but still I know he'll make her the best husband in the world; his temper is the very opposite to mine, calm, gentle, and obliging—I'm a devil—Then as he cannot love her half so well, he never will torment her half so much.

*Adm.* Speak, Eleanor, and stop his cursed tongue.

*Elea.* Sir, I have no return to make Sir Francis for his uncommon solicitude on my account, but to request, as he is not my guardian and you are, that he would spare himself superfluous trouble, and leave me to my fate and my opinions.

*Adm.* There, sir, you hear her now.

*Elea.* As for Sir Harry Netterville, all that I've seen of him is in his favour; but when I'm told to think him all perfection, my resolution is at once confirm'd—Something of nature's making, much less faultless and nearer to myself, would better suit me; for, as I have so much to be forgiven, I should have also something to forgive.



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*Adm.* You're answer'd; are you not?

*Sir F.* I am confounded.

*Adm.* Oh, that I was in your place at this moment!

*Elea.* Yes, sir, there was a man, some twenty years or so ere I was born, for whose brave brow it would have been my pride to weave the laurel. Had he possess'd my heart, he would have had the spirit to have kept it, and not have compromis'd for my affections to flatter a caprice, which he mistook for honour. *[Exit.]*

*Sir F.* As high as heaven from earth she towers above me. I thought I had reach'd the very pitch of honour; but I perceive 'twas pride, that lick'd the dust. She'll never more endure me.

*Adm.* I hope not; from my heart I hope she'll take Sir Harry, and leave you to hang yourself, and give the crows a dinner—Oh, thou lubber!

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ACT IV.

*Sir FRANCIS DELROY alone.*

*Sir F.* I'll cut the knot at once : I can't untie it ; it twines about me like Laocoon's snake ; fetters my limbs, and fastens on my heart. I'll tear myself away from Eleanor, and trust her guardian angel will revisit her, when the exorcised demon is driven off.

*TRANSIT enters.*

*Tran.* Sir Harry Netterville desires to see you.

*Sir F.* Rascal, who order'd you to let him in ?

*Tran.* Pardon me, sir ! you gave me orders never to deny you to Sir Harry Netterville.

*Sir F.* I did ; you are right ; I gave those orders, and you've ask'd my pardon, when in justice I should apologize to you.—Admit him—

*[Exit Transit.]*

I forget myself—Heavens, what a wreck is here !  
*[strikes his forehead.]* I must be more collected—  
Hah ! he comes.

*Sir HARRY NETTERVILLE.*

*Sir H.* You promis'd me an explanation, sir, of any doubtful points, that might occur to stagger my opinion of your conduct—I am now come to claim that explanation.

*Sir F.* What staggers you that I have any part in ?

*Sir H.* I've met a positive rejection from Miss De Ferrers.

*Sir F.* Well, that at least is not one of your doubtful points.

*Sir H.* You are pleasant, but my doubts are still in force; till I know who has been the instigator and adviser of that lady's conduct. You was in actual conference with her at the moment when I was bade to wait its breaking up.

*Sir F.* Well, what of that?

*Sir H.* I found the Admiral cold, the lady suddenly become repulsive,—and I was discarded.

*Sir F.* By my soul, sir, then, take it how you will, I'll not disguise from you that I'm glad of it.

*Sir H.* Sir, this is adding insult to a conduct, of which I only had my doubts before; now I have none, and nothing more to ask but your compliance with the rules of honour.

*Sir F.* The rules shall be most punctually complied with: make them to please yourself, and I'll obey you. Have you a friend at call?

*Sir H.* I can be soon provided.

*Sir F.* Here! who waits?—

*A Servant enters.*

*Serv.* A Letter for Sir Harry Netterville, which he's desired to read immediately.

*[delivers the letter.]*

*Sir F.* Tell Mr. Fenton I desire to see him.

*FENTON runs in.*

*Fen.* Ready, Sir Francis! What are your commands?

*Sir H.* Stop, if you please.—This letter is de-

cisive.—Be pleas'd to bid your servant leave the room. This gentleman is your friend.

*[Servant goes out by signal from Delroy.]*

*Fen.* To the last drop of blood that warms my heart.

*Sir H.* I'll read the letter then to both of you.  
*[reads.]*

“ Sir, Lest you think your friend, Sir Francis Delroy was any way concern'd in biassing my resolutions, I solemnly assure you on my word he did you noble justice, and had his efforts in your behalf succeeded, the honour you proposed had not been slighted.”

“ ELEANOR DE FERRERS,

“ P. S. You have no rival in Sir Francis Delroy.”

What must I say to atone for my mistake?

*Fen.* Confess it and ask pardon.

*Sir F.* Hold, Fenton; you're too quick; perhaps, Sir Harry, when he shall know I protest against the postscript, and now avow myself his rival, will prefer going on.

*Fen.* Then I'm prepared.—

*Sir H.* So am not I, young and impetuous sir, to fence for your amusement. Satisfied that Miss De Ferrers has declared the truth, I totally release Sir Francis Delroy, and wish him better fortune than I've met with.

*Sir F.* Sir Harry Netterville, on second thoughts I wish to hear that postscript once again—pray read it.

*Sir H.* The words are simply these—“ You have no rival in Sir Francis Delroy.”

*Sir F.* I understand her now.—'Tis very well. Methinks I wish the affair had taken place: I then had stood a chance of never hearing my

name pronounc'd upon with such contempt. I shall be gone from hence within this hour—therefore if you have any thing in mind to say to me, Sir Harry, say it—settle it.

*Sir H.* Simply to ask your pardon for my error, and beg you never to repeat my name, where Eleanor De Ferrers shall be present. [*Exit.*]

*Sir F.* That's easily complied with.—Thank you, my gallant fellow, for your zeal: you see the gentleman is satisfied without our arguments.

*Fen.* I see he is, but at all times I'm ready, and hope you'll honour me with your commands.

*Sir F.* No man so soon.—And now how stands your business with the widow? Does she relent? What service can I do you? Above all things, Fenton, is my purse wanted?

*Fen.* No, my generous friend, the Admiral's heart is gold, and I might coin it—but I'm provided. To your other questions touching the widow, I can only say I'm just now in a state of fluctuation betwixt hope and despair: I've been encourag'd, and then damp'd, dismiss'd, and now again recall'd.—As for my honour, that is not at risk, for I have answer'd candidly to all that she can ask, or wish to know about me.

*Sir F.* The more she knows of you, from any other channel than your own modest report, the more she will approve, and value you. Success attend you! Go, make love, my hero, as you make war, and you must conquer. [*Exit Fenton.*]

GANGRENE enters.

*Sir F.* Oh thou ill-omen'd prophet, thou deceiver!

*Gang.* What ails you, pupil?

*Sir F.* I renounce the title. Did you not say I was belov'd by Eleanor?

*Gang.* I thought it, and I said it—And because I think so still, I say it again.

*Sir F.* You'll say any thing—

*Gang.* In your favour very little, for I can't flatter you, and I don't fear you; but as you seem to have a privilege for eccentricity, you may take out a patent for a visit to the moon, and break your own neck by authority special.

*Sir F.* And your coarse raillery has about as much resemblance to wit, as knocking a man down has to electricity. It gives the shock, but cannot sparkle.

*Gang.* Had'nt you better say at once you don't choose to be found fault with?

*Sir F.* I'm not in any fault—that lies with Eleanor. What right had she to tell Sir Harry Netterville he had no rival in Sir Francis Delroy—There are her very words for you.

*Gang.* They are your words. Did'nt you declare yourself his advocate? Isn't that a proof you no longer wish'd to be consider'd as his rival?

*Sir F.* I care not how you construe it; she should regard it as the greatest proof of tenderness and affection—a proof demonstrative I lov'd her better than myself.

*Gang.* 'Twas nonsense,

*Sir F.* It was honour.

*Gang.* And what is that but nonsense as you treat it? Nonsense the more intolerable, because you first create a despot, and slavishly submit to it—an idol deity, and impiously adore it.

*Admiral DELROY enters.*

*Adm.* Where is this rhodomontading romantic fellow?—Oh, very well! Harkye, you Sir what's your name, how long am I to be kept on the look out till your smoke clears up? Luff up, my lad, and steer steady, or if I don't fire into you, I'm a Dutchman.

*Sir F.* Well, Admiral, if you are only a Dutchman, tho' a gallant antagonist, remember I'm an Englishman.

*Adm.* Hold your tongue, you know nothing of the matter; you never saw Englishmen upon the water, I have, and commanded them; if then you are an Englishman and my nephew, act as my nephew and an Englishman should. If you love Ellen, say so, there's an end of it—if you don't love her, say so, there's an end of that—sheer off!—Only take this with you, I'm her guardian, and the trusts of friendship are to me more sacred in her instance, than the ties of nature are in yours—that's all.

*Sir F.* And that's enough, I should think—but what have I done?

*Adm.* What have you not done? first professing love, then putting it aside, and making a parade of friendship; till, having stuck to no one point you steer'd by, you have lost your mistress, quarrell'd with your friend, and having thrown the house into confusion, stand unconcern'd, and ask what you have done? Go, go, and cry peccavi to my Eleanor, and she'll forgive you.

*Gan.* That's what he will not do—My life upon it.

*Sir F.* You are to blame to stake your life upon

any action of mine. Do you know what I will do better than myself?

*Gan.* About as well—but I have a good rule to go by; what is right and reasonable to do, and what the Admiral advises, that I guess you will not do.

*Sir F.* Now, to convince you that you know no more of my course than I do of the comet's, or the brave Admiral of metaphysics, I'll go this instant to the offended fair one, and if the humblest homage can appease her, I'll shew you that I can stoop when it is to conquer. *[Exit.*

*Adm.* Give me your hand—You've done it; I'm oblig'd to you—Gangrene, I can't conceive how all this comes about. I can take observations, know the moon and the stars, and the latitudes and the longitudes, aye, and can carry a ship round the world better than you can pilot a wherry across the Thames; yet you seem to know more of human nature than I do. I can't for my life understand how that is. It must be a gift; because you see my experience is infinitely greater than your's.

*Gan.* If it is so, my good Admiral, never search into causes. Some are born for one thing, some for another.

*Adm.* That's true, that's true. I believe I was born for nothing, but to fight for my country, and I hope I have fulfill'd the purposes of my creation. *[Exeunt.*



*Scene changes to Crowfoot's House.*

FIDELIA and CONSTANTIA.

*Fid.* Well, my Constantia, are you fix'd to leave me? Sad sister in affliction, must we part?

*Con.* Why yes, my dear; your misfortunes are at hand, and when we both stand in need of comfort, how can we bestow it upon one another?

*Fid.* And if we could, you know, my dear, it is not quite the sort of comfort that our case requires—Where will you fly to?

*Con.* Some obscure retirement, where I may wait the soothing hand of time.

*Fid.* And will you take no other hand to soothe you—no sympathizing friend.

*Con.* Perhaps a friend.

*Fid.* A female one, my dear?

*Con.* I've not determin'd.

*Fid.* Have you ever thought of Fenton for that purpose?

*Con.* Oh, you creature, get you gone: I've done with you. If you have raillery to spare for me, you can't want spirits to support yourself.

[*Exit.*

*Fid.* Humph! So concludes her course of lamentation—Oh! here comes Crisis—now the plot's begun—

*CRISIS enters from PETER's Chamber.*

Well, doctor, you have been call'd in I see—What hopes?

*Cri.* Lady, good hopes—not of his recovery; that is out of question; but of an easy, pleasant dissolution, as natural as sleep.

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*Fid.* Well, that is something.

*Cri.* 'Tis every thing; a part of practice that I pique myself upon. I say this, lovely mourner, to prepare you for the event; and having said it, you may take my word the patient will make good what I have said.

*Fid.* I have not the least doubt of it.

*Cri.* You flatter me; your good opinion does me honour.

*Fid.* Should not I see him? Wouldn't my presence comfort him?

*Cri.* It might comfort him; but it would kill him.

*Fid.* Humph! let me do my duty notwithstanding—Doesn't he call for me?—

*Cri.* He calls for nothing.

*Fid.* Nor speak of me?—

*Cri.* Oh, yes, he speaks of you most tenderly—He perfectly expects you'll die for grief—but if you do survive (which he by no means recommends), he hopes it will be with great difficulty, and after many struggles.

*Fid.* Greatly beholden to him—Any thing more?

*Cri.* Yes, there is more. He hopes very heartily that you detest, renounce, and abjure that abominable fashion of short mournings and second husbands—

*Fid.* Oh, from my heart, assure him—What farther?

*Cri.* Nothing in particular—in general, he conjures you to shew the world a bright example of conjugal affection, living or dying.

*Fid.* Nothing so easy.—is this all?

*Cri.* I can recollect no more. What he said to me, personally, was equally tender.

*Fid.* By all means let me hear it.

*Cri.* Are you quite sure your spirits can support it?

*Fid.* I'll do my best. Proceed!

*Cri.* Well, if I must, I must—These were his words—Kit, says he to me, but now—my dear Kit Crisis, in his familiar way, I feel myself agoing—sensible, you see, to the last—The water rises to my heart—mistook his own case, but no matter—I have ever had a prodigious dislike to pain—natural creature—and should be loth to linger, not so much on my own account, as for the sake of that fond sufferer, who feels so exquisitely for me—

*Fid.* Meaning me—

*Cri.* Meaning you—Therefore, my dearest Kit, added he, taking hold of my hand, and gently pressing it, in this fashion—

*Fid.* Aye, indeed! What, tenderly? As you press mine—

*Cri.* Exactly, critically—Could you not, says he, in pity to that sympathizing angel, administer a quickener?

*Fid.* A quickener! what's that?

*Cri.* A finisher, a settler—something to whip him out of the world in a whiff, without knowing why he goes, or where he goes.

*Fid.* And did you grant his wish?

*Cri.* No, no, no, I drew my chair close up to ~~his~~—took his hand thus in mine—a tenderness came over me, a soft sensation stole upon my faculties—I forgot his danger—I thought only of you, and of your sorrows—of you, the most faithful, the most feeling, the most amiable of your sex, and in the paroxysm of my reverie rais'd his hand to my lips, and impress'd a fervent kiss upon it—thus!

*Fid.* Fancying to yourself it belong'd to me—

Upon my word, doctor, a very singular piece of gallantry to a dying patient. You forgot yourself just then, I must suppose.

*Cri.* I did, I did, most exquisite lady—I was just then a little absent.

*Fid.* And very much stood in need of a flapper, which, if it was not beneath me to resent the buffooneries of a merry Andrew, I would deservedly administer—Now, get you gone—be satisfied I know what you're about—ridiculous as my old man may be, he is not quite so senseless as to employ you, was he really ill. Not a word more—

*Cri.* Very willingly, for I have not a word more, if it were to save my life.

*Fid.* Begone to your patient, before he breathes his last; make haste, remember, dead men pay no fees. *[Exit Crisis.]*

*GABRIEL enters.*

Enter, my good fellow, enter! Well, you come to tell me that your master's dead.

*Gab.* No, no; I don't say that.

*Fid.* Dying—

*Gab.* I cannot tell.

*Fid.* What! can't you put on a grave, solemn face, and lie with a good conscience when you're paid for it? You are no servant, if you can't do this.

*Gab.* I am your servant, madam, and have obey'd all your commands.

*Fid.* And where is Ostrich; where's the undertaker? Have you brought him and all his people with him?

*Gab.* They're all here—A whole rookery of black bearers, mutes, and mourners—

*Fid.* With scarfs, gloves, hat-bands?—

*Gab.* Yes, yes, plumes, pall, and tapers—death's whole wardrobe—but what to do with them? My master's living.

*Fid.* Set them to work at once. Let all the pictures in the drawing-room be taken down, the furniture remov'd, and the whole set in order to be hung round with black—

*Gab.* Oh lud, oh lud! before my master's dead?

*Fid.* No matter; he will see the honours I intend him.

*Gab.* 'Twill kill him; 'twill extinguish him outright—

*Fid.* What then? he'll come to life again, and then we'll have a merry-making, and a holiday for the whole country.

*Gab.* 'Twill turn his brain; the expense will make him mad.

*Fid.* I rather think 'twill bring him to his senses—but look! who's this?

*OSTRICH enters.*

*Gab.* Mr. Ostrich himself, captain of the black battalion, master-mover of the machinery, and mouth-piece of the mutes.

*Fid.* You're welcome, Mr. Ostrich! Death has depriv'd me of the best of husbands, and as I mean to do all possible honours to his remains, I have pitch'd on you, as a person of the very best taste and fashion, to execute my intentions.

*Ost.* Infinitely oblig'd to you—flatter myself no man can go beyond me for a black job, and beg leave to assure you, that the honour of depositing your worthy spouse in his grave, is an

honour and a happiness I have long been ambitious of. Where shall I pay my compliments to the corpse, and take measure of him for his coffin?

*Fid.* In the next chamber; you'll find him about five feet two, or thereabouts, as near as I can guess—Be pleas'd to enter, and I'll wait here till you have done.

*Ost.* I have my rule about me: I'll dispatch it out of hand. *[Enters the Chamber.]*

*Gab.* Madam, madam, what have you done? My master's alive, and well as I am. He'll knock the undertaker's brains out; he'll kill that Ostrich, and pluck his feathers out—he will, upon my soul.

*Fid.* Follow him then, and see fair play—

*[Gabriel enters.]*

Ridiculous old man, does he think I will not make him pay for his frolics?—

*OSTRICH runs out, followed by PETER, CRISIS, and GABRIEL.*

*Ost.* Help, help! The corpse is come to life. What between death and the doctor, I shall be murder'd.

*Peter.* Get out of my house—out of my house, you black raven! Wife, wife, what is the meaning of all this? That scare-crow says, you sent him in to measure me for my coffin.

*Fid.* He says what is perfectly true. How can he fit you, if he don't take your measure?

*[Exit Ostrich.]*

*Peter.* Blood and fire! I'm not dead. Don't you see me walk? Don't you hear me speak? Don't you perceive I'm recover'd?

*Fid.* How can I help that? Ask your moun-  
tebank there, if he did not tell me you was dead.

*Peter.* He told a most abominable lie. I am  
alive

*Cri.* Pardon me, lady, I said dying, but not  
dead.

*Fid.* You said what you should be exposed for  
saying, and did what you should be punish'd for  
doing. Now, Peter, if you are alive, and have  
the spirit of a living man, tell me if it was part  
of your ridiculous project to set this fellow upon  
making love to your wife, whilst you pretended  
to be dying.

*Peter.* Oh, thou damn'd Doctor! oh, thou libi-  
dinous death-dealing dunce! Quack, screech-  
owl, winding-sheet, how dare you, with that  
atrabilious face, make love to my immaculate  
Fidelia?

*Cri.* How dare you, sir, put a gentleman, who  
writes M. D. after his name, aye, and half the  
letters in the alphabet after that, upon alarming  
a lady, lovely in her person, gentle in her nature,  
exquisite in her feelings, and suppose for a mo-  
ment I would be your jack-pudding in so pitiful  
an experiment?

*Fid.* Answer that, Peter, if you can. The doc-  
tor makes a good defence.

*Peter.* Then he does more than I can do, for  
I make nothing but a very foolish figure, of  
which I am thoroughly ashamed. Heyday, what  
the vengeance is all this?

*OSTRICH followed by his people.*

*Ost.* Sir, you have treated me extremely ill;  
by your ungenerous behaviour in coming to life  
again, you have broke off me and my men in

the midst of our work, and I desire to know how I am to be paid for scarfs, gloves, hat-bands, pall, plumes, tapers, taking down your furniture, and hanging your great drawing room with black cloth superfine.—Come in, mutes, mourners, bearers, staffmen, and be witness, I demand payment of this living corpse for a direct fraud and fallacy upon our profession. Sir, there's not a mute here present but is ready to declare upon oath he was hir'd at five shillings a day for this job.

*Peter.* The devil fly away with you and your wholedumb regiment of black Tartars at a sweep! Out of my sight, ye Kalmucks! clear the house, or I shall catch the black jaundice of you, and die in earnest.

*Fid.* Hold, Peter, only promise me never to be ill till you can't help it, nor die till you can live no longer, and I'll satisfy all parties.

*Peter.* Well, dearest, I do promise; but take notice, this sort of dying does not shorten a man's life; it is but death in jest.

*Fid.* Death is no jester, nor will be jested with.

*Peter.* Why then I ask his pardon for this once, and will never treat him so familiarly again.

*Fid.* Enough said! Now, gentlemen, you'll find an entertainment ready, and when you have made merry for the recovery of my husband, I'll pay you all your charges for burying him.



ACT V.

PETER CROWFOOT *and* FIDELIA.

*Peter.* I see it, I see it. I'm convinc'd—a very scurvy conceit; I'm asham'd of it—Never die again whilst I live, and live only to make my dear Fidelia as happy as I can.

*Fid.* Set your heart at rest, my good man, and think no more of what is past. Laugh with those that laugh at you, and when they find their raillery don't gall you, they will be tir'd of the joke, and have done with it.

*Peter.* Light of my eyes, joy of my heart, you've conquer'd me, you've cur'd me; I'm a new man; I've outliv'd my follies, my fancies, my suspicions; they are buried; friend Ostrich made the funeral, and more than one half of Peter Crowfoot is under ground and out of memory—Ah, Doctor, give me your hand—

CRISIS *enters.*

No, hold, Fidelia shall give you her's—You seem to understand her pulse the better of the two. Examine it, my friend, you have my free leave.

*Cri.* May I be so blest, or have I offended past forgiveness?

*Fid.* You have offended no body; you have done wonders, perform'd a cure, that will make your fame immortal. Don't you see how gay your patient is?

*Cri.* Truly I rejoice to see it.

*Peter.* And you shall rejoice, for this day,  
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which is the death's-day of my nonsense, and the birth-day of my understanding, we dedicate to festivity and our friends—Aye, and our dear Constantia—

CONSTANTIA *enters.*

Here she comes; and if she will not consent to celebrate this happy day, I'll say—Heavens, what will I not say of her? I cannot say, she is not beautiful, I cannot say she is not charming, but I will positively say she is not kind.

*Con.* You positively shall not, for I'm determin'd nobody shall say that of me, when my friends are happy.

*Fid.* Not even Fenton?

*Con.* No, you sly thing, not even Fenton.

*Fid.* Remember what you've promis'd—Look where he comes.

FENTON *enters.*

*Con.* Ah! what do you do here? Who sent for you?

*Fid.* Aye, who indeed! I'm sure I won't stay where he is, for fear Peter should fall into his tantarums again.

*Peter.* And I won't go without my Doctor, so Constantia must get rid of him as she can.

[*Exit Peter, Fidelia, and Crisis.*]

CONSTANTIA and FENTON.

*Con.* I won't be left alone with you, take notice I have nothing to say to you.

*Fen.* Angel of my hopes, will you revoke the message that you sent me?

*Con.* What message did I send, and what angel will consent to stay with you? An angel too upon the wing, for I am going.

*Fen.* I cannot part from you, I will not. From the first moment that my eyes dwelt on you, love took possession of my heart, 'twas your's—such was the magic power of the impression, that “I can scarce tell if I saw you before I lov'd you, or lov'd you before I saw you.”

*Con.* Fine rhapsody, which if it has any meaning, implies, that having lov'd me before you saw me, when you had seen me, you forbore to love me; therefore that our parting may be as brief as possible (for I confess I have some kindness for you), suppose we say farewell at once.

*Fen.* I'll not be left behind; I'll throw myself before your horses feet, and die upon the spot beneath the wheels.

*Con.* Was ever the like heard? A fine dilemma you reduce me to—either to commit manslaughter, or take a madcap into my party, that I shall never keep in any discipline.

*Fen.* Oh trust me, try me: I've been us'd to discipline.

*Con.* Well, tho' I don't give credit to your promises, sooner than drive over you, I'll drive with you—So now away! Be secret and make ready. I'll give you your instructions for the rendezvous—Get you gone!

*Fen.* Paragon of beauty, mirror of goodness, thus let me bless and thank you for your bounty!

*Con.* Ah, you wild thing, if these are your proceedings, I shall soon turn you loose upon some heath, and leave you to embrace nothing but clouds, Ixion-like, for human flesh and blood cannot endure such squeezing. [*Excunt severally.*]

*Scene stands.*

*Sir FRANCIS DELROY meeting ELEANOR.*

*Sir F.* Eleanor, my dear Eleanor, I was coming to you with a fix'd determination to ask pardon for all my seeming eccentricities, and throw myself at once upon your candour for forgiveness.

*Elea.* Why don't you then? 'Twou'd be a very prudent measure.

*Sir F.* Do you think so? I differ from you as to the prudence: I don't think any woman should be trusted with the power of dispensing pardon, and I don't approve of any man's lowering himself so far as to solicit it.

*Elea.* Very well; you have chang'd your purpose, and now I suppose you'll require of me to ask your pardon.

*Sir F.* You are right; there is every reason why you should.

*Elea.* Give me one.

*Sir F.* Why, in the first place, my dear girl, could I shew you a more flattering proof of my affection than by recommending you to prefer Sir Harry Netterville?

*Elea.* Why should I be flatter'd by it?

*Sir F.* Because I am not half so good as he is.

*Elea.* What then? No more am I perhaps.

*Sir F.* You are an odd girl. I wish I had never known you. I am afraid I shall marry you.

*Elea.* Don't be afraid of that. You hav'nt got my consent.

*Sir F.* As if there was any doubt of that. You would not refuse me—You could not refuse me, you seducing little witch!

*Elea.* I'll bet you a good wager of that.

*Sir F.* Oh the vengeance, I'll have no more wagers with you: I know the consequence of that.

*Elea.* I'll tell you what, my friend, I perceive to demonstration you are in love with me, but too proud to own it.

*Sir F.* You are very much mistaken; what should I be in love with you for?

*Elea.* I don't care whether you are or no; I should infallibly refuse you.

*Sir F.* I'll bet you any wager of that.

*Elea.* I thought you said you'd bet no more wagers.

*Sir F.* Not in your coin. I wish you would not trouble me—You are a charming girl, but you are an egregious simpleton—Harkee, foolish thing, do you know what sort of a temper mine is?

*Elea.* An intolerable bad one, but I could—Oh yes, that I could—

*Sir F.* What could you?

*Elea.* Twist you round my finger, laugh you out of your tantarums, rally you into them, blow you into a flame, and then like you the better for the power I had of putting your flame out again.

*Sir F.* Confusion! I'm undone. Thou Syren, thou enchantrass, whom I fly from and yet follow, whom in my reason I abjure, in my folly I adore, marry me this instant, marry me, I say, for I am ripe for mischief, and if you do not take me at the moment, I am gone for evermore.

*Elea.* Go where you like, and for as long as you like. Till you come to me as humble as I mean to make you, and as penitent as you ought to be, tho' I lov'd you above all men living,

(which perhaps I do) I'll die before I'll sacrifice the rights of homage, and the unalienable prerogatives of my sex. *[Exit.]*

*Sir F.* May I perish if I don't think she has dealings with the devil—She is over head, she is under foot, she is round about, and on every side of me. I'll have a spell to lay her; I'll hire a fellow with bell, book, and candle, to exorcize her—

*The ADMIRAL enters.*

Oh, my dear uncle, I am treated like a dog—I'll marry that young miss of your's, on purpose to torment her.

*Adm.* Do so; you cannot take a more effectual revenge.

*Sir F.* Oh how I'll plague her—And if that won't serve, I'll poison her. What assurance to insist on my asking pardon, when she has done the wrong!

*Adm.* Monstrous! I wonder you can bear it.

*Sir F.* 'Sdeath, I'm reduc'd to such an abject state, I can bear any thing. If I had a heart no bigger than a wren's, I should put that traitor Gangrene incontinently to death, for making such a milksop of me—Hah! here comes Fenton, I'm sure he'll not speak to me.

*FENTON enters.*

*Fen.* Not speak to you, my gallant friend! Then it must be because I want words to express to you how I am bless'd.

*Sir F.* Aye, aye, you mean how you are married—Now I beg leave to doubt if that is being bless'd at all—at least I don't expect to find it

so. Harkee, Fenton, was you ever scouted, mortified, tormented by the woman of your heart?

*Fen.* The torments of Tantalus; torments not to be describ'd.

*Sir F.* I'm glad of it. How did you bear 'em?

*Fen.* Humbly, submissively—Wore out her cruelty by my patience.

*Sir F.* Give me your hand—With ecstasy, I perceive you are just such another pigeon-liver'd poltroon as myself, and we are fit companions only for each other—

*Sir HARRY NETTERVILLE.*

Welcome, welcome, Sir Harry Netterville; let me embrace you—You come upon a wish: I am just now unfit to live, and to die by your hand, is the only lucky chance I have of rescuing my reputation.

*Sir H.* What ails you, Frank? What crotchet has got hold of you?

*Sir F.* Sir, I suspect I am in danger of being married to my uncle's ward, an act of which I never dreamt, a visitation which, till within this hour, never came within the scope of my conception. Now, if you should happily interpret this as a breach of my good faith towards you, 'twill be a very singular vouchsafement, if you will be graciously pleas'd just to pass your sword through my body.

*Sir H.* Sir, as I have no charge against you on my own account, I cannot possibly accommodate you with a single inch of my sword, unless you dare to say to my face, you are not the happiest of mankind, and Miss Eleanor the most amiable of women—in which case you are welcome to the whole of it.

*Sir F.* Well, sir, if you will not accommodate me in my own way—Here comes Gangrene, the misleader of youth—

GANGRENE *enters.*

Be so good as to put him to death, and I shall be in some sort satisfied.

*Gan.* Do as you like; I care not: I am weary of a world, peopled with little else but apes and idiots. I wonder, Admiral, your benevolence is not long since exhausted.

*Adm.* Sir, you have nam'd the very things I pity; but how do you dispose of these two characters amongst this company?

*Sir F.* I'll take them both upon myself; for till he taught me how to be a man, I was an ape—an idiot I should be, but that Sir Harry bullies me into reason.

*Adm.* Why, aye, methinks you have worn your humour out; 'tis time to throw it off.

*Sir F.* Look, where it flies! 'tis gone. And now, Sir Harry, once more, in serious truth, speak if I'm clear in your opinion, for I prize it highly.

*Sir H.* If I could grudge the man, whom I esteem, possession of that blessing, which he can fairly gain, and I cannot, I were not fit to live. Know yourself only as I know you, Frank, and you must be happy. Farewell! [*Exit.*]

*Sir F.* A gallant gentleman—And let it be some test of reformation in my faulty temper, that I can see his virtues tower above me, and own myself out-done. Now, Fenton, you and I will seek our several destinies—Come on!

*Adm.* Set sail, my hearts, for victory is before you.



*Fen.* It will be, sir, when we have you in sight.  
*[Exeunt Sir Francis and Fenton.]*

*Adm.* Oh, Gangrene, I am now at last convinc'd the Delroys will not drop.

PETER, FIDELIA, and CRISIS.

*Peter.* No, nor the Crowfoot's die, for here am I, Peter, the representative of them all, who, having cast my skin, like a snake, come out in all the lustre of a second renovation with a doctor, who has physic'd nothing but my follies, and a wife, who has buried nothing of me but my offences. Now, Gangrene, laugh, laugh most incontinently, for if you do not, I will declare you have no malice in you, no wit, no ill-nature—and then who'll care for you? Who'll relish you? You'll be as flat as an egg without salt.

*Cri.* Or a dose of wormwood lees without lemon.

*Gan.* I cannot help it, gentlemen. I take no man's jest at second hand, and Peter, by having first got hold of it, may set the world at nought.

*Fid.* Now, my good Admiral, you must grant me a favour—We have driven death out of doors with a whole phalanx of his followers, and you, who have so often look'd him steadily in the face, must honour your old neighbour, and grace his triumph with your presence, and the company of your friends.

*Peter.* Don't refuse her, my good friend and neighbour, don't refuse her. Her spits are turning, her pots are bubbling, the cook is broiling, the kitchen maid basting, and the housekeeper up to the elbows in pastry and plum-cake.

*Adm.* Let the man forswear good fellowship, who says nay to such an invitation!—But where's

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my nephew; where's my lovely Ellen? Fenton is wanting too.

*Gan.* No, here he comes, and in his hand he leads one like the moon, when first it rises on the sable night blushing through clouds.

FENTON and CONSTANTIA.

*Peter.* Now, why couldn't I hit upon that simile? The sable night—aye, that was it—blushing through clouds—No, that was not it. I have lost it; let it go!

*Fid.* Constantia, how do you do?

*Con.* Fidelia, be quiet. I won't stand near you; I'll fly for shelter to the Admiral; and hope he'll order this gentleman to his post.

*Adm.* Madam, I have often seen him in his post—the post of honour, gallantly maintaining it; but never in a more distinguish'd post, than at your side, protecting one so worthy of his courage and his care.

*Peter.* Doctor, what ails you? I'm afraid you're absent, and in your reverie may take my hand, and fancy it Fidelia's.

*Cri.* No more of that. I was just then considering of my patients. I am afraid they'll miss me all this day.

*Peter.* Yes, and to-morrow you'll miss them, perhaps; and they'll miss their complaints.

*Gan.* A fig for their complaints! He's thinking of his fees.

*Adm.* Come, let us go and seek our absentees; then join, and charge at once upon the batteries, that Peter's fire-workers have rais'd to welcome us. Madam, your hand!

[*To Fidelia.*]

*Peter.* Ah, doctor, you have lost it, but mine is at your service.—Fidelia, you'll excuse me:

you are provided—Gangrene or Fenton, you may take your choice.

*Gan.* I wave the contest, and march singly on; thankful to Providence, that still permits two independent legs to carry me.

*Con.* [*To Fenton.*] You have so good a sponsor in the Admiral, that I believe I must accept your convoy.

*Fen.* With such a charge, I were a wretch indeed, if I did not defend it with my life.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ELEANOR followed by Sir FRANCIS.

*Elea.* Ah! there they go—and still this sprite pursues me. Phantom, avaunt! why do you haunt me thus?

*Sir F.* My Eleanor, my love, take pity on me.

*Elea.* If I should tender it, how am I sure you would not slight my pity?

*Sir F.* Hear me, believe me! Do not turn your back upon a penitent so humble, so sincere.

*Elea.* 'Tis but in mockery you affect this language.

*Sir F.* No, on my soul I'm serious—Ellen, Ellen, I am no more the eccentric fool you knew me.

*Elea.* Delroy, I now, without disguise, must tell you, I've run through the whole stock of my resources. I've nothing left but truth and honest nature to oppose your caprice, if you repeat it.—Therefore, for honour's sake, for love of mercy, by all that's sacred to a manly soul, I charge you and adjure you not to sport and trifle with my feelings. Speak your meaning, and when you've spoken, stand to your professions!

*Sir F.* By every oath, that's binding to man's

honour, by every hope that can insure my peace, I love you with a passion so entire, so rooted in my heart, that when I kneel before you and intreat forgiveness of my failings, with the blessing of this dear hand for life, I should not dare to lift my eyes up to that heavenly face, but that I know and feel myself resolv'd to merit the felicity I sue for.

*Elea.* Rise then and take possession of a heart, which still, through all the changes of your humour, has kept its first impression, which you gave it, and nourish'd an unalterable passion, which neither absence nor despair could quell.

*Sir F.* Oh, my acknowledg'd, oh, my destin'd wife

*Admiral enters.*

*Adm.* Wife, did you say? 'Tis done! my hopes are crown'd. I ask no more of heaven: I am content.

*Sir F.* Oh, my dear uncle, thus to make you happy and myself blest above all human beings, is—what is it? It cannot be describ'd.

*Adm.* Come in, my friends, come in!

GANGRENE, PETER *and* FIDELIA, FENTON *and* CONSTANTIA, CRISIS.

These hands, thus join'd, unite to pluck away the only thorn, that rankled in my breast.

*Peter.* Away with sorrow! It is good for nothing. Joy, joy betide you, gallant Admiral! and when I speak for one Peter by name, I speak for all, be their names what they may. You have fought for us, wak'd whilst we slept, and kept watch whilst we snor'd; we were but scurvy

folk, did we not make the platter ring and the glass dance for you.

*Gan.* Oh, Peter, how I love thee ! Live for ever. Admiral, my friend, my hero, I am a fool, I'm no philosopher ; you have unmann'd me— But for you, sir, who fancy you've done wonders, and pride yourself in marrying a lady with nothing but her virtues to her dower, I would have you know that I intend to die sometime or other, and then you'll find her rich, rich as yourself. Now, pr'ythee, don't be talking, but hear the Admiral.

*Adm.* What shall I say ? Share in an old man's joy, who having steer'd his weather-beaten bark through storms and perils to the haven's mouth, found, as he thought, a shoal that barr'd his entrance, and gave himself for lost, even in the sight of the asylum he had struggled for. Now 'tis revers'd ; the vessel of my hope mounts o'er the waves, and, wafted through the surf by favouring gales, brings up and anchors—(if your hearts are with me, candid spectators) in repose and comfort.



## TIBERIUS IN CAPREÆ.

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—Caprearum in rupe sedentis  
Cum grege Chaldæo— Juv.





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tiberius.  
Caligula.  
Caius Quintilius.  
Macro.  
Cornelius Cotta.  
Carillus.  
Charicles.  
Simon *of* Samaria.  
Dorus, *a Mariner*.  
Musarion, *a Slave*.

*Roman Suitors, Chaldean Necromancers, Prætorian  
Soldiers, Thracian Gladiators, &c.*

Popilia.

*Slaves, Minstrels, &c.*

*SCENE, Capreæ.*



## TIBERIUS IN CAPREÆ.

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### ACT I.

*A rocky Coast with a View of the Sea. A Guard of Soldiers stationed at the Landing-place, where the Roman Eagle is planted.*

Cornelius Cotta upon guard. Caius Quintilius enters.

Cotta. Stand! Give the word!

Quin. Long live the emperor!

Cotta. Caius Quintilius, by my ear.

Quin. The same.

Cotta. Pass, noble Roman.

Quin. I would I could! I'm weary of your island. I pray you, gallant soldier, give me leave to take a draught, for recreation's sake, of your sea-air.

Cotta. 'Tis a fair night; the breeze plays wantonly upon the wrinkled bosom of old Neptune.

Quin. Aye, 'tis a wanton breeze; it would not else salute these shores so lovingly. Just gods, when will your thunders rive this impious rock?—Saw you the emperor this day, Cornelius?

Cotta. Who sees the emperor this day, or any day, for months foregone? I muse that you, who have liv'd so long an age in Capreæ, should make that a question.

*Quin.* So long! why, man, I have not pass'd three days in Capreæ!

*Cotta.* Is not that an age in our new calendar? Sir, in these times, three hours are equivalent to as many generations in Rome's better days. In this island we are born at day-break, grown to full size at noon, grey-headed with debilitude at evening-fall, and dead ere sun-rise the next morning.

*Quin.* Break off! what Lydian masker is at hand.

[*Flourish of flutes.*]

*Cotta.* One of the Cæsars—'Tis their attribute so to be announc'd, except when they make private visits to our wives or mistresses—And lo! Rome's rising star—the young Caligula—

*CALIGULA enters.*

*Cal.* Where is the captain of the watch?

*Cotta.* Present, at your command.

*Cal.* Is all well?

*Cotta.* All is well.

*Cal.* Nothing arriv'd? No galley yet in sight? No news of Macro, the Prætorian prefect?

*Cotta.* None, that I hear.

*Cal.* The emperor expects him with impatience, that keeps no terms even with the gods themselves. Hah! do I see Quintilius? Worthy Roman, what call brings you to Capreæ?

*Quin.* A call too absolute for me to question. The emperor has commanded my attendance.

*Cal.* Some great promotion waits you, we may hope. None is more worthy.

*Quin.* Few are less ambitious.

*Cal.* You have a powerful advocate with Cæsar—Popilia is in Capreæ—

*Quin.* I've heard as much.

*Cal.* And in her favour, if report says true, you are the emperor's rival.

*Quin.* He, who commands the world, can have no rival.

*Cal.* You are too modest, Caius, or else over-cautious. If I, Germanicus's son, born in a camp, and cradled in the arms of the legions, am not a soldier's friend, there's no such thing as instinct in man's nature. Tiberius is dying—

*Quin.* Indeed!

*Cal.* I tell it you in confidence—He fainted at the table: I noted him in the fit; his lip hung, the boils and blotches in his face became a deadly purple, and those blood-shot eyes, that look a man to death, sunk in their sockets. Had not the busy slaves made haste, and bolster'd up his head, ere this the world had chang'd its master.

*Quin.* Prince, were I sure none heard you but myself, your words were buried in the grave of honour; but in this magic isle, the rocks have ears.

*Cal.* 'Tis well advis'd. The world is wrapt in night; but let us hope the dawn of better days is in advance—Farewell!

[*Exit.*

*Quin.* Of better days I doubt—farewell, Caligula!

[*Exit.*

*Cotta.* Turn out, Prætorians! Your commander Macro shews the imperial banner on his galley. Stand to your arms; salute him as he lands.

[*The Guard turns out. The Prætorian March is played. Macro lands. The Colours salute him; he uncovers, and repeats the Parole.*

*Mac.* Long live the emperor!

*Cotta.* Health and a happy greeting to our general!

*Mac.* Health to Cornelius Cotta! You hold strict watch, fellow soldiers—Lives the world's master yet?

*Cotta.* He lives; but it is life suspended, not enjoy'd. Hour after hour his messengers have come to ask of your arrival.

*Mac.* Unhappy man, the bubble of his hope is burst and vanish'd.

*Cotta.* That is a mystery beyond my fathom.

*Mac.* I'll tell you then—

*Cotta.* Not if it be a secret, under favour: money and secrets I could never husband.

*Mac.* It is no secret that Tiberius flies to magic in these days of his decline. Now it had reach'd his ears that Simon of Samaria, whose strange feats had cast the eastern world into amaze, had visited Rome.

*Cotta.* I have heard of him—as who has not?—that he is a very Proteus, can shift shapes at pleasure, be young or old, visible or invisible, command the elements—he at Rome this hour, in Samaria the next, with many more achievements of the like prodigious cast—but do you believe these stories?

*Mac.* Sir, I know not what to believe: it is certain he does strange things; and stranger things, perhaps, are told of him than he has ever done; but the fact is, I am come back without him, and must now go and make my disappointing report to the emperor.

*Cotta.* That is a visit none will envy you.

*Mac.* I know my danger, and am not to learn that as we rise so we must fall, when fortune turns her wheel—Farewell, Cornelius; if we meet no more, we part, as friends are apt to part in Capreæ, for the last time. We leap the rock and sink into oblivion. [Exit.

*Cotta.* Break up the guard; sound drums and march, Prætorians. [*A retreat. Exeunt.*]

*A desolate Scene of Rocks and Caverns.*

SIMON and DORUS habited like Mariners.

*Dor.* As sure as I am Dorus and you are Lycophron, we are both dead men, brother shipmate. If we were water-rats, being caught ashore in this island, we should not 'scape a drowning.

*Sim.* What harm will that do us?

*Dor.* Why truly, being, as you say, of a fishy kind of family, they may not think fit to compliment us with so natural a death; but clap a neat hook in our ribs, and hang us up like tunny fish in the sun.

*Sim.* What then? A man can die but once.

*Dor.* True; therefore it is I would be sparing of such experiments. Marry, I began to fear I had made one too many just now, when I sous'd into the sea from the chains of the imperial galley.

*Sim.* And who sav'd you but myself? Who carried you through the water without wetting a thread of your garments?

*Dor.* You did; and if that be a consolation, you have given me a fair chance of dying in a dry jacket; which is not every poor sailor's lot.

*Sim.* And now I'll shew you the curiosities of the island. Prepare yourself for wonders.

*Dor.* I'm prepar'd for getting out of it. Shew me that curiosity, and I'll thank you.

*Sim.* I'll carry you to the emperor; he is fond of conjurors; and we can give him some amusement in that way.

*Dor.* Yes; but I had rather amuse myself by

getting out of his way. I don't wish to cut capers on a gibbet for his entertainment.

*Sim.* Why, what have you to fear? Whom do you take me to be?

*Dor.* Who should you be but my old crony and pot-companion, Lycophron?

*Sim.* Look at me, I say!

*Dor.* So I do; I see you plain, and plain enough you are to be seen. That hair mole upon your cheek is a beauty-spot I've known you by, drunk or sober, for this many a year.

*Sim.* Recollect yourself!—

*Dor.* What should I recollect? Didn't we embark together in Macro's galley upon this devil's dance, after that famous conjuror Simon of Samaria? And is not that sea-cloak, which you borrow'd in the voyage, if every man had his own, the property of an honest fellow call'd Dorus?

*Sim.* Take your property! I am better provided—

*[Throws the Cloak over Dorus, and appears in his proper habit.]*

Now, look again, and say if I resemble Lycophron.

*Dor.* Look! how should I look, when you have smother'd me with your confounded cloak? Take it off, I say.

*Sim.* There! now you are free—

*[Takes off the Cloak.]*

*Dor.* Heh! how! what's this! You Lycophron! No, no, you are no more like Lycophron than I'm like Julius Cæsar. The hair-mole's vanish'd—Who the devil are you?

*Sim.* Simon the deified, Rome's earthly god, the wonder-working sage, to whom nature's secrets are familiar, and the demons obedient.

*Dor.* You have not a more obedient demon



than myself, most venerable conjuror, in your whole circle, I pray you to believe it. 'Sbud, how you are transmografied ! A comely, well-drest gentleman, as I could wish to see—A slight cast of the Samaritan, it must be own'd—a small touch of the Jew—but what of that—The hair-mole's gone ; I wonder what's become of it—I hope you have not conjur'd it on me—No, no—all's smooth—O, ludamercy, hark ! what yell is that ?

[*A cry at a distance.*

*Sim.* The Chaldean necromancers are upon us. Be constant, and fear nothing.

*Dor.* On the salt seas, worthy sir, I do fear nothing ; but just at present, I am a little out of my element.

*Sim.* The elements are mine. Keep silence, and stand off !—I cast a spell into the air—

*Dor.* O lord ! I wind it—Sulphur and devil's dung—

*Sim.* Peace, fool ! the peril we are in, beset by these Chaldeans, hastening hither, calls for my utmost caution—Imps, my familiars, servants to that art, which I must only practice for a time, be present to my aid ! And chiefly you, spirits, that, mingling with each other, strike out sparks of the fiery element, of which ye are, charge high your sulphurous engines, and be ready, upon the summons, to let loose your thunders. Now, muster, muster, and give sign you hear me !

[*Thunder.*

*Dor.* Zooks ! what a crack ! The rocks are tumbling on us.

*Sim.* Follow me then, and you shall see my power.

*Dor.* Oh, yes, I'll follow you. I cannot choose but go, saving your presence, when the devil drives.

[*Exeunt.*

*The Chaldean Sorcerers rush in.*

*Glee.*

"From the hole in the rock, where ye sleep  
"By the roar of the merciless deep,  
"Ye torturing demons, arise!  
"And if one shed a tear,  
"Let another be near  
"To dash the soft drop from his eyes.

"Rear up a stage, with dead men's bones,  
"Beneath that yew tree's shade:  
"With head to east, to west his heel,  
"So be the victim laid!  
"Then to the music of his groans  
"We'll dance the merry reel.

"Make sharp the knife and deep the wound,  
"Then draw your magic circle round  
"About the dying boy;  
"And as the red blood  
"Gushes forth in a flood,  
"We will all be mad spirits for joy."

*Chief Magician.* Break off! the spell is full.  
Are ye all present?

*2 Mag.* All present and anointed.

*3 Mag.* Master, here's one of us that has desecrated the horned goat, which makes the charm propitious.

*2 Mag.* The moon was troubled as the spindle turn'd.

*3 Mag.* We have wrought hard, and with our crooked nails have dug the ditch, and drench'd it with the blood of the black lamb.

2 *Mag.* The image is complete; we moulded it of wax. Cæsar shall live.

*Ch. Mag.* Ho! who says that before the crowning drug is mingled with our spell? Does there not lack the victim to complete it?

2 *Mag.* Master, he's ready: we seiz'd the boy here in our quarters—The rosy bud of youth breaks on his cheek in its first downy bloom—A Paphian slave he is, and of Popilia's household.

3 *Mag.* Shall we be clear of trouble if we slay him?

*Ch. Mag.* Can we appease the Furies without blood? Set him before us! Untie your knots, and let your feet be bare—Behold, he comes!

*MUSARION is brought in by the Sorcerers.*

*Ch. Mag.* Cæsar, for thee we immolate this victim.

*Mus.* Oh, for the love of heaven, take pity on me! What have I done, what crime have I committed, that you should kill me? If ye are spirits immortal, how can I harm you? If human beings, oh, remember mercy!

*Ch. Mag.* Boy, we must have your blood. Cæsar can only be restor'd to health by our libation.

*Mus.* Could you restore him to a sense of pity, quicken the human charities now dead within him, though you should need my life-blood to cement and strengthen the ingredients of your talisman, here is my heart! Cut deep, and let it spout. I shrink not from the sacrifice.

*Ch. Mag.* Out, knives! no words, but seize him and be sudden!

*DORUS runs on the Stage.*

*Dor.* O lud, O lud! they'll murder the poor boy. Turn out for pity's sake, and drive 'em off! Give 'em a crack of thunder in their tails, and send 'em to the devil in a hurricane!

*SIMON comes forth.*

*Sim.* Hoa, there! release your victim!

*Ch. Mag.* What, and whence art thou?

*Sim.* Simon of Samaria.

*Ch. Mag.* I know thee well. If thou art Cæsar's friend, take off thine eyes: I wither in their glance.

*Sim.* Vanish, and hide your heads within your caves. Creep underneath your rocks before I call the thunder to fall on you.

*Dor.* Aye, take advice, dear devils, and scud away! You'll have the worst on't else. Let's see no more of you.

*Ch. Mag.* Our charm is at a stand. Out with your knives, and cut your arms across—Howl to the moon! Beat, beat the ground with boughs of aconite.

*Sim.* Hah! do you mutiny against my power? Nay then, behold and tremble!

*[Loud thunder, with flashes of lightning, the Necromancers fly.]*

*Dor.* There, there, they've got it worth their money now. Aye, scud away, ye raggamuffin wizzards, pack all sails, and a good riddance. Now, dear friend Lycophron—I beg your pardon, the thunder drove your name out of my head—Sweet Simou, gentle Simon, no more thunder—Let's have a calm—I greatly love a calm.

*Mus.* I shrink, I tremble! How must I address you? As man, or deity?

*Sim.* Inquire not. Enough that I have broke this bloody spell, and rescued you from these Chaldean fiends, who would have murder'd you.

*Mus.* I did expect no less, for they are merciless. I should have made no further effort to appease their cruelty.

*Sim.* But you are thankful to me for your life.

*Dor.* To be sure you are—And to me too for putting him in mind of you.

*Mus.* Good acts reward themselves. I dare not offer my poor thanks to one, who seems endued with powers and attributes above my comprehension. It was your will to save me; you have perform'd your will, and I am sav'd.

*Sim.* Who are you, and by what mischance fell you into the hands of these magicians?

*Mus.* I am a Greek; Musarion by name; a slave I need not say—this badge upon my ankle tells you that. I had a noble master once—Caius Quintilius—he that beat the Parthians—

*Sim.* I know it well; he had a triumph for it.

*Mus.* Pardon me, sir; 'twas only an ovation. Drusus was jealous of his fame—He lov'd the fair Popilia, daughter of the illustrious Scaurus, and she, being taken with my poor minstrelsy, my master gave me to her, and I now wait in her train—

*Sim.* Enough! Why came you hither?

*Mus.* I heard my noble master was in Capreæ, and in my zeal, once more to kiss his hand, I trac'd him to these haunts, where in my search, defenceless and alone, this magic crew surpris'd me—for the rest, I am your humble debtor.

*Sim.* No more—Return, and tell your noble mistress to prepare and fortify her spirit; mighty trials are coming on to prove her—More I cannot discern; the rest is darkness.

*Dor.* There, there! You hear what he says; we can tell you nothing more at present. So get you home and say your prayers—there's a good boy—Away with you! [*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT II.

*An Anti-Chamber in the Emperor's Palace. Guards posted at the door of the interior Apartment.*

CARILLUS *in waiting*—CALIGULA *enters*.

*Cal.* How now, Carillus, may we see the emperor?

*Car.* Let me not give offence to Caius Cæsar, if by my duty I am bound to say you cannot see the emperor.

*Cal.* You'll make our homage known, when you approach the sacred presence—Who is this coming forth?

*Car.* 'Tis Charicles, the body physician.

CHARICLES *enters*.

*Cal.* Now, Charicles, you come from our imperial father—Tell me, in very truth, what hopes—

*Char.* Alas, faint hopes. I speak it in your ear—

*Cal.* In my heart, sir—

*Char.* My skill can do no more. The index of man's health is in the pulse—And when that spring gives way—

*Cal.* But who dares touch that spring?—

*Char.* 'Tis perilous, I own—Yet when I kiss'd his hand upon our parting, I press'd his pulse—

*Cal.* Did he discover you?

*Char.* I think he did; and by his gesture gave

marks of alarm and anger—but then the artery stopt—

*Cal.* And died he then?—

*Char.* The gods forbid!

*Cal.* Aye, sir, the gods forbid! for if he dies, men will desert their temples—If you are going forth, we will talk farther as we pass along.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Car.* Stand by; give place to the Pretorian Prefect!

*MACRO enters.*

Welcome, most noble chief! The emperor sickens with impatience for you. My orders are immediate to admit you. Deliver up your weapon to the centinel!

*Mac.* Does that rule point at me, or is it general?

*Car.* None are excepted—Not a man comes arm'd into the presence.

*Mac.* There! You are obey'd.

*[Gives his Sword.]*

*Car.* Now, follow me, so please you, and tread softly.

*[They enter the Apartment.]*

*The Presence Chamber. Tiberius on his Couch under a purple Canopy. A Lamp on a Stand beside him. He is reading a Paper. Thracian Gladiators rang'd on each Side of the Couch. Carillus ushers in Macro.*

*Car.* Most mighty lord, the Prefect Macro.

*[Withdraws.]*

*[Tiberius upon the sight of Macro, lets fall the Paper.]*

*Mac.* Health to the emperor!



*Tib.* Where is it? Where is that Samaritan, who only can restore it?

*Mac.* Alas, dread sir, I sought him far and wide; I ransack'd Rome, sent emissaries to all parts, examin'd every port—Had I neglected any human means to find him, I were a wretch not worthy to appear in Cæsar's presence.

*Tib.* Why do you appear in Cæsar's presence? Wretch, you strike the dagger in the last pulse of life.

*Mac.* Hear my defence—The man, if man he be, call'd Simon of Samaria, is endued with powers miraculous and supernatural. What could I do, if he avail'd himself of these to elude my search? Can I enchain the air.

*Tib.* No more! If such a plea could pass on my credulity, I were as lost to reason as to hope; but you shall rue my vengeance—Macro, Macro, I am not yet the thing you wish me—dead.

*Mac.* May the great gods renounce me when I wish it.

*Tib.* Name not the gods—If I had had the gift of moulding up the clay, on which I trod, into the form of man, and breathing life into it, sure I am, the animated mass would not have more to thank me for than Macro, whose eminence eclipses all but Cæsar.

*Mac.* Draw forth your sword, and strike it to my heart. I am unarm'd.

*Tib.* Nay, but approach; come near me—nearer still—and view a spectacle of human misery—the ruins of Tiberius—Do you not shrink, do you not shudder at this spotted pestilence? Have you the heart to see your prodigal fond master cover'd with blains, the feast of which burns like the fires of Ætna? Oh, thou insensible, to let me cling to one last hope, and cut that hope asunder.

Had I been you, and you Tiberius, I would have ransack'd earth and sea to the centre till I had found that wonder-working man—Oh, that I might survive one other month!

*Mac.* May the gods grant you many!

*Tib.* I would do something yet for Rome—Though, like the rider of a restive horse, I've made her crouch and truckle to the curb, still I would not bequeath her to that Caligula, that embryo tyrant, who stands ready on the watch to vault into my saddle—Oh, all ye gods of Rome, who know the purpose of my heart, now, at my extremest need, look down and save me!

[*Kneels. Thunder.*]

Hah! what is this? I struggle with my fate—Great Jove, prosper the omen!

[*During this burst of Thunder, Macro and the Gladiators disperse, and Tiberius is left alone on the Scene.*]

Where am I? What has pass'd?—Hoa! there, my guards!—They're gone—Oh, heaven and earth, they're vanish'd—I am left alone, helpless and sick, and feeble as a child—

*SIMON appears.*

Hah! who art thou?—Approach not, stir not, touch me not—I tremble.

*Sim.* Does Cæsar tremble? Does the world's great master shake at the presence of a single man?

*Tib.* Who art thou? Answer me.

*Sim.* The great one of Samaria, whom you seek—Simon, whose herald is that thundering peal, which has dispers'd your guards.

*Tib.* Amazement! Simon!—Do I live to see thee, thou mighty seer, whom through the world

I've sought ! Oh, look upon me, stop the hand of death, restore the vital sources of my health, heal them, renew them, strengthen them !

*Sim.* It is the soul of Cæsar, that is sick. Could I extirpate these ill-favour'd symptoms with a touch, 'twould avail nothing till your mind were heal'd.

*Tib.* Talk not of mind. What mind can be at rest in such a tortur'd body ? Give me health !

*Sim.* Cæsar has had much health, and much misus'd it.

*Tib.* Reproach me not, but set me free at once. There's time, and time more than enough already pass'd for that.

*Sim.* Be patient ! My powers are now at contest for your rescue—Where art thou, spirit ? Wilt thou not obey me ?—Do you see nothing ? hear no sound ?—

*Tib.* Not any.

*Sim.* Feel no reviving breeze, as 'twere the fanning of wings, that hover round thee ?

*Tib.* I feel it not. Oh, give it me ! I sicken.

*Sim.* I have a spell yet left—the last, the strongest that my art possesses—I cast it forth—*[A sound is heard like that of a sudden wind.]*—My life, no less than yours, is on the issue ; if it fail, we're lost.—See, see ! it mingles with the air—It dawns the lights—Oh, inauspicious omen, it darkens ! *[The lights sink.]*

*Tib.* I shake, I tremble ; the very life-blood freezes at my heart.

*Sim.* Yet once again, and with no feeble voice, spirit, I warn thee to descend upon him ; recall his scatter'd senses, chase his pains, and give a spring to every vital chord, that twines about his heart !—*[The lights revive.]*—It gleams ; it brightens ! Death suspends the stroke—I can no

more!—My heart is faint within me, and I must seek repose. *[Exit Simon.]*

*Tib.* I live, I breathe, I feel the wond'rous spell course through my veins—It settles at my heart—Hah! is he gone? gone unrewarded?—Where are all my slaves?—

*MACRO enters.*

Oh, welcome, welcome! Now, as friends, we meet—A prodigy is wrought, and Cæsar lives. Saw you the mighty master as he pass'd?

*Mac.* I saw him not. Cæsar will now believe Simon is never seen but when he lists, and where.

*Tib.* 'Tis certain he has powers miraculous—And now the reins of empire, which so long have slept in my enervated and feeble hands, with renovated vigour I resume.

*Mac.* This is a day of joy for all the world—a day when loyalty may crave a boon.

*Tib.* Speak your request.

*Mac.* Not to my merits, but to your munificence, I do proportion it—The Syrian legions.

*Tib.* It cannot be—The legions are decreed.

*Mac.* May I presume to ask, who is the favour'd object of your choice?

*Tib.* Caius Quintilius is the man.

*Mac.* Ye gods! Quintilius?—

*Tib.* What provokes your wonder?

*Mac.* I own Quintilius was not in my thoughts.

*Tib.* No, for they center'd in yourself; it seems—and from that centre issues an ambition, wide as the world's vast circuit.

*Mac.* That I have been ambitious of your glory, and ardent in your service, I confess. Simon, by magic art, escap'd my search; but when the

assassinating slave Mermullus aim'd at your heart, in one arm I receiv'd his weapon's point, and with the other struck him to the ground, dead at your feet.

*Tib.* The man, who minutes down his own deservings, has no demand upon the praise of others. Away! The word is pass'd—Caius Quintilius shall command my legions.

*Mac.* I have done. The ambition, late so quick within me, is now no more: you have pronounc'd its sentence.

*Tib.* I have said it—be content! If the great gods themselves came upon earth to shake me from my purpose, 'twere in vain. I'll not revoke the word—Caius Quintilius shall command my legions.

[*Exit.*]

*Mac.* Then, vengeance, do thy work. If I forgive him, may the gods renounce me! [*Exit.*]

*Scene changes to a Court in the Palace.*

*DORUS enters.*

*Dor.* Now, where, in the devil's name, has this hocus-pocus man bestow'd himself, that I can't light upon him high or low? He put this little staff into my hand, and bade me hold it fast—it would protect me—I took it, and methought a kind of mist fell on my eyes—I lost him, he had vanish'd—Anon I look'd about me, and behold I was in Cæsar's purlieu—The slaves ran up and down, and here I stood, expecting every moment to be seiz'd and strangled—but no creature notic'd me; none spoke to me, none seem'd as if they saw me—A loud burst of thunder crack'd in my ears—Oho! thought I, the wiz-

zard's at his work—A band of savage miscreants rush'd by me; they cried amain for help—I let them pass, and bless'd my fortune to be quit of them—Hab! who comes here?—Stand off! No, no, come on—I'm not afraid of women, and these are of a sort, that will not harm me.

*A Group of Minstrels enter.*

*Chief Min.* Now mark me, Lydians, we have Cæsar's order to serenade the apartment of Popilia. That stubborn beauty yet holds out against all the allurements of our varied pleasures. Music must now exert its utmost powers to melt the icy virtue, that opposes him, whom the world obeys—follow me, minstrels! [*Exeunt.*]

*Dor.* Why, this is wonderful. As sure as can be, this Rabbi's conjuring-stick has made me air, a ghost, a shadow—I'm invisible—Odslife, if so it be, there's no great risk in making one amongst them—I'll adventure—

*SIMON meets and stops him.*

*Sim.* Stand! Whither are you going?

*Dor.* Bless your dear heart, I'm overjoy'd to see you, or, I should rather say, to be seen by you, for I began to doubt if I should ever more enjoy the privilege of flesh and blood. I took an idle notion in my head, your worship's switch had render'd me transparent; so I was going with those boys and girls to enjoy the serenade.

*Sim.* To death you would have gone, had you proceeded a few steps further, for the spell is over, and you have now no safety, but with me—So follow, and keep close!

*Dor.* Trust me for that. I am your very shadow. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to an Apartment richly decorated in the Style of Roman magnificence.*

*Minstrels enter.*

*Chief Min.* There is the door, that leads to her apartment. There she reposes; all within is sacred; farther we must not come. Now, Love, inspire our melody with powers to reach this heart, that sets him at defiance.

*Glee.*

“ To what age shall we live without love ?

“ If we outstay the time

“ Of youth’s happy prime,

“ ’Tis an age that will never improve.

“ When the sweet early rose is in bloom,

“ If the minutes pass by

“ Till it wither and die,

“ Poor rose, where is then its perfume ?”

*POPILIA comes from her Pavilion.*

*Pop.* Why do you thus assail my indignant ears with your loose songs, for Cyprian revellers only fit, and wantons like yourselves ? I’ll hear no more.

*Ch. Min.* If ’tis the matter of our song offends, will the dance please ? We have Lydians with us, and some that touch the flute with no mean skill.

*Pop.* I do not like your Lydian dance; its step and movements are too languishing, too loose for modesty to admire.

*Ch. Min.* If these delight you not, is there aught else? Command your willing slaves: we live to please you.

*Pop.* Your efforts, wanting as they are in nature's modest graces, cannot please me. I'm weary, sick; I sigh for liberty; I want expanse—Like a poor bird, pent in an irksome cage, I long to escape to some wild solitude, some mountain's brow, where the fresh breeze, untainted with perfumes, may blow upon me: here I am nauseated with odours, surfeited with banquets, and dazzled, not delighted, with the blaze of pomp and splendour. Leave me!

*Ch. Min.* Not so, illustrious lady, we are here by special order from the emperor, who, being suddenly restor'd to health by means miraculous, would fain persuade you to share the general joy, and grace this happy festival with smiles.

*Pop.* If Cæsar condescends to court my smiles, Cæsar must win them, not by loose allurements, but just and virtuous actions—Therefore, unless your order is to insult, not to obey me, leave me at a word.

*Ch. Min.* Now Venus turn your heart, obdurate fair! Minstrels, retire; our service is unwelcome.

[*Exeunt Minstrels.*]

*When the Minstrels have left the Stage, MUSARION appears.*

*Pop.* Approach, Musarion! To thy honest bosom I can commit my sorrows—It was a fatal hour, in which I came to this accursed island.

*Mus.* Say not so: you have obtain'd your suit.

*Pop.* I have; the memory of Popilius Scaurus, my noble father, is no longer stain'd by that



injurious record, which attained the honours and the fortunes of his house; but whilst my importunity extorted this justice from the emperor, it inspir'd a passion in his breast, that fills my soul with horror and disgust.

*Mus.* I see it, I perceive that Cæsar's passion, and all the pleasures of voluptuous Capreæ, in your pure bosom only raise aversion.

*Pop.* What I've endur'd in this detested island, words cannot paint—The dance, the song, the banquet—loathsome all—loose, revelling seducers, in whose features my eye cannot discern one trace of truth, nature, or modesty—whilst not a cup is lifted to my lips, but some vile juggler has bewitch'd and drugg'd it; therefore I'll dash from me all such, and take water and bread—the prisoner's hard fare—

*Flutes—then a train of Slaves and Sybarites, with CARILLUS bearing a Diadem, followed by the Emperor, attended by his Thracian Gladiators.*

Hark! 'tis the emperor's signal!—He approaches—What does this pageantry portend?—And lo! a votive crown, some dedication to his goddess Fortune, which he displays in passing to the temple—Heavens! Can this be? Is this the dying Cæsar?—it is a cure miraculous.

*[Tiberius gives a Signal to his Guards to fall back, and approaches to Popilia.]*

*Tib.* Beauteous Popilia, paragon of nature, Cæsar, for life restor'd, owes an oblation to the divinity whom he adores. You are that goddess, whom in heart he worships, for whom alone he lives, and to whom he dedicates this diadem imperial, pledge of his love and symbol of your conquest.

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*Pop.* Now, may the Gods, who restor'd your life, divert your thoughts from objects so inglorious, to concerns of worthier import,—to your fame and empire.

*Tib.* I have liv'd enough for fame; empire hath now no charms, unless Popilia consents to share it. Nay, 'tis decreed—The deities themselves will not revolt from Cæsar's offerings; to them he sacrifices hecatombs, to you the world.

*Pop.* The idea is too vast, and my weak senses, surpris'd and dazzled, like the eye, when lost in the expanse of an interminable prospect, wander without perception of an object, on which to fix their steady contemplation.

*Tib.* Let pleasure be that object; the refin'd, the exalted pleasure of making those you favour great and happy! Nations shall bless you; kings shall court your smile, and if you waft a sigh to the unhappy, though at the extremest limits of our empire, mercy shall follow it. Your noble house, the illustrious Scauri, shall adore your name; amidst the statues of your ancestors, and higher than them all, shall stand the imperial figure of Popilia, Quintilius shall command our Syrian legions, and triumphs shall record his victories.

*Pop.* I know that mercy, justice, and rewards to virtuous merit, are the noblest attributes of power imperial, and I pray the Gods that Cæsar so may use it; but, as it is not what the eye may covet, but what the reason dictates, that should guide me, I do beseech you, mighty sir, vouchsafe me full time to give a subject so momentous more ample scope of thought and calmer judgment.

*Tib.* Pause, ponder, turn your eyes within yourself, and read what nature writes upon your

heart! If there you find some yet unconquer'd passion, that struggles for Quintilius, recollect what is true love, what is its genuine spirit, but to promote, exalt, and raise to glory the object you affect. And now I leave you to your meditation; full in your sight I place my offering. In that imperial gift you see your fate; Cæsar bestows his honours, as the sun does his beams, never to be recall'd. By my choice made the empress of the world, your own cannot reverse it.

[*Exit with Guards, &c.*]

*Pop.* A diadem—a throne—imperial power—Hungry ambition, what a bait is here to gorge thy ravenous appetite!—Come hither, slave; what dost thou see in this resplendent crown?

*Mus.* I see the power of doing good to thousands.

*Pop.* What else dost thou discover?

*Mus.* Cares, sleepless watchings, treacherous discontents, and sharp ingratitude, lurking, like thorns, within its radiant circle.

*Pop.* Take up the diadem, and follow me!

*Mus.* 'Tis very heavy, my thrice-honour'd lady. I much suspect 'twill make her temples ache, who has the toil of wearing it.

*Pop.* Truly pronounc'd!—Such are thy gifts, Tiberius—Glories that gall us, honours that degrade, power that enslaves, and wealth that makes us poor,

## ACT III.

*The Palace of the Emperor.*

TIBERIUS, QUINTILIUS.

*Tib.* Caius Quintilius—

*Quin.* Cæsar!

*Tib.* I summon'd you to Capreæ—

*Quin.* I came upon your summons.

*Tib.* I had need of you. My legions serving in Syria are headless. I have dismiss'd Ligarius; the rash fool has suffer'd a defeat.

*Quin.* Men are but men. Ligarius is as worthy as many I could name, who have been more fortunate.

*Tib.* What then? whilst I am emperor, Rome must not know disgrace. You serv'd me well in the late Parthian war.

*Quin.* I was well serv'd myself; a veteran army, and the good discipline of ancient times, insur'd success.

*Tib.* Adopt that discipline in Syria then—You shall command my legions—Hah! what moves you? It is the greatest trust within my empire.

*Quin.* 'Tis a command fit for Germanicus, or Cæsar's self in his best age of action—far, far above the pitch of my ambition.

*Tib.* You have some weakness at your heart, Quintilius, something that loads the wing of your ambition; it would not else droop at the call of glory.

*Quin.* If Cæsar knows my weakness, I must

wonder why he should lay so high command upon me.

*Tib.* Great souls may be surpris'd by weak assailants: heroes may stoop to love, but in the field, where glory sets a nobler prize in view, they shake it off, indignant to be foil'd; and rush into the arms of victory, the only mistress worthy of their homage. You must forget your passion for Popilia.

*Quin.* When I am certified that she forgets honour and truth, and every solemn oath that can pledge heart to heart, I will endeavour no longer to remember how I lov'd her.

*Tib.* Recall to mind that I am Cæsar.

*Quin.* I know it, mighty sir, and this is Capreæ—

*Tib.* What then?

*Quin.* Why then I must believe, that some in Capreæ can taint the purest mind with spells and potions.

*Tib.* What need of spells? If to be Cæsar's empress will not move her, she must be more than woman: 'tis not to waste an idle hour in Capreæ, 'tis to command the world that I invite her: my heart, like yours, is wedded to Popilia; therefore be satisfied—Go forth and conquer!

*Quin.* All things must yield to Cæsar; if 'tis his pleasure to take this heart from out this bosom, I cannot oppose him. I am an humble citizen of Rome, a soldier, whose life-blood is not his own, whose honour and whose sword are all his substance. I have no world to offer to Popilia.

*Tib.* Mean spirits seek revenge against their rivals; I usher you to triumphs and to glory. Confiding in your courage and allegiance, I shall not fetter you with much instruction: you'll find

full powers and little waste of words. Therefore prepare yourself, and wait my summons. The galley, that brought Macro hither, conveys you hence this night.

*Quin.* This hour, if Cæsar wills it so—A soldier should be ever ready at the call of honour.

[*Exit.*

*Tib.* How now! What boldness warrants this intrusion?

*CALIGULA enters.*

*Cal.* Praise to the immortal Gods, Tiberius lives! Oh, let me kneel, and bathe that sacred hand with tears of joy!

*Tib.* Stand up! I am not fond of this knee-homage. Is it because an old man lingers out a few more weary hours that Caius weeps?—Thou crocodile!—

[*Aside.*

*Cal.* Say not a few more hours—Oh, joyful change, you seem as a new man.

*Tib.* Indeed! Do you perceive it?

*Cal.* With transport and amazement. A temple should be rais'd to Simon the restorer.

*Tib.* My time will not suffice to talk of temples, much less to raise them, therefore to the point: this preface does but lead to some petition.

*Cal.* I do confess I have at heart to ask a boon of my dread lord.

*Tib.* I knew it well; if men had nought to ask, they would not kneel to the great Gods themselves—therefore at once state your petition.

*Cal.* It is my earnest suit you will accept my loyal services, that so by honours fairly earnt, I may approve myself deserving of your adoption, and that share in glory, which by inheritance devolves upon me.

*Tib.* What would you? Where does your ambition point?

*Cal.* To Syria, mighty lord; to your legions, from the command of which you have dismiss'd Ligarius.

*Tib.* All my commands are full: I have decreed that province to Quintilius: my word is pass'd, and were your great father living, he should not move me to revoke it.

*Cal.* My father, sir, was satiated with glory; I have not tasted yet of its delights: Quintilius too, (I speak it to his praise) has had full share of fame, I pant for action. May not the Parthian conqueror be content with his ovation, and give place to the adopted son of Cæsar?

*Tib.* Son of Germanicus, beware his fate! I have heard your suit, and you have had my answer; retire, and leave me to my meditations!

*Cal.* May all the gods direct them to your glory! *[Exit.]*

*Tib.* And what is glory? What is this passion in the hearts of men, that fires them with such ardour to encounter dangers, and toils, and all the various deaths, that wait on war, to snatch one fading wreath of perishable laurel? Mark this boy—so eager his ambition to break forth and sun itself in the bright beams of glory, that he can't give my flitting shadow time to pass betwixt him and his expectation. What are the joys of Capreæ to him? He pants for action: Macro too demands it: Quintilius throws his mistress from his arms; his manly courage breaks the chains of love, whilst I, by age and natural visitations, now become a thing for love to start from, am its slave—Oh, great Samaritan, was it for this that you redeem'd me from impending death?

## POPILIA enters

*Pop.* 'Tis now the time when I must render up, without disguise, my fix'd determination to the ears of the world's sovereign master—I have weigh'd the diadem you sent me, summ'd up its various properties, and computed the loss and gain of your imperial gift to the minutest atom of its value—

*Tib.* And what has the fair mistress of my soul discover'd by that scrutiny?

*Pop.* Many temptations, many rich allurements, to which if I could yield myself a convert, and violate the vows that I have pledg'd—

*Tib.* Stop! and before you close that awful sentence pause, whilst I tell you all those solemn vows are cancell'd, for Quintilius has renounc'd you.

*Pop.* Hath he done this? This hath Quintilius done? May I believe it?

*Tib.* On the word of Cæsar.

*Pop.* Well! you are Cæsar, and on Cæsar's word I must believe Caius Quintilius hath renounc'd Popilia.

*Tib.* This hour, this instant he embarks for Syria—

*Pop.* The gods be with him!—

*Tib.* The galley is afloat; the sails are spread to court the favouring breeze, that wafts him hence—

*Pop.* The all-protecting gods be ever with him, shield him in battle; cover him with glory, and bid the admiring world applaud a hero, who sacrifices all his soul held dear, to fight, to die for Cæsar, and for Rome!

*Tib.* Oh, great of soul, henceforth be great in



power, and take the hand, that lifts you to a throne.

*Pop.* Ah, sir, reflect! shall the world's sovereign take what his poor subject slights? The call of honour sets Quintilius free: oaths are but words, he gives them to the winds; he breaks all bond, all promise, every seal of sanctity and faith, pledg'd o'er and o'er, and flies to glory—And shall Tiberius waste his hours in Capreæ! Oh, ye immortal gods, heal not his body only, give his soul health, and let him satisfy the slanderous world, that Cæsar hath not ceas'd to be a hero.

*Tib.* It is a slanderous world, in which we live; therefore I have abandon'd it, and seek (what, with Popilia's leave I still may find) a short repose from care, before I render up this decaying life, which nothing but a miracle protracts.

*Pop.* Each hour, each moment in the life of Cæsar presents occasion to some noble act, for which posterity would bless his name.

*Tib.* Well have you said: now say as well and truly, you, that are such an advocate for glory, were you directress of the soul of Cæsar, how would you guide it, whither and to whom?

*Pop.* To fame, to virtue, to the praise of men, and approbation of the immortal gods.

*Tib.* If then to choose the man you most admire, raise him to high command, and set him forth in bright display of favour, be an act Popilia would applaud; may I not hope, that when I put my empire's heir aside, and gave my Syrian legions to Quintilius, making him second only to myself, there was an hour, a moment in my life, when the occasion offer'd was not lost?

*Pop.* I do confess it.

*Tib.* Yet you would have the slanderous world

convinc'd, that Cæsar has not ceas'd to be a hero. What, if again I sought the front of war, presuming on this frail and fleeting spark, which the Samaritan fann'd into life; headed my legions, rush'd into the battle, and robb'd your favour'd hero of his triumph, would that content you?

*Pop.* I have no other than a general interest in every triumph that gives joy to Rome.

*Tib.* But Cæsar dwells not there—

*Pop.* No; 'tis in Capreæ the world's master dwells: But 'twas not always so.

*Tib.* And what has Capreæ done to lose your favour? Are there no pleasures here?

*Pop.* Oh, yes, abundance. Flattering delusion calls it Pleasure's throne; but Truth decrees it to be Honour's grave.

*Tib.* Hah! you have said it. By the immortal gods, soon as the star, that waits upon Aurora, trims its pale lamp to-morrow, I am gone; nor will I look upon Popilia more, till I can lay my laurels at her feet. [Exit.]

*Pop.* 'Tis done, and by one self-devoting effort I have sav'd Quintilius, and at once set free the spell-bound soul of Cæsar. No longer 'trow, entrench'd behind his Thracian gladiators, he shall sit brooding on dark devices. I am clear, and vindicate my fame to all the world.

*QUINTILIUS enters.*

*Quin.* Popilia! Hah! do I behold you here, empress elect of Cæsar, queen of pleasures in this voluptuous island, mistress-spirit of this enchanted rock, this speck, this pustule in the face of ocean? By the immortal gods, had I surpriz'd the consort of Germanicus lock'd in the base

embraces of her slave, greater astonishment I could not feel than to behold you in Tiberius Cæsar's.

*Pop.* Do you behold me? Are you quite assur'd that you possess your senses?

*Quin.* I might have doubted them; but that I do believe you are abus'd, perverted, and transform'd by spells and drugs, the composition of that hellish crew of sorcerers and enchanters, who have so poison'd the contagious air, that but to breathe it is the bane of virtue.

*Pop.* Go then; I will not strive to undeceive you, for you are only safe in your delusion. Go! the wind favours, and your galley waits. What stays you; what detains you? Not I, not honour, not your solemn oaths; they are all cancell'd, broken, and dissolv'd; all your professions are at once revok'd, all your faith void, and having thrust affection from your heart, go and replace it with the love of glory. [*Exit Popilia.*]

*Quin.* Hah! she retorts upon me: she is flush'd with her new royalty, and braves dishonour. And yet how like to innocence it seems! So conscious truth, so bold indignant virtue would have look'd, and spurn'd the accuser—but Tiberius comes—

*TIBERIUS enters.*

*Tib.* Was that Popilia, who departed hence?

*Quin.* It was Popilia.

*Tib.* What pass'd between you? Give me up the truth—Nay, no evasion. I must be secure, that I send forth no man with half a soul for Rome and Cæsar to command my legions.

*Quin.* I am a soldier: I have fought your battles; and, as I led your gallant legions on, have dy'd the path to victory with my blood.

*Tib.* I know you are a soldier: I acknowledge none braver in my empire, none more worthy. As such I have advanc'd you to command; intrusted you with powers, which I refus'd to Macro, to Caligula; and know what malice rankles in their hearts. Could I do more for man than I have done for you? And now, answer me straightly—Did you not declare, that you renounc'd Popilia?

*Quin.* I did, and, as becomes a soldier, spoke the truth.

*Tib.* Why then this interview?

*Quin.* I sought no interview with that fair object which Cæsar deigns to honour; I presum'd not to bring to her remembrance any thoughts, that might perchance have interpos'd to thwart and cloud the golden prospect of her hopes. Our meeting was the pure result of chance; our conversation short, and nothing pass'd worthy repeating in the ear of Cæsar. I urg'd no suit, and I receiv'd no favour.

*Tib.* No; for what favour could you dare to hope that she would grant, who is as chaste as Dian, pure as the altar of immaculate Vesta; and oh! that Cæsar merited to gain that blessing, which her favour can bestow!

*Quin.* Can any wish of Cæsar's be withstood?

*Tib.* Come, come, I see you do not know Popolia; therefore no more, but to the point of duty. You must remain in Capreæ, and await my orders till to-morrow; the mean time I must devote to thoughts, not yet matur'd, which may so change the present state of things, as to induce new measures, and new means to suit the prompt occasions of the time. Here then at once we part; you to the indulgence of your good

genius; I to meditation on cares, that banish sleep—Farewell, Quintilius. [*Exit Cæsar.*]

*Quin.* May the great gods protect the life of Cæsar!

*MUSARION enters and makes obeisance to QUINTILIUS.*

*Mus.* Hail, noble master! gracious master, hail! I have sought you up and down this rocky isle, at peril of my life: Nay, I had perish'd by the cruel hands of the Chaldean wizzards, but that the prophet sav'd me.

*Quin.* What prophet sav'd you?

*Mus.* Simon of Samaria. Oh, such a wonderful man! Would I could meet him, that I might kneel and ask protection of him for my dear lady's sake.

*Quin.* What lady do you speak of?

*Mus.* The lady Popilia. Of whom else should I speak? and you, sir, surely you have not forgotten her.

*Quin.* Oh! deep within my heart her image dwells; nor can I tear it thence but with my life.

*Mus.* Why then attempt it?

*Quin.* Because the stamp of Cæsar is upon it. Is she not Cæsar's empress? Does not ambition occupy her soul, and am not I expell'd?

*Mus.* Ah no, no, no! Upon my life you wrong her.

*Quin.* What can you know? Was ever woman born, that could withstand the diadem of Rome? Who sends me hence to Syria? Who, but she? At her command, not Cæsar's, I depart. Go then, and say to your imperial mistress, that, in obedience to her sovereign will, I am prepar'd to

embark; and wait to know what, for the last time, she may deign to lay as her command upon me.

*Mus.* Ah, my dear master, let me not say this: such message will afflict her.

*Quin.* This,—or none.

*Mus.* See her yourself then—

*Quin.* What, again to see her—again to be dismiss'd—again to endure the stern rebuke of Cæsar?—So would you counsel me? Away, away. Report as I have told you, and bear this in mind—west of the fort upon the rocky cliff, that beetles o'er the sea, I mean to take, at evening-fall, my solitary walk: there you will find me.

*Mus.* There I will attend you.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT IV.

*Scene, a Rocky Coast.*

SIMON and DORUS.

*Sim.* What do you grumble at, you foolish thing?

*Dor.* Hear reason, master of mine, and you'll find there is enough to grumble at, and growl too. What are you and I the better for being two the greatest conjurors in creation, if we conjure nothing into our own pockets? By Hercules, if my patient liv'd in a palace, I would live somewhere better than in this dark hole of a rock.

*Sim.* But I live any where and every where.

*Dor.* Aye, that's a kind of life I have followed a pretty many years, till I am tired of it. Since I came into this pleasant little island, I begin to perceive there are more gentlemanlike recreations, than hauling the tarry ropes of a stinking galley; I find I have a taste for a great many good things, that are going on here by day and by night: I've a remarkable fine ear for music, and they sing without ceasing; I like dancing, and they caper most incontinently; I have no objection to drinking, and the wine flows abundantly; but in this dry rock I can't catch a drop of it.

*Sim.* Sirrah, the things going on in this island are shocking to nature, and abominable to heaven; it is a nest of devils in human shape.

*Dor.* Yes, but I've a soft side for devils in

human shape, when they are shaped so handsomely as these are; and if your reverence will but render me invisible once more, I should be glad to have t'other peep at their pranks, devils as they are.

*Sim.* Since you are deaf to precept, let experience teach you. Cæsar's cupbearer, Carillus, is at present out of sight. Now, as drinking is one of the amusements you have a taste for, I will put you into his person, and the Emperor's cellars will be under your command.

*Dor.* Blessings upon you; that's a brave command: I thirst for it most eagerly. When shall I wet my commission? But I must not wait in this tar-jacket on the Emperor.

*Sim.* You shall be Carillus himself—all essence and perfume: not a soul in Capreæ, shall distinguish you from the true cupbearer, only take care to be steady in your office.

*Dor.* Never fear me. I hav'n't lifted the cup to the lip so often, to be at a loss how to carry it.

*Sim.* Follow me into the cave then, and I'll project a spell for accomplishing the transformation.

*Dor.* Oh rare Samaritan, how I adore you!

[*Exeunt.*

CALIGULA and MACRO.

*Mac.* I had made his cupbearer my own—a flexible, accommodating slave, Carillus—I chanced on Cæsar in a lucky moment; his heart was open, and his temper gay—I made an effort with the knee, he stopt me; and cried—“Why will you not permit me to forget, that I have any load remaining on me, so burdensome as empire?” “Let us be friends; if I was harsh with you



“about the legions, I am sorry for it; ’twas not  
“Cæsar’s nature, ’twas his infirmity; the petu-  
“lance of pain; but it is over.”

*Cal.* I wonder you had then the heart to do it.

*Mac.* There was some struggle at my heart, I  
own; but opportunity and means were present,  
and your good genius over-rul’d my scruples. He  
called for wine; I tendered him the cup, and  
gayly told him, “’twas the nectar, which Jove  
“imbibes, that gave him immortality—so should  
“the rich Falernian quaffed by Cæsar, make him  
“coæval with his kindred Gods.”—He took the  
cup, and smiling drank his death.

*Cal.* Where was his great enchanter at that  
moment?

*Mac.* I listened for the thunder, but none  
came.

*Cal.* What nerves are your’s, that could out-  
live that scene? But are you certain of his cup-  
bearer?

*Mac.* I have sealed his lips for ever.

*Cal.* Killed him?

*Mac.* Launched him into the unfathomable  
abyss, where talkers tell no secrets.

*Cal.* Farewell! I see you are perfect in your  
trade, and need no tutoring. I must to Rome  
without a moment’s loss.

*Mac.* I to the cohorts. They shall hail you  
Emperor before tomorrow’s sun salutes the world.

[*Exit.*

*Cal.* Wretch, monster, murderer!—Not man,  
but marble.

[*Exit.*

*SIMON comes forth.*

*Sim.* The spell is perfect; I have changed the  
fool into the knave; and made him in apparel,

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form, and feature, absolute Carillus. I threw him into sleep, and so transformed him.—'Tis time to wake him—Hoa! come forth, thou counterfeit of a cupbearer! creep out of your dark hole, and survey yourself in the light.

*DORUS comes forth, habited as Carillus.*

*Dor.* O Gemini, what's this? O Jupiter, who am I?

*Sim.* Freedman and favourite of imperial Cæsar—the well-drest, elegant, admired Carillus—Idol of the ladies, envy of the men; and the most upstart coxcomb in all Capreæ.

*Dor.* Very much obliged to you for the compliment; I pray the gods you may live for ever, and as you love to be moving, may you be the wandering Jew to all posterity. Well drest I surely am; never saw a sprucer gentleman—(How do you do, Carillus? charmed to see you,) elegant I always was; am obliged to nature for that, owe nothing to education—Admired I certainly shall be, if others are of the same opinion of me with myself—As for the lads of the island, I don't care a rush for them; he that carries the cup, carries the cause; as for the lasses, let 'em look about, I'll quickly be amongst them.

*Sim.* Take heed you do not quickly rue your folly—Remember you was safe in your obscurity; 'tis dangerous dabbling in another's office. You are Carillus now, and heir to all the perils of his place.

*Dor.* Give me the perquisites, I'll take the perils.

*Sim.* I see you're obstinate against advice, so take your fortune; I have done with you. [*Exit.*]

*Dor.* If you've done, I'll begin. Now let me

see ; I've some experience in the carrying trade, and know the wines by name ; I shall have better marks to know them by, ere long.—First, there's the *Pramnian*, a priestly julep, sacred to Ceres ; sacred it shall be, I will not lose a drop of it.—The sprightly *Lesbian*, that's for a whet, a cup of that comes well before dinner.—The *Marcotic*, that they mix with honey ; I like my liquor pure, therefore give me the *Chian* never mixt ; stark naked in its virgin purity ; but above all, in age and dignity, rare old *Falernian*, of a score of consulates—I'll bring his reckoning to an end, I warrant me—Oh ! that I had him here, and on a salver, that I might practise a few flourishes in handing him to the Emperor—for instance, here stand I—there sits Cæsar—he eyes me graciously, then nods and winks, as much as if he had said—Give me to drink, Carillus.—Hold ! who comes here ?

*First SUITOR enters.*

1 *Suit.* My dear Carillus, do I see you in this place ? may I believe my eyes ?

*Dor.* As you will for that : if I am Carillus, you see me in this place ; if I am not, you may search for me elsewhere.

1 *Suit.* I have search'd for you every where ; for, believe me, I am not a man to forget the favours you have done me.

*Dor.* I am glad of it ; then I need not remind you of them.

1 *Suit.* Indeed you need not. The audience you obtain'd for me of the Emperor, has crown'd all my wishes ; let me entreat you to accept this ring, as a token of my gratitude ; 'tis an Egyptian pyrite.

*Dor.* If it was an Egyptian pyramid, I'd wear it for your sake.

*1 Suit.* I bought it at Calpurnius Piso's sale.

*Dor.* Never mind where you bought it: I'd take it, though you had stolen it. Good day to you. [*Exit first Suitor.*] So far, so good! Soft, what's a coming now?

*Second SUITOR enters.*

*2 Suit.* Sextus Papinius Gallienus requests you will present this his petition to the Emperor.

*Dor.* And what will he present to me?

*2 Suit.* He has sent you a horse of the true Numidian breed.

*Dor.* Let him take back his horse, for I can't ride, and his petition, for I won't present it.

*2 Suit.* No more?

*Dor.* No more. Don't you think that enough?  
Your humble servant. [*Exit second Suitor.*]

*Third SUITOR enters.*

What is your pleasure, Sir?

*3 Suit.* Most excellent Carillus, I am a Roman knight, as this ring can testify.

*Dor.* Give it me; I'm fond of rings; I am making a collection of them.

*3 Suit.* Alas, Sir, it is little worth.

*Dor.* Oh! then you may keep it.

*3 Suit.* I have nothing to present to you worthy your acceptance; long services and severe misfortunes, have reduc'd me to poverty and distress.

*Dor.* Is that the case with you, my honest fellow? then take this ring, in addition to your own. I have just receiv'd it from a rich and

prosperous fellow ; I can't bestow it better than on a poor and unfortunate one. Now get you hence, and say nothing—I hate to be thank'd. A good walk to you ! Make off, or you'll be caught in a thunder storm.

[*Exit 3d Suitor. Thunder.*]

Oho ! I suspect I have done well ; there's a plaudit from the clouds : the Gods clap their hands. I am very much their humble servant, and thank them.

MACRO *enters.*

Ah ! who comes here ? The præfect Macro, a proud worthless puppy ; I sail'd with him in the imperial galley—What does he stare at ? He seems thunder-struck.

*Mac.* Dead, and alive again ! I am amaz'd. Did'nt I see you plunge into the sea ?

*Dor.* Yes, I remember you was at my elbow. 'Twas a confounded plunge—

*Mac.* Do you insinuate I threw you in ?

*Dor.* Lord help you, I insinuate no such thing.

*Mac.* How in the name of wonder was you sav'd ?

*Dor.* Why, by a wonder-maker—Simon sav'd me. He bore me like a triton on his back ; he is a perfect fish in the water. Arion was not mounted more at ease.

*Mac.* Now tell me, sirrah, when you saw the Emperor.

*Dor.* I never saw the Emperor in my life.

*Mac.* Impudent slave, this to my face, who know you for his cup-bearer Carillus ?

*Dor.* Oh yes, I am his cup-bearer, Carillus ; I thought you took me for one Dorus, a common mariner, who tumbled overboard, as he was

heaving the lead ; an exceeding honest, gay, agreeable fellow, and one I have some regard for.

*Mac.* Your brains are addled by the fall you've had ; and I shan't trust my life to your discretion.—Therefore no words ; you gave the Emperor the poison'd cup, and I arrest you as his murderer.

*Dor.* Poison the devil as soon ; I never poison'd any Emperor. I tell you you mistake me, I am Dorus.

*Mac.* Did'nt you but now confess yourself Carillus ?

*Dor.* Why so I am Carillus ; I can't help it—and Dorus too, I wish I was nobody else ; and if the Emperor's poison'd, I dare say 'tis your doing, I can't help it—so let me go in peace.

*Mac.* Hoa ! there, Prætorians ! seize on this mad fellow ! The Emperor sickens, and 'tis thought this villain has drugg'd his cup with poison.

CORNELIUS COTTA *with a file of Soldiers.*

*Dor.* By all that's truth I never saw the Emperor, and though you take me for his cup-bearer, it is an honour I would give this arm from off this body to be fairly quit of.—Oh Simon, Simon, why would you transplant me into a scoundrel's carcase to be hang'd for poisoning a man I never saw ? Ah ! there he comes—Now, now you'll hear the truth—

SIMON *enters.*

*Sim.* Break off your hold, Prætorians—I am Simon. This man is innocent—That is the murderer.—

*Mac.* Nay then 'tis time to fly— [*Exit hastily.*

*Sim.* Behold conviction! Let the villain fly; justice will overtake him—You, Cornelius, must to the Emperor: I saw his star drop from its horoscope, a rayless ball, dim and inert—He needs your aid; therefore at once depart.

*Cotta.* I feel your power, and I obey it. Soldiers to your post. [*Exit Cotta with Soldiers.*

SIMON and DORUS.

*Sim.* Thou, foolish, vain, dissatisfied complainer, now wilt thou covet Capreæ and its pleasures? Now wilt thou murmur at thy humble lot, thy life of labour and its homely fare? Now dost thou sigh for music, wine and women?

*Dor.* I have done with them for ever, mighty sir. I pray you let me be myself again: I find a man is best and safest in his own coat and character. I have got nothing by my cup-bearing but a ring, and that did not stick upon my finger long. A poor fellow came in my way, and I gave it to him in charity.

*Sim.* That charitable act has sav'd your life, and reconcil'd you to your guardian genius. Now learn to be content with your condition, and believe that providence knows better what is good for man, than man does for himself—Follow me.

*Dor.* To the world's end, my good master; and I hope you will set me afloat once more upon my proper element, for we web-footed fowl make but a goose-like figure upon dry land. [*Exeunt.*

*Scene changes. MUSARION followed by POPILIA.*

*Pop.* Lead on, I follow, be it to the cliff,  
higher than where the sea-bird builds her nest,  
fearless I will adventure.

*Mus.* A little farther on there is a path, that,  
by a winding cranny down the cliff, leads to the  
cell, where I descried the seer, that sav'd me  
from the sorcerers; thither let us proceed—  
there to invoke him.

*Pop.* All nature is the temple of the gods, and  
every spot upon this globe of earth an altar,  
sanctified to them that put up prayers with holy  
lips and fervent hearts. Hard were the lot of  
the imprison'd wretch, if bars and bolts could  
intercept the voice, that feebly breathes its  
sorrows up towards Heaven, and in a dying sigh  
invokes its mercy. Simou, who rescued you, is  
but a man; and I will pay no worship to a  
mortal.—Oh all ye stars of Heaven, and thou,  
chaste moon, now mildly rising o'er the glassy  
waves, shed your calm influence on the troubled  
breast of my Quintilius, and direct him hither!

*Mus.* Here sit we down upon this hollow rock,  
and wait the issue of our supplications; per-  
chance some gentle spirit may be near, and stoop  
the wing to listen to our suit. Look, look!  
Quintilius comes—

*QUINTILIUS enters.*

*Pop.* Oh all ye Gods, 'tis he—Stop, turn,  
behold me! 'Tis Popilia speaks—

*[Musarion goes out.]*

*Quin.* Cruel Popilia!—What have I to do with  
Cæsar's empress?—Leave me to my fate!



*Pop.* Hear!—I conjure you, hear me!

*Quin.* What new affliction would you lay upon me? Life is already loathsome and disgusts me; like an uneasy, soil'd, and tatter'd garment, that loads and shames the wearer, I discard it.

*Pop.* Trust me, you have neither cause to urge this deed, nor reason to excuse it—State your charge, and if I am that guilty thing you thought me, why take the punishment upon yourself? If I am innocent, why not believe I can be faithful also?

*Quin.* Oh Heavens, I feel that you are innocent; and lovely, and dearer to my heart than life; therefore it is that I will not survive your just, though merciless, rejection of me.

*Pop.* Look at me, Caius? do I now appear so unforgiving and so void of mercy? For whose sake but for yours came I to Capreæ, a suitor to the Emperor? Power and dominion are seducing objects; for whose sake but for yours did I withstand them? And for what purpose do you see me here but to preserve you? More if you require, conduct me to the brow of yonder cliff, and bid me plunge into the gulph below, I follow at the word.

*Quin.* Oh! to my heart, to my soul, let me unite thee, thou sum of all my happiness! The miser, repossessed of his stolen treasure, the mariner snatch'd from the sinking wreck, feel not my transports whilst I thus enfold thee in my fond arms—

*MUSARION enters hastily.*

*Mus.* Break off, and follow me upon the instant. The magic-master warns you to his cavern—Lo! where he stands, and beckons you

away—The island is in arms ; Cæsar is dying—  
The Thracian gladiators are upon you — And  
hark, they come—haste, haste to your asylum.

*Pop.* Now, now, my hero, follow where he  
leads. For you I live, within your arms I'll die.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Glee and Chorus of Gladiators.*

“ Rouse, comrades, rouse ! I hear the thundering  
drum ;

“ Shake off dull sleep ; the dreadful hour is come ;

“ And hark the bugle now, with deep-drawn  
breath, [death.

“ Sounds from yon wood the hollow note of

“ Rise, snatch your arms ! the colours are un-  
furl'd,

“ And mad ambition desolates the world.”

## ACT V.

*The Palace.* TIBERIUS, CORNELIUS COTTA.

*Cotta.* The cohorts wait their orders to embark. Is it your pleasure to depart this night?

*Tib.* Nor this night, brave Cornelius, nor the next, nor any within date of Cæsar's life shall be the night, when he'll depart from Capreæ. Once more I meant to have brac'd my armour on, and march'd with you to battle—but there are some, who think I live too long, and your old master hath been foully dealt by.

*Cotta.* I can believe it, sir, there are too many, who were not wearied by your benefits, may now be warn'd, by your declining health, to pay their worship to the rising sun. It is a saving practice now in fashion of making clear accounts with those that die, and with the man burying our recollection of his favours.

*Tib.* If this were all, this were no more than mere ingratitude, which I'm familiar with and could survive—but they have practis'd on my life by poison.

*Cotta.* Give me to know the monster who has done it, and though I had never tasted bread of your bestowing, yet as my emperor and my general—I would avenge you.

*Tib.* Macro is the man—'Tis that remorseless, thankless, murderous villain, who in the cup of friendship mingled death, and drove his cursed aconite to a heart, whose greatest weakness was a prodigality of love and kindness ill-bestowed on him.

*Cotta.* You've rightly mark'd him, and with too much truth describe him as the viper in your bosom, whose fangs are in your heart. I have the word of Simon to confirm it.

*Tib.* Ah, where is that great master of my fate? Why does he now desert me, when none else can rescue me from the arrest of death?

*Cotta.* Behold him present!

*Tib.* Hence, and leave me with him.

[*Exit Cotta.*]

SIMON *appears.*

Oh my deliverer, dost thou wield the thunder, launch forth the lightning, rule the roaring winds, and wilt thou not stem this impetuous poison, that rushes through my veins in streams of fire?

*Sim.* To wrest the javelin from the hand of death is not for me; it was permitted once to see his aim, and turn the stroke aside: now veil'd in darkness he repeats the blow, and from a cloudy ambush strikes unseen.

*Tib.* Oh spare me, spare me, mitigate my fate; let me go forth and fall amongst my legions. Oh that I never had approached this island! My conscience is oppress'd with many griefs—Save me from death! I know not what death is.

*Sim.* Death is the priest that weds us to corruption; whose nuptial hymns must be our dying groans, whose altar the cold earth, of which we are, and to which must return.

*Tib.* I cannot die and drop into the gulph, that eye hath never seen, thought never fathom'd, and whence no voyager returns to tell the living world his dreadful history.

*Sim.* Such are the terms of brief mortality: so

you, and all the Cæsars that succeed you, must close your proud career.

*Tib.* Oh let me be cast forth to the wide world a solitary wretch, make the bare earth my bed; there let me lie till my tears melt the everlasting flint; I may expunge a catalogue of crimes, that clamour at the bar of my arraignment, now when my time is all too short to mark out my acquittal by repentance.

*Sim.* If in your heart you can forgive the wrongs you have received, doubt not but there is mercy for those that you have done.

*Tib.* I feel the healing power of that reflection; it breathes a balm to my reviving spirit. Let me but see Popilia and Quintilius; set them before me, let me join their hands—promise me this, and I can die content.

*Sim.* This I can promise.—What you have in mind more to solicit, not to me address it, but put your prayer up to the Power you serve in the soul's silent worship—Farewell, Cæsar!—

*Tib.* My soul hangs to that hope—farewell! remember!—  
[*Exeunt scocrally.*]

*Scene changes to the Coast.*

CALIGULA and MACRO.

*Cal.* You shall as soon unseat these solid rocks, and bid them follow you to Cæsar's presence, as take me hence—I cannot, will not see him.

*Mac.* Now that it is you should be most in sight, will you now hide yourself?

*Cal.* Beneath these rocks, though they were falling, rather than look upon the deed you have done.

*Mac.* Oh shame to greatness ! are these filthy caverns, the nests and hiding-holes of imps and wizzards, a worthy mansion for a crowned head ? Gods, shall I say to your prætorian soldiers, when Cæsar's breath is spent—"Go, search the caves for your new Emperor—?"

*Cal.* When he is dead, he's dead ; that scene concluded, let those, who wrought his death, hide in these caverns ; I will be found in Rome.  
[*Erit.*]

*Mac.* Away ! base sycophant, delude mankind with a few gleams of virtue, and after terrify them with your vices—That's what you will do, what you ought you will not.

CORNELIUS COTTA *enters.*

How now, Cornelius ! have you seen the Emperor ? There are who say that he has swallow'd poison.

*Cotta.* There are who know it—for my part, I had rather scoop my cask in the ditch, and drink what the frog dabbles in, than share the cup Cæsar has steep'd his lips in.

*Mac.* Hah ! then I see that you can squint at causes.

*Cotta.* I look right forward, sir ; I do not squint.

*Mac.* Glance not at me : do you suggest that I was party in the poisoning ?

*Cotta.* I know that I was not. I have slain men, but never in their cups.

*Mac.* You are a sullen discontented railer, a poor epitome of Caius Cassius ; but in the true breed of a noble Roman, about as far remov'd from him in spirit as mongrels are from mastiffs.

*Cotta.* Mongrels can bite. Beware how you provoke them.

*Mac.* Begone! Whilst I am præfect I'll not suffer an officer, who holds such mutinous language, to roll under my standard. No dog that barks at me, shall wear my collar. [*Exit.*]

*Cotta.* A dog will howl upon his master's grave; thy instinct, villain, is ingratitude. By the just Gods I swear the dying Emperor shall be reveng'd, and if my fellow soldiers' hearts are with me, we'll have that murderer's head upon our spears before this hour is past. [*Exit.*]

*DORUS meeting MUSARION.*

*Dor.* I think I know you, youngster—Yes, you are he—give me your hand—the very self-same boy, whom Simon sav'd from those outlandish thieves, that would have made a posset of your blood.

*Mus.* I am the slave, and much indebted to your charity for summoning your master to my rescue.

*Dor.* By Castor and Pollux, you are somewhat in my debt; but mind you, I receive no bribes—for instance, if you had a pretty ring now to slip upon my finger, I'll not touch it; which, you may say, is wonderful, seeing I'm in the service of a Jew, who might be thought to traffic in such wares.

*Mus.* Pardon me, sir, I had no such thought about me.

*Dor.* Well, well, awhile ago you might have thought of it, when I was thrust into a scoundrel's carcass; I had then a scoundrel's passion for a bribe. Now I am myself again, and a poor seaman, I wear an honest heart in a tar-jacket—

but fare you well! I am going now to hail yon bark at anchor, for some company that Simon entertains in his apartments under the rock—I'm off—Here comes the conjuror—take care he does not turn you inside out—but above all beware of cup-bearers—better remain a slave in a whole skin, than be a consul and be hang'd for murder. [Exit.

## SIMON to MUSARION.

*Sim.* Musarion, my good youth, wilt thou be free, and follow Simon's fortunes?

*Mus.* Oh my deliverer, I would die to serve you, but being charter'd to Popilia, I never can desert so kind a mistress.

*Sim.* I will inform thee, teach thee, make thee great in wisdom and in works.

*Mus.* He, that is faithful to his trust, is great, though in a low condition.

*Sim.* Have you forgot who sav'd you?

*Mus.* You sav'd my life, and you have power to take it.

*Sim.* Are you not frightened then to slight my favour?

*Mus.* I am not frightened, sir.

*Sim.* And wherefore are you not?

*Mus.* Because I'm innocent, and you are just.

*Sim.* Oh pure in heart, I have touch'd and find thee true as gold without alloy. I now perceive all are not soul-abas'd, that wear that badge. You, though a slave, are noble, and your mistress untainted, though in Capreæ—Now come forth, you that are shrowded in that gloomy cell; for liberty and happiness await you.



*QUINTILIUS and POPILIA enter.*

*Pop.* My kind preserver, for this shelter thanks!

*Sim.* Behold your galley lies with loosen'd sails, courting the welcome breeze: Dorus shall be your pilot.

*Quin.* And you, the magic-master of the winds, shall charm them to befriend us; whilst Musarion, like Orpheus, to the music of his lyre, shall make the dancing billows all alive with groups of sea-nymphs listening to his strains: our bark meanwhile, swift-gliding o'er the sea, freighted with love, shall reach the happy port, where Hymen lights the torch and weaves the wreath, that binds our hearts and consecrates our bliss.

*Sim.* There yet remains one melancholy office, which, in compassion to a wretched being, now on the couch of death, you must perform. Cæsar implores that he may join your hands, and take his last farewell.

*Quin.* You have seen Tiberius, and he yet survives—

*Sim.* I have seen that mournful type of human greatness, that fallen idol, that extinguish'd meteor—The world's late master now is by the world abandon'd, sinking to the shades of death.

*Pop.* Ah, that is sorrowful—Who can unmov'd behold a man, who but this morning was ador'd as a descended god, now in his dying pangs, whilst a corroding poison tears his veins, deserted, destitute, of all forsaken, even by those servile things, who kiss'd the very dust, on which he trod!

*Sim.* His life was terrible, so is his end.

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*Pop.* How peacefully the virtuous man expires! Death creeps upon him lightly as a shadow, and on his closing eyelids lays his hand, as if soft downy sleep had seal'd them up—Alas for Cæsar!

*Quin.* What despicable things are Romans now! I have no cause to mourn Tiberius Cæsar, yet I must loath the beings that desert him. What says Popilia to this gloomy task?

*Pop.* Is there a task, how terrible soever, that I will not attempt, when so protected?

*Quin.* And yet the dying struggles of the heart-wounded tiger may be fatal.

*Sim.* Cæsar is feeble as the cradled infant, sunk on his couch, and at the point to die.—There is no danger where I lead to follow.

*Pop.* Let there be danger, I'll not turn aside from any action, which the Gods approve, and charity inspires—Let us to Cæsar! [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the Chamber of the Emperor.*

TIBERIUS enters, supported by CORNELIUS COTTA.

*Cotta.* Life to the Emperor! if that may be—if not, revenge, and no ignoble death!

*Tib.* Death is my destiny; I'm not deciv'd; I feel the current of my blood retire, and settle at my heart—and well I know, this intermission of my agonies is but a warning the kind Gods have given me, to set my soul in order for its flight. Where is Caligula?

*Cotta.* Embark'd for Rome.

*Tib.* Alas for Rome! the time will shortly be when I, with all my sins, shall be regretted. Hark! what is coming?

*Cotta.* Your prætorian guards, resentful of

your wrongs, desire to make an offering of their loyalty and justice: is it your pleasure to receive their homage?

*Tib.* 'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, 'tis to die like Cæsar.

*Cotta.* Advance, prætorians! If you stand for Cæsar, and will revenge his murder, strike your shields!

*The Prætorians enter, and upon the signal strike.*

*Tib.* Oh, glorious signal! grateful salutation!—Cohorts, companions, sharers in my triumphs, behold your Emperor! I am Tiberius.—If spells and poisons have transform'd my features, yet let my voice awaken your remembrance—that voice which you have heard amidst the shout of battle, inciting you to great and glorious deeds—Soldiers, I can no more—I die by poison—Your inhuman præfect—

*Cotta.* Set him in view. Bring forth that murderer, to receive the doom his infamy deserves.

*MACRO is brought forth guarded.*

*Tib.* You! you to kill me! What have you to offer?

*Mac.* More than your fleeting time will serve to hear, and infinitely less than would suffice to move your heart to mercy, did you hear; therefore I'll not submit to ask my life, which neither you will grant, nor I can hope.

*Tib.* The son, that slays his father, is not more a parricide than you; for I was father, benefactor, friend.

*Cotta.* Take him away, and hurl him to the

waves, that so no atom of him may remain to poison the pure earth.

*Tib.* Unhappy man, I follow you in death, as through your life I further'd you in fortune. Farewell!

*Mac.* Cæsar, farewell! we'll meet beside that stream, where each may drink, and in the oblivious draught bury all consciousness of mutual wrongs. *[Exit guarded.]*

SIMON, *followed by* QUINTILIUS, POPILIA, and MUSARION.

*Sim.* Cæsar, behold! my promise is fulfill'd. Quintilius and Popilia stand before you.

*Tib.* Oh this is kind, compassionate and kind; this is to bless my closing eyes with comfort, before I take my last leave of the world.

*Pop.* Ah, sir, the world is little worth our care, when we are quitting it—the parting soul should stretch her views beyond it.

*Tib.* True, lovely monitor; to you I owe my last, though baffled, effort to redeem a character; that once had earn'd some praise even from the virtuous—That is past, and now, Quintilius, I take this hand, and make appeal to the all-conscious Gods that I resign it to you pure as truth, the sacred pledge of an untainted heart, a treasure richer than my world could purchase.

*Quin.* I take it as your gift, and pray the Gods to register the motive in your favour.

*Sim.* Enough! the awful moment is at hand; the ministers of mercy quit their post, and death no longer will suspend the stroke. Musarion, stand beside the dying Emperor—and shrink not, Cæsar, from the touch of one, who but a while ago might not have met the eyes of

majesty—with him beside you, you die supported in the arms of virtue.

*Tib.* I know him well, and know, where I am going, there's no distinction 'twixt a slave and Cæsar—Oh 'tis all error; 'tis all vanity—I could, I could disclose—but oh ! 'tis past.

*Mus.* Help, help !— he sinks, he struggles, he expires. [*Cæsar falls on his couch.*]

*Pop.* There fled the soul of Cæsar — peace be with him ! The Gods are merciful: may this atone ! When after-ages scan the various scenes of his eventful life, some will applaud, a few will pity, but the great majority will read his story with disgust and horror.



**THE**  
**LAST OF THE FAMILY.**

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**A COMEDY.**





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir John Manfred.  
Sir Adam ap Origen.  
Squire Abel.  
Ned Flexible.  
Beau Tiffany.  
Peregrine.  
George Ivey, *servant to Sir John.*  
David Duncan, *servant to Sir Adam.*  
*Servant to Sir John.*  
*Servant to Sir Adam.*

Lady Manfred.  
Letitia Manfred.  
Lucy, *waiting woman.*

**SCENE**, London.



THE  
LAST OF THE FAMILY.

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ACT I.

*Scene, an Apartment in the House of Sir John Manfred.*

*Sir JOHN and Lady MANFRED.*

*Lady M.* You are grave, my dear—come, come, you know I do not like you to put on that thinking serious face; it don't become you, love; it is not natural to you—smile on me and be chearful! you cannot think how smiling sets you off—So, so! that's kind, that's pleasant—now I'll tell you something—

*Sir J.* What about?

*Lady M.* About this refractory girl of ours.

*Sir J.* Thank you; I thought as much.

*Lady M.* Nay, but Sir John, Sir John, why bounce and put yourself into a tantarum, when I speak calmly to you? You know we took this jaunt to town solely on her account—

*Sir J.* Did we?

*Lady M.* Why, did'nt we? Was'nt it high time to think of giving her some education, some accomplishments? Would you have had the heiress of the Manfreds, your only child, as rustic as the boors of Merionethshire?

*Sir J.* Nor is she.

*Lady M.* No matter, so it was. What did we do? we did not set to work with low-pric'd English masters, no; we took teachers of the tip-top ton, French and Italian—And now what have they done?

*Sir J.* No good, I warrant 'em.

*Lady M.* No good! why have they not? why, but because that little sulky puss sets them at nought. Look at her dancing—why 'tis all mere nature, as if she learnt it of our mountain kids, skipping and frisking without rule or order—no elegance, no attitude, nothing that shews the graces of a dancer.

*Sir J.* The less she shows the better.

*Lady M.* To hear you talk—then for her singing, I declare to you she sings for all the world just as she did to our blind Taffy's harp at Manfred Castle, and the same threadbare tunes—*Shenkin's Delight, The Lass of Aberystwith, The Welchman and the Mouse*—in short, there is no use in masters, if she won't learn.

*Sir J.* I never thought there was: send them all packing. We have done our best to spoil her, and have fail'd: I own I see no great cause for regret in that miscarriage.

*Lady M.* No, surely, if they only help to spoil your daughter, being yourself so competent to that business, there can be no call for them; and yet I guess there's one amongst the number, whom you will not dismiss.

*Sir J.* Who is that one, my lady?

*Lady M.* Your favourite Peregrine.

*Sir J.* Do you rate him, a scholar and a gentleman, amongst a pack of quaverers and caperers?

*Lady M.* No; for I think of all Letitia's masters he has alone engross'd her whole attention,

and I dare say the lessons he has given her have made a due impression.

*Sir J.* Ah, madam, Peregrine has other thoughts, and other principles, than to attempt the affections of my daughter: his mind is occupied with loftier matters. The progress he has made in the great work, on which I have employ'd him, bespeaks an unremitted application.

*Lady M.* And pray, my good Sir John, what mighty end do you propose to compass by this great work, as you are pleased to call it?

*Sir J.* Madam, it will establish beyond controversy the antiquity and respectability of my family.

*Lady M.* Dear me, who'll read the history of your family? Not your posterity, if you have any; for they will pass into some other line, and little will they care for any thing about Letitia Manfred but her fortune.

*Sir J.* No man shall take her fortune, understand me, that does not take her name—

PEREGRINE enters.

Ah, Peregrine, I have been longing to see you, impatient for your return—Well, my good fellow, have you search'd the Herald's Office for the armorial bearings of my great grandmother?—She was a *Smith*, you know.

*Per.* So I should think.

*Sir J.* Think! why you know she was—an heiress with a scutcheon of pretence—and what does she bear?

*Per.* Three horse-shoes azure, and a hammer sable.

*Sir J.* 'Sdeath, sir, do you think I'll bear the ensigns of a blacksmith in the shield of the

Manfreds, or own to one drop of his sooty blood in my veins?

*Lady M.* Why not, my dear? a little of his steel at least might be of no disservice to your constitution.

*Sir J.* Pooh! Mr. Peregrine, I shall insist upon it that you expunge that blacksmith out of my pedigree.

*Per.* Must I vary from the truth of history?

*Sir J.* Truth, sir, is one thing, and history another. I would not give a rush for that man's genius, who cannot find an expedient for three-horse-shoes and a hammer.

*Lady M.* Nothing in life so easy — reverse your horse-shoes, they are Turkish crescents, and the honest smith a red-cross knight of the Holy land.

*Sir J.* Heh! how! — that's not amiss; but how shall we get rid of the hammer?

*Per.* Oh! that's a battle-axe by all the laws of heraldry.

*Sir J.* Foregad, you've hit the nail o'the head between you: go, go, my precious fellow, set that mistake to rights, and proceed with your history.

*Lady M.* A word with you, Mr. Peregrine, before you go — This great and learned work you are about must take up all your time, and occupy your whole attention: I can conceive how terrible it must be to be disturb'd, when you are deep in study, by idle visitors; therefore I'll warn Letitia not to trouble you, and if she does, I beg you'll use no ceremony, but tell her you are busy.

*Per.* Humph! are you thereabouts, my lady?  
[*Aside.*]

*Sir J.* Right, right, my dear, that must not

be allow'd of. The book room shall be interdicted from all gossiping. We'll have a regulation in the house, that shall confine the ladies to their quarters.

*Per.* I hope the interdiction will not reach to exclude me from the honour of your ladyship's company sometimes; I shall be sure to edify by that more than by any studies of my own.

*Lady M.* You flatter me: a man of your talents will make any work interesting, and if it was a history of your own invention, I don't doubt but all the world would admire it.

*Per.* History, madam, is little else but invention, and the anecdotes of Sir John Manfred's family are by no means unentertaining.

*Lady M.* Plenty of battles and fighting, I dare say.

*Per.* Pardon me; sir John's ancestors have been more conspicuous for their exploits in love than war; it is the tender passion that is best display'd in their annals.

*Lady M.* Then indeed it is in the hands of an historian, who can set it forth to all possible advantage.

*Sir J.* Come, come, my lady, we are keeping Mr. Peregrine from his studies.

*Lady M.* Well, sir, I shall look in upon you, and amuse myself now and then with a page as you go on. [*Exit Peregrine.*] Bless me, sir John, you surely cannot bear to hear any body talk but yourself.

*Sir J.* Yes, but you had got upon the tender passion, and that is talking without end, you know: and now, my lady, what do you resolve about this young unknown? Are you content to let him stay amongst us?

*Lady M.* Let him, my dear? What right have

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I to dictate who shall stay and who shall go?  
You are master in this house?

*Sir J.* Am I? then he shall soon be out of it.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Scene, a Library. Table and Papers, &c.*

PEREGRINE.

*Per.* What a family have I fallen into! and how difficult is the part I have to act, how humiliating the task that poverty imposes on me! Sir John has a foolish pride about him, but does not want good nature; my lady has a civil kind of vanity, with a domineering spirit. Destin'd to play the hypocrite to both, for the one I must counterfeit respect, for the other I must feign attention and esteem; and this I must do whilst my whole soul is engross'd by a passion for the lovely daughter, which honour forbids me to indulge, and nature unfits me to resist — Hah! here she comes—

LETITIA. PEREGRINE.

*Let.* Well! what are you about just now?

*Per.* Oh! I'm extremely occupied, extremely busy.

*Let.* But you must not be busy when I want you.

*Per.* Rather say you must not want me when I am busy. Your parents have decreed that you must never enter this forbidden room.

*Let.* And are you to turn me out of it?

*Per.* I am to prevent you from coming into it.

*Let.* How will you do that? I would fain know.



*Per.* Aye, how indeed? I'm sure I cannot tell you, unless in pity to my dependant state, and in proper consideration of your own dignity, you prudently resolve to cast me from your thoughts.

*Let.* And how if I am not prudent?

*Per.* Then you will be disgrac'd, and I shall be undone.

*Let.* That I hope you will never be, Peregrine; and as for what may befall myself, I'm not afraid of being brought to shame for thinking well of a worthy man. Nothing shall persuade me to despise you only because you are poor and friendless; and if my father or mother can suppose I will see you turn'd from these doors on my account, and submit with patience to their cruelty, they know little of my feelings, and think less of my resources than they will be found to be.

*Per.* Hush, hush! for Heaven's sake, not so loud: you'll be overheard.

*Let.* Well, never mind. I know what I know. Old George Ivey has let me into a secret. I don't want quite two years of eighteen, and then I shall have something in my own disposal.

*Per.* Let me conjure you not to meditate on any desperate measures. Old Ivey is a fool for putting such chimæras into your head.

*Let.* Is he a fool? He is a fool, Peregrine, that is very much your friend, and I'm sure you don't call him so in earnest; only you think it right to romance and talk sentiment, whilst your heart goes one way and your tongue another, which I hope they do at present. This in your opinion may be honour, Peregrine; in mine it is all mere farce and rhodomontade.

*Per.* Ah, lovely Letitia, it is hard enough to

behold you thus all charming as you are, and yet remember what is due to honour; 'tis harder still if you deride that honour, and tempt me to despise the only monitor that keeps my heart in check, and tells me what a villain I should be were I to let that heart break loose.

*Let.* Say no more about it. You can always out-talk me in an argument, but I'm never a whit the more convinc'd because I am puzzled.

*Per.* Reflect only what I am, and then ingenuously tell me what you would have me do.

*Let.* What I would have you do?—Dear me, how am I to tell you what to do? Now, begging your pardon, Mr. Peregrine, I must take the liberty to say, that's a very foolish question. However I'll tell you what thing you shall do, and that has just come into my head—Give me the song you promis'd me.

*Per.* That is indeed a very easy command—here it is—Now if I might advise, you should take it off with you before my lady comes upon us by surprise.

*Let.* Hold your tongue. If you'll not be chattering, I'll attempt to sing it to you; but don't expect any thing of me but the plain John-Trot stile of a ballad; I never would learn one of their Italian flourishes, not I—Here goes—

“What is love?—an idle passion;

“Sage advisers call it so:

“Can I treat it in their fashion?

“Honest nature answers—no.

“Wise ones, what avails your teaching?

“Can I scape this dangerous foe?

“Can I profit by your preaching?

“Honest nature answers—no.

"Cruel mothers may discover  
 "Wintry hearts as cold as snow;  
 "But shall I forsake my lover?  
 "Tender pity answers—no."

*Let.* Well, what do you say to it? have I chosen a pretty melody for your song?

*Per.* You have graced your author more than he deserves.

*Let.* Being a friend, I've done my best for him.

*Per.* Ah, lovely Letitia, blest though I am, I must again remind you that you ought to leave me.

*Let.* Good bye to you! I'll no longer interrupt your studies; but let me hope, when you devote so much attention to my ancestors, you will not let the last of the family be the least in your remembrance. [Exit.]

*Lady MANFRED—PEREGRINE.*

*Lady M.* Sure I had a glimpse of Letty as I enter'd. Ah, sir, you have broke faith with me.

*Per.* No, madam, I have kept faith at the expense of good manners: I told miss Letitia I was busy, and she left the room.

*Lady M.* And are you busy?

*Per.* I never yet had business I would not postpone for the honour I am now enjoying.

*Lady M.* And what is this same history you are writing? dull, I dare say, in his own nature, though you have genius to enliven any subject.

*Per.* There are some records curious enough.

*Lady M.* Fabulous enough I can well believe.

*Per.* Perhaps so: the bards of early times,

who were the historians of the families they belong'd to, dealt pretty liberally in fiction.

*Lady M.* All bards, I hope, have not that property.

*Per.* No, madam, as the world grows wiser, truth becomes more discoverable, and modern writers dare not violate it grossly.

*Lady M.* Yet you men of genius are apt to sport with the credulity of us weak women.

*Per.* They must be weak indeed, who can be duped by any thing so palpable as counterfeited passion.

*Lady M.* Why, how are we to distinguish false from true?

*Per.* By the eyes, madam.

*Lady M.* Ah! if you are such a critic in the eyes, I shall beware how I turn mine your way.

NED FLEXIBLE, PEREGRINE, and *Lady*  
MANFRED.

*Flex.* My lady here!—I ask a thousand pardons.

*Lady M.* Oh, you odious creature, why do you come here? *[Aside.]*

*Flex.* How fares it, Peregrine: I guess'd you were alone, and would not let the servant announce me.

*Lady M.* No, Mr. Flexible is always at his ease; he either finds a home, or makes it every where.

*Flex.* I live with my friends, madam, and for my friends. At the call of the ladies, I am ready to fly to them, at their rebuke I am ready to fly from them.

*Lady M.* Hold, hold! mistake me not so far

as to suppose I would get rid of you. You know, Ned, I can't live without you.

*Flex.* And all the world know how happy I am to live with you. Oh! the merry hours we have pass'd at Manfred Castle! We waste life in London, we enjoy it in the country: here we pass our days without rest, our nights without sleep; we are eternally upon the hunt for pleasure without overtaking it, there it runs into our arms without the pains of pursuing it.

*Lady M.* Come, come, Ned, this is a mere copy of your countenance. Who beats the round of pleasure more than you do? What party, what assembly, what faro-table is complete without you?

*Flex.* I am fond enough of the table, I confess, but you have nam'd one more than I am fond of frequenting. Range a hundred faces round a faro-table, and in my sense of the matter, the fairest of them all shall have the expression of a fiend.

*Lady M.* Ah, you are too bitter. You'll take a wife from amongst them, bad as you pretend to think them.

*Flex.* No, no; I hope to dance at your fair daughter's wedding before long, but believe me it shall be long enough before any body dances at mine.

*Lady M.* Ah! you inveterate old bachelor, I'll have nothing more to say to you. I'll turn you over to my husband: I'll send sir John to you. *[Exit Lady M.]*

*Flex.* Hark'ye, friend Peregrine, is not the progress of your history rather impeded by these visits, which her ladyship confers upon you? and didn't she give me a pretty fair hint, that the

presence of a third person was not wanted at your conference?

*Per.* Pooh, pooh! mere raillery. You mistook her.

*Flex.* I could not well mistake her countenance, my boy.

*Per.* She has many countenances, and some that have no great intercourse with her heart, therefore say no more about her. Sir John will soon be here: do you wish to be left together?

*Flex.* To say the truth, I have a little private business with him.

*Per.* Your private observations I must hope will be no part of it.

*Flex.* Fear me not. Only take heed, my good fellow, how you make yourself the hero of your own history. Hark, sir John is coming—Away, away with you. [Exit Peregrine.]

*Sir JOHN MANFRED.*

*Sir J.* That was Peregrine, who left the room.

*Flex.* It was.

*Sir J.* Did'nt you find my lady with him when you came?

*Flex.* She was only looking for a book.

*Sir J.* A book indeed! friend Ned. In point of talents Peregrine certainly answers to the character you gave him, but as a family-historian, methinks I should have preferr'd one considerably worse favour'd, even if he were not quite so well qualified.

*Flex.* Such may be found; the votaries of Apollo are not often distinguishable for their likeness to their patron; but if there is any such attraction about this young man as you suspect,

an opportunity now offers of putting your daughter far beyond the reach of it.

*Sir J.* What do you mean by an opportunity ? I know of none such immediately in view.

*Flex.* I came on purpose to tell you, that your old acquaintance and countryman, Sir Adam ap Origen, is now in town, and has brought his son Abel in his hand, with the laudable design of laying him at your fair daughter's feet.

*Sir J.* 'Sdeath, Ned, I am afraid he may lie there long enough before she'll bid him get up and be married. He was an arrant whelp when I last saw him.

*Flex.* They are all whelps in these days ; he is only like the rest of the pack ; shock headed and rough-hair'd. You shall as well expect a bow from a quaker, a powder'd head from a hackney-coachman, or a civil answer from an upstart clerk in office, as any thing that bears resemblance to decorum from a man of modern manners.

*Sir J.* If he is of that sort, Letitia won't look at him. I am afraid, Ned, she has form'd her taste upon a better model.

*Flex.* Zooks, knight, a German princess would not blink at his proposals : why, sir Adam has a pedigree as tall as the pillar of Pompey ; a tree of titles, a ladder of lords and ladies, counts, cardinals, and red-cross knights, that goes up to the flood—nay, egad ! it goes across it, and lands him dry-shod on the tops of the Welch mountains, where he subsists during the days of drowning, upon goats of his own grazing. By the life of me, I myself counted eight and fifty quarterings in his shield, and as many bloody hands as Briareus.

*Sir J.* Let him have as many as he will, before

he and I join hands about my daughter, there will be some preliminaries to settle. However, it must be confess'd he is of an ancient and respectable house, though there be others no whit inferior to it. But after all, Ned, this is a serious business, and I must desire to know if you have authority for what you say.

*Flex.* I am no trifler, sir John, in a case of honour ; when I say it is so, so it is.

*Sir J.* I wish I could say as much for myself ; but as authority in my house is in partnership, and I am but one in three, it generally happens that, when I take upon me to say, So it shall be, it turns out two to one against me that it shall not be. This, however, I will venture to promise, that any overture from Sir Adam ap Origen will be received by me with the respect that is due to him, and so I pray you will tell him.

*Flex.* Good morning to you.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



ACT II.

*Sir Adam ap Origen's House.*

*Sir ADAM AP ORIGEN, NED FLEXIBLE.*

*Sir A.* A tolerable good family, master Edward—I hope you told him that; you needn't answer me; I know you did. A pretty fairish parcel of land, all clear, low-tax'd, well let, no encumbrance, every body dead that had a slice of it, no jointures, no younger children, nothing but son Abel, the last chip of the Origen—let old Manfred cudgel all this in his pericranium, and then let us see if he is fool enough to say nay to any question I shall ask him.

*Flex.* I dare say he will not, sir Adam; but there are more voices in the house than his; in the meantime, have you sounded the young squire upon the matter?

*Sir A.* What should I sound him for? I believe my opinion generally serves for every body that belongs to me: I seldom find any that dispute it. Did you never hear me hold forth at Sessions, master Edward?

*Flex.* Never, to the best of my remembrance.

*Sir A.* You woud'nt have forgot it if you had, for when I give it out from the chair, it makes all ears tingle that are in court, and though I know no more of law than my horse, I lay it down in a way that nobody gainsays it.

*Flex.* No, no, you keep too good a house to be contradicted; but in this case you'll pardon me if I think—

*Sir A.* Don't think, and I'll pardon you any thing; in this case I can think for myself, and

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my son into the bargain, as you shall soon be convinc'd—Here! Abel, son Abel! Where are you?

*Enter Squire ABEL.*

*Abel.* Here am I, father; what's your will? —Ah, Neddy, is it you? how d'ye do? pretty well? glad to see you—

*Sir A.* Why, you ragged-headed whelp, when I bade you get ready for a visit to sir John Manfred, did you suppose you went to be hired for a stable boy? Do you call that the dress of a gentleman?

*Abel.* No, father, I don't say it is the dress of a gentleman, but if no gentleman dresses any otherwise, what am I to do? You wouldn't have me rig out in laced ruffles and tambour waistcoat, like my friend Beau Tiffany?

*Fler.* No, squire, the same reason does not hold; Beau Tiffany is the son of a man milliner; he inherets the taste of his father.

*Abel.* He has as many fathers as serv'd to bring him into the world, and as good a heart to carry him through it as any fellow breathing, so don't play your wit upon Beau Tiffany.

*Sir A.* Who thinks about him? He's a puppy and a jackanapes. The only question is, if you are in fit trim to pay your addresses to Letitia Manfred?

*Abel.* Thank you for that hint, father; but I hope you'll think better of it. Letitia Manfred is a girl to my heart's content; a nice gay thing, and blood to the bone, but if she has will'd away her heart to another, shoud'nt I be a scrub and a scoundrel to set my face against a worthy fellow, only because my money may outweigh his merits?

*Sir A.* What are you prating about? Who put this nonsense into your noddle, and what young fellow has she engag'd her heart to?

*Abel.* Ask Ned Flexible that; he can answer it, and if he has been in the click of this proposal, knowing what he knows, he ought to be asham'd of doing what he does.

*Sir A.* What is all this, Ned? explain it to me.

*Flex.* How it came to pass that your son is so well inform'd of the state of sir John Manfred's family, is more than I can tell; but true it is, there is a certain young man call'd Peregrine, who is about the house, and to whom I suppose the squire alludes.

*Abel.* You have a right to suppose that; I do allude to him.

*Flex.* But that the heiress of the house of Manfred should think seriously of one, who is heir to nobody, has neither name nor nation, not can be traced to either father or mother, is a paradox I will not lend my faith to; and I should think I paid a very ill compliment to her discretion, if I supposed her capable of degrading herself by any such attachment.

*Abel.* Ah, Ned, Ned, what signifies talking in this way, when you yourself recommended him to sir John, and have boasted of him to me as one of the finest fellows in the kingdom?

*Sir A.* Hold your tongue, puppy, hold your tongue.

*Abel.* I have done father, I have done.

Servant enters.

*Serv.* A gentleman, who says his name is Peregrine, desires to speak with Mr. Flexible.

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*Sir A.* The very man. Shew him up, shew him up. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Abel.* By the living, this is lucky—Now, father, we are above-board, you may see and judge for yourself.

PEREGRINE enters.

*Flex.* So, Peregrine! what is your business with me?

*Per.* Do you wish me to communicate it in presence of these gentlemen?

*Abel.* By all means; out with it at once! It's only father and I.

*Sir A.* If it relates to sir John Manfred or his family, we are interested to hear it.

*Per.* It is simply this, that having been indebted to Mr. Flexible for my introduction to sir John Manfred, I hold myself bound to account to him for the motives, which have determin'd me to resign the situation, in which his favour had plac'd me.

*Flex.* And what are those motives, Peregrine?

*Abel.* Honourable ones to be sure; what else can they be?

*Per.* I thank you, sir, and so far as you have an interest in them, I flatter myself they are honourable; for I hold it highly unfit, when the heir of this family is understood to be in treaty for the heiress of the Manfreds, that an obscure beggar should be suffer'd to furnish scandal for the world: which might be weak enough to believe, or base enough to suggest, that he was presumptuously attempting to seduce the affections of the daughter, when he was no otherwise employ'd than in the service of the father.

*Abel.* Very well ; that's enough—then I say—

*Sir A.* Hold your tongue, puppy ; we don't want to hear what you say—

*Abel.* Oh then I'll say it to myself, and think the more.

*Flex.* Have you imparted your resolution to sir John?

*Per.* Not yet, I wish'd to refer myself to you in the first instance.

*Flex.* There can be but one opinion of a conduct so delicate and so honourable.

*Abel.* No, no, but one opinion, and three people ; that's something extraordinary, you'll say.

*Per.* I'm satisfied. Good day to you !

*Abel.* Hold, if you please ; with father's leave I'll put one question to you, and because you are an honest gallant fellow, it shall be a plumper—Are you not over head and ears in love with Letitia Manfred ?

*Per.* Am I not a man—though a most unfortunate one? [Exit.

*Abel.* There, there, there ! now you hear the truth of it, and a pretty jade's trick of fortune, is it not ? that a lad of his soul shou'dn't have a scrap to subsist on, whilst the blockheads of this world, and myself amongst the rest, are overloaded with her favours—Now, father, if you are for a visit to sir John, I am your man.

*Sir A.* Go, order the carriage, and take off those boots of yours, for you're not fit even to ride behind it.

*Abel.* Right, father, they wou'dn't be much amiss though, if I rode before it. I'll have 'em off in a twinkling ; you see they are but half way on at most. Sliddikins ! if I'm not up with

you for sending me upon this courting job, I'm a Dutchman. *[Exit.]*

*Sir A.* A cub, friend Edward, a mere cub—

*Flex.* A very honest one, sir Adam.

*Sir A.* I would have made a scholar and a gentleman, his mother made a pet and a puppy of him.

*Flex.* She had but one; such are not often scholars: he is your only son, my friend.

*Sir A.* He is her only son, if you please. We husbands are mostly in the dark; we know little of what is going on behind the curtain.

*Flex.* Perhaps it is as well that you do not.

*Sir A.* Perhaps it is—so let it pass; such as he is I must stand by him now, and do my best for him. Come, let us go and see what he's about. *[Exeunt.]*

*Scene changes.*

*Sir JOHN MANFRED, LETITIA.*

*Sir J.* Come hither, Letty! come hither, child! I have something serious to say to you.—Shut the door.

*Let.* Oh dear me! I'm frightened. He has found me out.

*Sir J.* You know, Letty, I am your father—

*Let.* I dare say you are.

*Sir J.* Humph!—and, being such, I hope you know the duty that you owe to me.

*Let.* I hope so too.

*Sir J.* What are you so fidgetty about? Why do you stand fiddling your fingers after that fashion? Why don't you look me steadily in the face?

*Let.* Why, because I know you are going to scold me about—about—

*Sir J.* About what?

*Let.* Why, about Peregrine; and I'm sure there's no harm in the song he wrote for me; every song in my book has something about love in it; they're all alike for that, so my mother need not make such a to-do about it—besides I know she has riddles and rebusses, and what d'ye call 'ems of his—a whole heap of 'em, thus high—so she need not envy me one poor little scrap of a ballad.

*Sir J.* Ah, your mother—your mother, child—but no more of that. 'Tis no song I have now to speak to you about, though 'tis something to the tune of a husband, which I have now in my eye for you—the man of all men to make you the happiest wife, and me the happiest father in all Christendom.

*Let.* Let him do one at a time, if you please; few husbands of a father's choosing contrive to do both—but who is he?

*Sir J.* No less a person, you lucky jade, than the son and heir of sir Adam ap Origen.

*Let.* Squire Abel!—that's a good one: I know him very well. Lord love you, he don't think about me. He is a kind-hearted lad as lives, that I will say for him, but no more like the man I should choose for my husband, dear me! no more than your old George Ivey is like an Adonis.

*Sir J.* Hold your nonsense; who taught you to draw comparisons? I am to thank Mr. Peregrine for that; but he shall not be your Adonis; no, nor your Apollo; we'll have no more love-songs of his scribbling; let him pack up his poems and be off.

*Let.* Hold, sir, your menace is too serious; if you proceed to treat the most honourable man living with the rigour only due to a villain and a seducer, you will make a daughter desperate, who never would have disgrac'd you; and when you have driven me to distraction, will have nothing more to do but to follow me to the grave.

*Sir J.* Heaven forbid! Heaven forbid! all my hopes centre in you; I have no other child, no other human creature bears my name; but I own to you I am not prepar'd to bestow it upon one, who has none of his own.

*Let.* Force me not to marry against my own consent, and I pledge my honour to you I will never marry but with yours.

*Sir J.* That's fairly said. Now be compos'd; our visitors are coming.

*Sir ADAM and Squire ABEL, preceded by a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir Adam and Mr. Abel ap Origen. [*Exit.*

*Sir J.* Let your lady know — Sir Adam, I devoutly kiss your hands—Mr. Abel, I rejoice to see you.

*Sir A.* Present me, I pray you, my good sir John, to your fair daughter. Abel, make your best bow to miss Manfred.

*Abel.* Bad's the best, father, of my bows, but I'll make it as good as I can. 'Tisn't the first bow I've made to miss Letty; she knows what a dog in a dancing school I am, don't you, miss Letty? and famous sport you have had with giggling me, have you not? but no matter; so you are merry, I'm content.

*Sir J.* I did not know our young people were so well acquainted, sir Adam.



*Sir A.* I hope they will be better acquainted in time to come, my worthy neighbour: Abel is unpolish'd, but an honest fellow.

GEORGE IVEY enters.

*Geo.* My lady is in the drawing-room, and hopes for the honour of your company.

*Abel.* Good news, master Ivey; glad to see you—move away, father, move away. Don't you hear the summons?

*Sir A.* I'm waiting for the lady.

*Abel.* Aye, but the lady's waiting for me, and I'm in the middle of a story and can't release her. Don't be angry with me, miss Letty, for I must speak to you.

*Let.* Well, well! don't be so violent; you'll strain my wrists.

*Sir J.* Come, sir Adam, let us do as we would be done by. They only want to be rid of us.

[*Exeunt Sir A. Sir J. and Geo.*]

*Abel.* Never was a truer word spoke by man, for whilst their wise heads are plotting about us, it is fit that you and I should come to an understanding between ourselves. And now, miss Letty, in the first place, to make good my promise to my father, I must begin by making love to you. I must, I must, upon my soul, so don't laugh at me; I am serious.

*Let.* Make love to me! How can you be so ridiculous? You'll only set me a tittering, and then you'll say I gigg you.

*Abel.* Never mind; I shall do it awkwardly, but it must be done—Beauteous object of my passion, that you should be charming above all things in my eyes, is nothing wonderful; that

I should be so in yours is not to be expected ; nevertheless, if you have a heart to bestow upon me, here I am on my knees to receive it ; if you have bestow'd it on any other, here I am upon my legs to serve you?—Now, in one word answer me—Am I your husband, or your friend?

*Let.* My friend, my best of friends.

*Abel.* Oh Jupiter, I was in hopes you would have said I was both—By the life of me, miss Letty, I should have been the happiest dog alive ; but if I can't be happy, do you see, I can be honest, and that's the next best thing ; so I'll stick to my word, and not attempt to argue you into your liking, or out of your liking. If Peregrine is the man, it is all up with me ; for drown me, if I don't think you would be right to prefer him without a penny, to such a colt as me, had I the principality of Wales to endow you with.

*Let.* You have what I prefer to it — a generous soul ; but you have struck upon the truth, and in naming Peregrine, have nam'd the very man, whose luckless chance it is to inspire my poor hopeless heart with a passion, that can only aggravate his misfortunes, and rouse the joint resentment of your father and my own against him.

*Abel.* Keep a good heart ; we are sworn allies, and I am one that does not flinch at trifles. Let 'em do their worst ! Stop your old Don's mouth, and I warrant I will muzzle mine : under favour, I don't impute to either of them the crime of being over wise.

*Let.* Oh fie, we must not say that, whatever we may think.

*Abel.* Troth, if I don't say all that, I say .

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nothing—but this I can tell you—Peregrine is resolv'd to quit your father; I heard him say so to Ned Flexible.

*Let.* Then I shall run mad with agony. What will become of him?

*Abel.* I'll tell you what will become of him—Here, here! only give him this card, and pass him into my hands by this direction—Run mad indeed! I shou'dn't think of that—run into your lover's arms instead—Peregrine shall never want a friend whilst I'm alive; and if I go to the wall, why there's a friend's friend to stand by him—only look upon that ticket—

*Let.* “Mr. Tiffany in Devonshire Place”—

*Abel.* You're right—a flimsy kind of name, you'll say, but not a flimsy fellow. Tiffany has started up in the world from behind the counter of a haberdasher, I have tumbled downwards from the thrones of princes, till we have met upon the level, and 'tis an honour I am proud of, that I can call him my friend. Holla! what's coming now? Stand fast.

*Sir ADAM enters.*

*Sir A.* Come, sir, we must be going. Break up your conference, for our treaty's at an end.

*Let.* What's the matter now, sir Adam?

*Sir A.* Madam, I'm asham'd to tell you, but your father has requir'd of me to renounce my name, a name as old as the very mountains that belong to it.

*Abel.* Older, older, father; for they must have had an origin—so then you're off with sir John?—

*Sir A.* I'm sorry to say in this young lady's

presence that I am.—His terms are inadmissible, and derogatory to my honour.

*Abel.* Bad tidings, but it can't be help'd. Farewell, miss Letty, don't break your heart; though, let me tell you, you have lost a husband—Oh such a husband—with your beauty and my genius we should have been the envy of all beholders—Shou'dn't we, miss Letty? Ah now don't make up such a face; bear up against misfortune with more spirit.

*Let.* Be quiet, Abel! if you go on in that way you'll set me a laughing; then what will sir Adam say?

*Sir A.* Come, sirrah! what are you so long about?

*Abel.* Comforting poor miss Letty, to be sure: do you think I've the heart of a tiger?

*Let.* Nay, now you've done it—Let me go, I tell you.

*Sir A.* Don't you see she's laughing at you?

*Abel.* Yes, but that's a way she has, father; she starts with a laugh and winds off with a cry—It's a touch upon the hysterics—come along, father—change our name, indeed! no, no, let us change our quarters.

*Sir A.* Abel Manfred, truly; I had as soon you was call'd Abel Drugger.

*Abel.* Good bye, miss Letty—I'll call upon you now and then, and leave my name at your door, just to convince you I have not chang'd it.  
[*Exeunt Sir A. and Abel.*]

GEORGE IVEY enters.

*Geo.* Miss Letty, miss Letty, I have news for

you. It's all off with sir Adam and my master. I think I can guess who is not sorry for that.

*Let.* I am not sorry for one; that's between you and me, George.

*Geo.* And I for another, and that may be known to all the world, for what I care. I cannot help it, I cannot help it, miss Letty, I do love Mr. Peregrine, at my heart I do; and why? he is so like my dear deceas'd master, captain William Manfred; it makes my heart throb to look upon him; it bring tears into my eyes when I compare him with this picture—these hands are hardly more alike.

*Let.* Let me see it—Merciful, 'tis the very man, 'tis Peregrine himself—Oh! that I had this portrait to console me, when he's absent; as he soon will be.

*Geo.* Miss Letty, though I prize it as my life, and never look upon it but with love and reverence, yet because I can refuse you nothing, I will lend it you for a while; promise only to restore it to me when I can no longer live without it.

*Let.* Thank you, my good George; I will treasure it at my heart.

*Geo.* The original, alas! is no more. Heaven grant you had the copy! and behold, 'tis present!  
[Exit.]

PEREGRINE enters.

*Let.* Good Heavens! the very image—Well! why so solemn, why so silent?

*Per.* I should say that to you. What is in that dear mind, that you fix your eyes upon me so attentively? You've had your suitor with you.

*Let.* Well, if I have, is that a reason you

should stand aloof, and look so grave? Must I be ever first to make advances?

*Per.* No! Think of me no more: regard not what I feel.

*Let.* I'm glad you've any feeling. I began to doubt it.

*Per.* Only too much for my repose.

*Let.* Oh, pray consult your repose. I'll not disturb it. Never will I move one step towards you, stand where you do till to-morrow.

*Per.* Then I must admire and gaze on you at a distance. Were I now to advance, I take for granted you would go back.

*Let.* I can't help what you take for granted.

*Per.* I see you are angry, yet by Heavens you are charming. I would to my soul my eyes could behold you, not as you are, so lovely, so enchanting.

*Let.* I dare say you do: I dare say you wish I was a perfect fright.

*Per.* Ah my soul's idol, I can no longer counterfeit. Will you not be friends? will you not give me your hand?

*Let.* Yes, but I can't reach you, and I insist upon your not advancing any nearer to me.

*Per.* Only a step or two—what crime can there be in that? just as far as the crack of this board and no nearer.

*Let.* Stop, stop, you are past the crack. Move one step nearer and I'm out of the room.

*Per.* Inexorable honour, what am I about? I'll fly from you for ever.

*Let.* Stop; whither are you going? don't leave me, Peregrine. I was only jesting with you—give me your hand—come, never mind that foolish crack; I care not what board you stand upon, so you will but make it up with me.

*Per.* Why will you be thus kind to me? Think only what a wretched thing I am; reflect upon my poverty, and banish me from your thoughts for ever.

*Let.* That I will never do: how can you think so hardly of me as to suppose I would banish you, only because you are poor? No, no, Peregrine, I am not so mean-spirited: if you are poor, I can be poor too; if you are cold and hungry, I can fast and fare no better—so now you have set me a crying, and nothing will pacify my sorrow till I am convinc'd you are friends with me.

*Per.* Thus then, my angel, let me convince you that I love you, doat upon you, and adore you. *[Kneels.*

*Lady M*ANFRED surprises them.

*Lady M.* Do you so, sir? Ungrateful, monstrous traitor—Love—doat—adore? A proper lover, are you not? A pretty gentleman to doat, adore, and vent your canting speeches on your knees to a poor credulous child?

*Per.* Madam, be satisfied: you have the advantage; use it with discretion.

*Let.* If there is any blame, blame me. I take truth to witness he is not in fault.

*Per.* Defend me not; I am in all the fault—Your mother knows my faults, and they are such as she can never pardon.

*Lady M.* No words, but quit my house.

*Per.* Content yourself; I'm going; but I must see sir John; I am in trust of papers that I must give account of to sir John.

*Lady M.* You will not face me out of what I saw; you'll not deny that I surpriz'd you kneeling at my daughter's feet.

*Per.* No, madam, I'll not seek a shelter from that charge; she is worthy of all homage, and I've paid it in purity of heart, that leaves no stain on her untainted innocence: the humble savage does not dim the sun because he kneels to it; the illuminating orb still keeps its sphere and rises o'er its prostrate worshipper.

*Lady M.* Vanish! your rhetoric is lost on me.

*Per.* I shall not stay a moment in your house, when I've receiv'd dismissal from the master of it. [*Exit.*]

*Let.* There, madam, you have satisfied your vengeance, and driven your wretched daughter to distraction—Have you no pity in your heart?

*Lady M.* Begone! go to your chamber; hide yourself for shame.

*Let.* Where is my father? I appeal to him—Woman to woman may be cruel; but man to woman, when her only fault is love, cannot fail to find mercy in his heart, if he has one.



ACT III.

*Sir Adam ap Origen's House.*

*Squire ABEL, Beau TIFFANY.*

*Abel.* Ah! Tiffany—the man of all men I most wished to see—How are you, my fine fellow?

*Tiff.* Thank you, thank you, Squire. Where's Sir Adam? Where's the great man of the mountains?

*Abel.* Oh! he's in his den: you must not go near him; he's as fierce as a famished wolf. But harkye, Beau, I have a little somewhat to say to you.

*Tiff.* Say on, my young kid of the goats, say on, and the shorter the better; long stories won't do for either of us.

*Abel.* Aye, but do you see, you must do me a favour.

*Tiff.* To be sure I must: who doubts it? what do we live for but to serve one another?

*Abel.* There's poor Peregrine, that you've heard Ned Flexible speak of, is without house or home. I'm sure he's a good fellow, because Letty Manfred is so fond of him; I know nothing of him, do you see, but he's my intimate acquaintance; unfortunate, and of course my friend, a creature cast upon the world, which I take possession of, because no man else w'll own him.

*Tiff.* Enough said! Your friend is my friend, my house is your house; let him come when he

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will, let him do what he likes : If he's sad, I can be silent ; if he's merry, I can laugh ; if he talks Latin, I shan't understand him ; and if he writes verses, I don't wish to read them.

*Abel.* No, no, my heart of gold, you and I don't disturb the dead languages, and have little to say to the living ones, but, to the honour of us idle dunces, we can be of some use to mankind without the help of either.

*Tiff.* Aye, what are all your reading fellows good for but to talk sentiment and give advice ? Now I give my money, and never find that those who take it, care for any thing I have to give besides—but apropos to Peregrine—do you know his history ?

*Abel.* Not I ; I never ask'd him who he was or where he came from ; but here's Ned Flexible, and he can tell us.

NED FLEXIBLE, *Squire* ABEL, *Beau* TIFFANY.

*Flex.* What is it I am to tell you ? Nothing very puzzling I hope, for your father has been cramming such a cargo of Welch pedigree into my ears, that he has fairly made a posset of my brains. Ah Beau, what a happy fellow you are, whose genealogy goes no further than the day-book.

*Tiff.* Marry, if you went there to look for it, you would find plenty of great lords and ladies in the catalogue. I care not if all the world knew my father was a simple haberdasher in Threadneedle-street, and I dare say he had a father, and that father, I don't doubt, was descended from—from—d—n me, if I know what he was descended from, or whether he descended at all, or started upwards into the world, mush-

room fashion ; but no matter, here I am, and I'm apt to believe there can be no bad blood in the veins of an honest man.

*Flex.* And if they come to number stars and garters, my illustrious Tiffany—

*Tiff.* Egad, I can outpoll them all there ; I'll be bold to say there are more ribands in my family than all the courts in Europe can exhibit. Oddslife ! if you would but come and see my country box upon Primrose-hill—there's a dash for the honour of Threadneedle-street—there's a start for you ! work'd up all the remnants of silks, satins, and sarsenets—gaudy as a peacock ; flashy as a flamenco's wing—come off with flying colours within doors, but want a little counsel about the grounds and the gardens, do you see.

*Abel.* A lucky thought ! your very man for that is Peregrine ; take him in your hand and he'll metamorphose a cart-house into a temple, or a dog-kennel into a hermitage, before you can turn yourself round.

*Tiff.* What tell you me of cart-houses and dog-kennels ? I have a hermitage of my own contriving upon the very peak of the hill, that is an eye-trap for all the neighbourhood ; so pleasant and so cheerful, that we sit there over a bottle and see every thing that passes on the road. Then for temples, you must know I am now erecting a very elegant one upon the model of Haberdasher's Hall, which I mean to dedicate to Iris the goddess of the rainbow, in compliment to the warden and company.

*Flex.* That's good, that's very good, and may I perish if I thought you had been so deeply read in the mythology of the heathen deities.

*Tiff.* Oh yes, my father had the rainbow for

his sign, and that brought me acquainted with Iris ; but I've others besides her—I fell in this very morning with a lot of leaden cupids, and bought 'em a bargain ; they are worth all the money, if they were only melted into spouts and gutters.

*Abel.* Run 'em into bullets, my brave fellow, and pelt the enemies of your country with 'em, if they dare to shew their noses on our coast—but harkye, Ned, we have forgot to ask you what you know of Peregrine's history.

*Tiff.* Aye, aye, my master ; let us hear what you have to say about his genealogy ; for if he, as well as Sir Adam, sits with a whole tree of ancestors about his ears, like King Charles in the oak, we may chance to run foul of some of the underwood before we find out whereabouts we are.

*Flex.* You are in no danger with him, for Peregrine is a stray bird, and can't find his own nest. All I know of his story is, that he was found a living infant in the arms of his dead mother, the sole survivor of a crew that foundered in a transport, on the coast of America. He receiv'd his education and support from a gentleman of that country, as eminent for his talents as for his humanity. At his death, he came to England, upon the faint hope of tracing some intelligence of his father from a relic that was found upon the corpse of his mother. In the course of this unpromising pursuit I cross'd upon him, and being touch'd no less by the elegance of his manners than the misfortunes of his story, I took pity on his disconsolate condition and recommended him to Sir John Manfred.

*Abel.* Then stand stout to your task, my

brave fellow, and never loose your hold from the hand of a sinking man. He that can hear that story, and feel no pity for the subject of it, would not give a pin for his heart.

*Tiff.* I'll make many pins and needles too fly in the service of him: to what purpose did my father mete out inkle and tape all his life long, but to leave a nest egg in my hands for the use of the unfortunate? I dare say he put profit enough upon his wares to enable me to deal out a little charity for nothing.

*Flex.* Well said, my gallant Tiffany, thou shalt enjoy thy crotchets and thy Cupids, thy fopperies and thy fripperies, and I'll cut that rascal's windpipe, who dares to vent a sneer at thee. Now tell me what I can do for Peregrine, and behold me ready to undertake it.

*Abel.* This you shall do, honest Neddy—Go to Sir John Manfred's, and fetch Peregrine bodily away to friend Tiffany, and because I know the soft heart of Letitia will be penetrated at the parting, tell her we are those that will uphold him against all the world.

*Flex.* I'll do it; I'll about it instantly.

*Abel.* Do so, and come to us in Devonshire-place. If the Baronet is so determin'd to make a Manfred of his son-in-law, who so fit to take his name as poor Peregrine, who is hunting for his own, and cannot find it. [*Exeunt.*

*Scene changes.*

*Sir JOHN MANFRED and Lady MANFRED.*

*Sir J.* My Lady, my Lady Manfred, you resent this case too deeply. You have but fellow-fare; every body that rears a daughter,

rears a plague. How often have I said to you in the language of the poet—*Bring forth men children only?* Egad! you never brought forth one.

*Lady M.* And who is in the fault of that, Sir John? Lay the saddle, as the saying is, upon the right horse.

*Sir J.* I am saddled, Madam, and over-saddled, with a vengeance to it. What between mother and daughter I may well be said to carry double.

*Lady M.* Carry yourself like a man, Sir John, in this attack upon your honour and authority, and don't for ever throw the labouring oar upon the weaker party.

*Sir J.* Come, come, my Lady, I think I tug pretty fair at the oar, only we don't always pull together.

*Lady M.* Recollect yourself: How was it when this teasing girl neglected all her masters? You gave the word indeed, but I did all the work: The unpleasant office of dismissing them fell to my share; it is now your turn to do that office by one of your own hiring. I hope you don't want spirit to resent the affront he has put upon your family.

*Sir J.* I hope not, my Lady; if I do, however, I make up for it in pity, which at this moment, under pardon, you do not seem to abound in.

*Lady M.* Whom shou'd I pity?

*Sir J.* Your own daughter. Believe me I am serious when I say to you I tremble for the consequences, if we proceed too harshly against Peregrine.

*Lady M.* Hah! now I understand you—'Tis a cant phrase with misses of her sort to talk of running mad for love—but do they?

*Sir J.* I have it upon record that they do: In my own family the case has happen'd to the most melancholy extent—a namesake of Letitia died insane—You may read it in the history, if you'll turn to it.

*Lady M.* Yes, in the history of Peregrine's composing. He does not want invention, I dare say, for any purpose of his own.

*Sir J.* I tell you 'tis a fact—but let that pass—only be gentle with your daughter, I beseech you: Go to her, comfort her, be kind to her; she needs it. Meanwhile I'll consider about Peregrine, who waits for me in his writing-room. [Exit.]

*Lady MANFRED.*

*Lady M.* After all, I can't wonder at her liking Peregrine, for truth must be confest, he has the power of being dangerous to hearts better guarded and more experienced than her's.

*LUCY enters to Lady MANFRED.*

*Lucy.* I wish your Ladyship would be pleas'd to step up to Miss Letitia, and pray, my Lady, let me beg you to be considerate of what you say to her, for indeed I am afraid, without great care, something terrible will come to pass, she goes on in such a way.

*Lady M.* Why then did you leave her? follow me. [Exit.]

*Lucy.* Yes, but I'll first run to Mr. Peregrine, and deliver my message. [Exit.]

*Scene changes. Library.*

PEREGRINE—LUCY to him.

*Lucy.* Mr. Peregrine, Mr. Peregrine, take this ticket—My young lady sends it to you, and desires you will go directly from hence to the house of that gentleman, where you will meet a friend. She bids you not to despair, and above all things not to be alarm'd for her health, whatever you may hear, for she shall take strong courses to induce her father to recal you.

*Per.* Tell her—Lucy, Oh tell her—fly! Sir John approaches. [Exit Lucy.]

Sir JOHN MANFRED, PEREGRINE.

*Sir J.* So, Sir! we are met at last.

*Per.* I have expected your commands. I have not avoided you.

*Sir J.* What would you have me understand by that? It sounds like a defiance.

*Per.* I'm sorry it should bear the semblance of any thing so foreign from my thoughts: Conscious of my offence, I mean to say that I am not so base to do you wrong and shrink from the confession of it.

*Sir J.* You do not then attempt to justify your conduct to my daughter, nor deny what you are charg'd with by my Lady Manfred?

*Per.* I can't suppose that Lady Manfred told you more than she saw and heard, therefore, confiding in her truth and candour, I own to all she told. But, Sir, altho' I'll not defend the action or the words, to which your Lady was witness, yet I may put it to your heart to say,



if man so wretched and forlorn as I am could fail to address a being so beneficent ; and, let me add, so beautiful as your daughter, in any other form or mode of homage than the most ardent gratitude could dictate.

*Sir J.* This might serve many for a plea, but you, who knew the advantages that nature gave you, must have foreseen the interest they would gain in a susceptible and tender heart, and should have therefore scrupled to enforce them.

*Per.* You have distinguished justly ; I was guilty of seeing the impression that I made, but not being more than man, I could not triumph over Love and Nature.

*Sir J.* Who and what are you ? answer me sincerely.

*Per.* If my heart tells me truth, I'm not ignoble ; but as misfortune has involv'd my birth in darkness and impenetrable obscurity, I'll not hold out false lights to dazzle or mislead you—In one word then, unless I could unfold the mystery, I will not wish you to consider me but as the last and lowest of mankind.

*Sir J.* His candour conquers me—Where will you go ?

*Per.* I'm not without a friend.

*Sir J.* How will you subsist ?

*Per.* By the exertion of those humble talents, which nature has bestow'd on me. Farewell !

*Sir J.* Stay, Peregrine ! There's something at my heart, that will not let me part with you in anger. Altho' you have struck me in the tenderest part, I cannot bear the thought that you should want. If I have recompensed you for your time and labour, my fortune still enables me to bestow a voluntary tribute to your genius. Here, Peregrine, take this—it will subsist you.

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*Per.* I cannot, Sir—I thank you from my heart—I cannot take it.

*Sir J.* Nay, be persuaded—I shall think you proud.

*Per.* Perhaps I am; perhaps I had a father, whose spirit glows within me, and inspires a conscious loftiness, that will not stoop to accept a favour where I've done a wrong. [*Exit.*]

Sir JOHN.

*Sir J.* He's gone. I know not how it is, but I cannot forego the sight of him to the last parting moment. [*Follows him.*]

LETITIA MANFRED *followed by* LUCY.

*Let.* Here I will fix; they shall not move me hence: In this deserted room, amidst these relics I'll sit and meditate on my miseries. Why do you follow me?

*Lucy.* My Lady strictly order'd me not to leave sight of you.

*Let.* Be silent then; don't talk to me, but watch the door. You must admit none but my father here. My mother has enough to employ her thoughts: she will not be in haste to visit me again.

*Lucy.* No, I should think her Ladyship by this time repents most heartily of what she has done by Mr. Peregrine.

*Let.* She has some cause. Now, what have we here? The history he was writing for my father—How many dreary hours has he consumed on this unworthy task; I blush to see it—Come hither, girl; look! 'tis a volume, is'n't it? I am amaz'd a genius like Peregrine's could

condescend to write the uninteresting annals of my insipid ancestors.

*Lucy.* Perhaps it was because they were your ancestors.

*Let.* Perhaps it was—I thank you for that thought. I never heard of any thing they did worthy of him to record. Look! Here's a page begun and left unfinish'd—These lines are the last that dear hand has trac'd—I'll read them; listen—"This Sir Æmilius Manfred had a beautiful daughter call'd Letitia"—Apropos, my namesake—"born in the year 1597"—just two hundred years ago—"Her fate was melancholy in the extreme—" Alas, poor namesake!—"At the early age of seventeen, having fix'd her affections in a manner that her parents disapproved of, and being forcibly separated from her lover, she lost her senses and her life. Heaven guard—" There he breaks off, as if he was about to say, Heaven guard my Letitia from the like hard fate!

*Lucy.* Aye, so say I—Heaven guard your senses! Sure he has wrote it down. Pray turn over the leaf.

*Let.* No, there's no more; but I can well believe he had me in his mind when he broke off. The story struck him; the case applies: I wish he had fill'd the sentence up. I'll leave it full in sight—If my father glances on the paper, let him lay it to his heart and take warning. Poor, poor Letitia, what a fate was thine!

*Lucy.* Well, if Sir John reads this, and does not instantly recal the writer of it, I would not have his conscience for his estate.

*Let.* Hold; give me time—I've started such a thought—It hurries me away I know not whither—Lucy, my girl, do you remember—you lived

with us then—I play'd Ophelia once to please the folks, when we had Christmas junkets at the Castle?

*Lucy.* Do I remember? Yes, I never shall forget it; I'm sure I cried and laughed, and laughed and cried all the play through. You sung and look'd and spoke so feelingly, no heart could stand it.

*Let.* I was a giddy chit, and took no pains, yet the folks said I play'd it to the life. Old Ivey was Polonius—bad enough—Dear me, how he did puzzle for the words—My father should have done that part, methinks—And now it strikes me, Lucy, that this Letitia, this unhappy lady in the story, is the very lady in the picture that hangs over the chimney in the tapestry bed chamber—don't you recollect it?

*Lucy.* To be sure I do, and old Mrs. Ivey the housekeeper shews it to all comers for its likeness to you—nay, I have heard Sir John himself say the same.

*Let.* Have you? then let him beware I don't resemble her in fate as well as feature; believe me, Lucy, she never mourn'd her lost, discarded lover more truly than I my dear, dear, banish'd Peregrine. I shall be mad as she was, should my father persist as her's did; therefore 'twould be well to alarm him in good time. What think you, Lucy, would it be a crime to save him and myself from misery, by counterfeiting madness before I suffer the reality?

*Lucy.* No surely, there can be no crime in that.

*Let.* Well, Lucy, you encourage me to try—but how to set about it. I shall grieve for my poor father, and perhaps act it so sorrily, he'll find me out.

*Lucy.* And if he does, so that my Lady is deceived by it, I should not fear the consequences. Take heart; I warrant you are actress good enough for any part. Hark, your father—Come, come, you are ill—your head is rack'd with pain—I must be nursing you—

*Sir JOHN MANFRED enters.*

*Sir J.* Letitia! Child, what ails you? Are you ill?

*Lucy.* Dear Sir, don't speak so loud. Her poor head splits.

*Sir J.* Splits! what has happened? Has she had a blow?

*Let.* Yes, I have had a blow.

*Sir J.* Send for a surgeon; run and call for help.

*Lucy.* Sir, she has had no blow: she does not know what she says; her senses wander.

*Sir J.* Wander! I'll make you wander thro' the world, if you alarm me without cause, you gipsy. This is a trick of your's to frighten me—It must, it shall be fiction.

*Let.* Yes, yes, 'tis all a fiction: My father's found it out; I'm well, quite well.

*Sir J.* There, there! you hear her say she's well: None of my family e'er lost their senses—What did I say? Oh yes, yes, yes, too true—We have madness upon record: her namesake died of it—'tis in her blood.

*Let.* Well, well, but I'll be quiet in my folly; pray be compos'd; I love you much too well to frighten you—Don't let my mother come—She'll talk of Peregrine. He's gone, you know; I must not think of him; he'll not come back—and marry a mad wife. No, no, he won't do that.

He said he'd stay from me a whole long year, and that will be a twelvemonth at the least after I'm dead.

*Sir J.* Would I had never yielded to his going! When did you first perceive this malady?

*Lucy.* After my Lady had been with her, Sir. Something; I know not what, had pass'd between them, and she began to ramble as you hear her.

*Sir J.* Aye, aye, my Lady—she'll drive us all distracted in our turns—Why does she keep her hand upon her forehead? Does your head ache, my child? Where lies your pain?

*Let.* Nowhere; it runs about—a fairy pain, a little little thief, no bigger than my needle, yet so piercing, so wonderful sharp—Ah! now it threads my brain quite thro'—do you see it? do you feel it? is it gone?

*Sir J.* Marry, I wish it was.

*Let.* Then it shall go, because you wish it gone.

*Sir J.* That's my good child! Dost love me, my sweet Letty?

*Let.* Love you! O Gemini, how much I love you! My mother would have married me to Peregrine, but you knew better, you drove him away, and made a little angel of your child; made me so airy and so light of brain, that I could fly out of this crazy world; and then you'll be as merry when I'm gone as Sir Æmilius was, who kill'd his daughter.

*Sir J.* Too much, too much, I can stand this no longer. Take her away!

*Let.* Aye, let's be going; let us search about: I miss my wits; where are they? Sad, sad luck! pray pity me, good friends, 'tis very sad. How can I live without them? Oh! I

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remember now : I promis'd Peregrine to live three days, only three days—three days will soon be gone, and then—

*Sir J.* No more ! no more ! conduct her to her chamber—My wife, my wife—I thought how it would be ; but every husband from the days of Adam must be undone, who lets his wife persuade him. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

*Sir Adam's House.*

*Squire ABEL and DAVID DUNCAN.*

*Dav.* Ah Squire, I'm glad you're come home. Sir Adam has been enquiring for you.

*Abel.* What sort of humour is he in, David?

*Dav.* Grave, full of thought.

*Abel.* Is he full of money, think you? will he stand a gentle pull at the purse-strings?

*Dav.* Pull a lion by the whiskers as well; I'll not ensure your fingers in either case. Lord love you, what occasion can you have for money? Hav'n't fallen in among the sharks, Master Abel? good hope, the gambling gentry hav'n't got hold of you

*Abel.* The devil as soon—Vagabonds! they'll never touch my money, and I would not foul my fingers with their's.

*Dav.* That's right; but women, naughty women—Mercy defend us all! How this same London swarms with them!

*Abel.* Then look sharp after yourself, old boy! and take care your touchwood don't catch fire, for you have the combustibles of a soldier about you still. Recollect however, that in this great town a man may lay out his money to his liking without being either a gamester or a rake.

*Dav.* Ah Squire, had his old Honour consented to your marrying Miss Manfred, you would have found money enough to make you rich, and a wife to make you happy—At least I guess so from the sample I've had of her family.



*Abel.* What do you know of her family?

*Dav.* I was enlisted by her uncle, Captain Manfred, and serv'd in his company: He was a good officer and a soldier's friend. I embarked with him in the year seventy-six for America; he had his Lady and a lovely little boy aboard with him; I waited on them during the voyage. We were attack'd by an American privateer on the coast, and our transport sunk along side of him by a shot under water.

*Abel.* This is a doleful story, friend David, but I believe you have a pleasure in telling it.

*Dav.* That is as much as to say I've told it you before; I have so, my good master, but a soldier loves to talk over his sufferings; 'tis oftentimes the only recompense he has for having undergone them—but this I believe I never told you—and because it sounds so like a traveller's story I am almost afraid to tell it now—but true it is the mother and her babe were taken out of the sea—the mother was dead, but the babe was saved alive and carried into port.

*Abel.* How's this, how's this? A hundred times I've heard the rest, but this is new. Do you know it for fact? You say the child was saved; did you see him after he was saved? how long was you with him, and what became of him?

*Dav.* I was with him in the privateer, saw him alive, nurs'd him, fed him, wept over him without ceasing, for my heart was broken for the loss of his beloved parents and my gallant comrades. We were carried into Boston: I was march'd into the back country with a party of prisoners; I was torn from my poor little fellow and never saw him since, nor had the means of hearing what became of him.

*Abel.* Should you know him if you saw him? but why do I ask that? It's impossible.

*David.* He was the image of his father, though an infant, and if they did not strip him of the picture, which I tied about his neck with my own hands, that would be a token I can never lose remembrance of—for it was the picture of my honour'd Captain, his unhappy father: I took it from the wrist of his mother before her body was committed to the waves.

*Abel.* Enough, enough said, old boy, for the present: I have more in my head already that I can well find room for—Leave me, leave me! don't speak another word, for as I'm apt to talk without thinking, I would try how it is to think without talking. [*Exit David.*] Humph! I can make ill out for want of a little method in my meditations—Let me see!—Here's a ship and a shipwreck—so far so good!—And a child saved from shipwreck—good again!—And a father and mother drown'd—better and better still! so far we go swimmingly—Now to prove Peregrine that very child, and the son of his father—that is not always so easy, we'll say—No matter! there's a picture, and if we can get any body to father it, why one picture may be as good as another. We mustn't stand out for a trifle.

*Sir ADAM, Squire ABEL.*

*Sir A.* Now, sirrah, where have you been gossiping, when I wanted you? Dolt, do you hear me? What are you about?

*Abel.* Oh! father, is it you?—

*Sir A.* Is it I? to be sure it is. Who the plague else should it be? Don't you see me?

*Abel.* Yes, yes, I see you now quite plain—How do you do? I was just then thinking—

*Sir A.* D—n me, if I believe you ever thought in your life.

*Abel.* You are out there, for I was thinking—I was thinking about this picture—

*Sir A.* About which picture?—why you're mad: Think about a sign-post, numscull. I'll be sworn you would not know a picture of Raphael Angelo's from the daubing of the George and Dragon at Aberystwith.

*Abel.* Very well, say no more. If we could but strike upon a likeness between son and father—

*Sir A.* No, thank my stars, you cannot strike upon a single feature in that leaden phiz of your's, which bears the smallest likeness between son and father. Before I'd keep such a fish's eye as that in my head, I would prefer to be led about by a dog in the dark, all the days of my life.

*Abel.* What are you talking of? David Duncan declares 'twas the very image of his father—

*Sir A.* Does David Duncan declare that? Then by the life of me, I'll break every rib in David Duncan's body. No, no, my estate you must inherit, because I can't help it, but my likeness, my image, as that rascal calls it, you cannot bear, you shall not bear, and thanks to Nature, spite of what that moon-ey'd whelp declares, you do not bear.

*Abel.* What ails you, father, that you are so horsy about nothing? I never said that you and I were alike.

*Sir A.* No, no; your mother never ventured to say that.

*Abel.* I'll tell you what, father, you are in the basket—Whilst you supposed I was talking about

you, I was just then foundering upon the coast of America.

*Sir A.* I cared not if you were. What do you know of America? can you point it out upon the globe? can you lay your finger on it in the map? Not you, not you, if you were to have it for the finding; but I'm a fool to think of keeping a name in my family for one to wear, who I verily believe has not one drop of my blood in his veins. I'll turn you over to old Manfred; you shall marry his daughter, and be his son, for I am persuaded you are mine only as the law makes you, because I married your mother.

[*Exit Sir Adam.*]

*Squire ABEL.*

*Abel.* Very well, father—talk away; 'tis the cheapest amusement you can take—Oho! he's off; let him go—A sorry kind of revenge, methinks, he has taken up against my poor mother. I could have given him an answer, but the jumble in his head has driven every thing out of mine, and now he has made me as muddy as himself, he sheers off, like the scuttlefish, in the flutter of his own froth. [*Exit.*]

*Scene. The Street.*

*Beau TIFFANY meets GEORGE IVEY.*

*Tiff.* Well met, old gentleman! I think you came to my house to call on Mr. Peregrine.

*Geo.* Yes, Sir, and I am now coming from it.

*Tiff.* You live with Sir John Manfred, and your name is—I forget what your name is—

*Geo.* George Ivey, at your service.

*Tiff.* Right! Ivey—it is so, and you have

clung to the walls of Manfred Castle, Master Ivey, a pretty many years—

*Geo.* Near half a century, an please you.

*Tiff.* It does please me to see you so green and flourishing after so long a vegetation. I have a great respect for you, Master Ivey, I think you would be an ornament to the first house in the kingdom. I understand you to be a fast friend of Peregrine's.

*Geo.* It hardly becomes me to call myself his friend, for that would sound too much like equal, which I am far from being; but I love him, and so far forth as an humble man like me can be said to be his friend, I truly am.

*Tiff.* I wish him many such friends -- How does your young lady bear his absence?

*Geo.* I may speak out to you, Sir—she's mad for love of him.

*Tiff.* Not positively out of her senses, we'll hope?

*Geo.* Well, Sir, if Sir John thinks her so, it is better than if she really was so; but I can assure you, he has engaged Mr. Flexible to send in a proper person to decide upon her case, and on that decision it depends whether Mr. Peregrine shall or shall not be recalled.

*Tiff.* Does it turn upon that, Master Ivey? then a noble opportunity offers of doing Peregrine a notable good service. Dubb me a doctor, Master Ivey, and the job is done.

*Geo.* Lackaday, Sir, you'll never pass upon Sir John for one of the faculty. You don't look like a doctor; you have not the dress of one.

*Tiff.* Yes I have; 'tis only supposing I have a little touch of the same complaint with my patients; besides, doctors don't dress as they did; they've laid aside their bush periwigs, and

are now become columns without capitals. I'll play the doctor to a truth, never fear me—only give me a name—Tiffany won't do, you know—What do you think of Tympany?

*Geo.* Lackaday, Sir, you had better drop the undertaking; you'll only bring us all to shame.

*Tiff.* Oh, my dear Ivey, that chilling face of your's has driven every thing out of my head: I can think of no name but the name of my father's sign—the Rainbow—call me Doctor Rainbow—that will be a good excuse for my being drest out in colours—Now don't say another word to damp my faculties—I'll walk here for a few minutes and meditate, whilst you step home, and prepare to usher in Dr. Rainbow.

*Geo.* It must be as you please, but I hope before you take many turns you'll think better of it. [Exit.]

*Tiff.* Creep on, my gentle Ivey, creep on, for thou art but a melancholy evergreen to predict so ill of my adventure. A pretty jest indeed, if I, who was educated in all the easy graces of a haberdasher, could not assume the stiff formality of a doctor. [Exit.]

*Scene changes to Sir John Manfred's.*

*Sir JOHN and Lady MANFRED.*

*Sir J.* Well, how do you find her? What do you think of her?

*Lady M.* Truly, I don't well know what to think. I see no harm there could be in your recalling Peregrine by way of experiment: if her disorder subsides on the sight of him, I should conclude it had been counterfeited; if not, we must

take serious means for her recovery, in which it is to be presumed his presence would assist.

*Sir J.* And could you, my dear, reconcile yourself to endure the presence of that odious young man again?

*Lady M.* You know, Sir John, I can submit to any thing for my daughter's sake; but why odious young man? I have pretty good reason to know you don't think him such, and why should I?

*Sir J.* Nay, if you do not, it shews the sweetness of your temper, which indeed is natural to you. At all events we will not make him an inmate in our family any more — that I dare say you will approve of.

*Lady M.* I dare say it will not be with me to approve or disapprove of any thing you do; you seem all sufficient for all purposes, and I understand have commission'd Mr. Flexible to send in a mad doctor, and blazon your disgrace through all the town.

*Sir J.* You're mistaken; I have applied for no such person as you point at, but for a confidential secret man, competent indeed to judge of my daughter's case, but not so noted for his practice in that line, as to blazon our misfortune, because he visits at my house.

*Servant enters.*

*Serv.* A gentleman, who says he waits upon you at the desire of Mr. Flexible, attends below.

*Sir J.* The very man — Admit him. Your Ladyship, I presume, does not wish to be present at this conference.

*Lady M.* No truly, I have no relish for such society. *[Exit.]*

*Beau TIFFANY enters to Sir JOHN.*

*Tiff.* Sir John Manfred I presume—

*Sir J.* The same. Are you the person recommended to me by Mr. Flexible?

*Tiff.* Individually, the very person.

*Sir J.* Is it possible?

*Tiff.* Why stand you in amaze, Sir John, because I do not approach you like some of my fraternity, in the superficial solemnity of a snuff-colour'd ratteen? Judge not of a man by his exterior, candid Sir.

*Sir J.* Candidly, Sir, I should not judge of you very flatteringly, if I were to judge by your exterior.

*Tiff.* Be that as it may, Sir, my name is Rainbow, and, if seen in my true colours, I flatter myself, I shall not fade on a comparison with the best of my brethren. Perhaps, Sir, you are not familiar with Threadneedle-street.

*Sir J.* No, truly, I am not.

*Tiff.* If you had, you might have heard of me in an elevated situation there, look'd up to by all the neighbours, and resorted to by crowds, especially of the fair sex.

*Sir J.* Your line of practice then lies chiefly with them.

*Tiff.* Chiefly with the fair sex; you are correctly right: I was train'd by education to attend upon the ladies, to serve them in all their wants, humour them in all their whims, consider them in all their varieties of taste, temper, caprice, complexion—in short, to fulfil all their orders, and remedy all their complaints.

*Sir J.* I wish you may be as successful in remedying my poor daughter's complaints, Doctor Rainbow.



*Tiff.* Sir, for discovery of your daughter's complaints I will answer, for the cure I will not; that may be in other hands—for instance, if her malady proceeds from love; there is absolutely but one remedy.

*Sir J.* And what is that I pray you?

*Tiff.* Love: love is the cure of love; just as food expels hunger, and water thirst, so does possession quench that passion, which else distracts the senses and consumes the vitals. I believe you never met an instance of any married lady running mad for love of her own husband.

*Sir J.* I cannot say I have; not in my own family at least.

*Tiff.* But if this malady of your daughter's is hereditary—

*Sir J.* Sdeath, Sir, do you see any thing about me to suppose it?

*Tiff.* Humph! many people are out of their senses and don't know it—methought you had a strange look with your eyes when I first saw you.

*Sir J.* And if you had look'd in the glass you might have seen the cause of it—but come, let us go to your patient. You must prepare yourself to find her very wild.

*Tiff.* With all my heart—as wild as she pleases.

*Sir J.* What, you don't think it a bad symptom, do you?

*Tiff.* A very natural one—We have a course for that.

*Sir J.* I hope it is a gentle one; I own to you, I stand in dread of that terrible strait waistcoat.

*Tiff.* Strait waistcoat indeed! What's the matter with my waistcoat? Egad! I believe he twigs it as an old shopkeeper.

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*Sir J.* Well, Sir, will you follow me? We shall find her in the book-room.

*Tiff.* In the book-room—fond of reading—that is a symptom of insanity in good truth. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the Library.*

LETITIA is discovered. LUCY runs in to her.

*Lucy.* Madam, madam! there's a plot—Sir John is coming with a doctor to visit you; but fear nothing, Mr. Ivey informs me 'tis Mr. Tiffany, that only shams the character to serve his friend Peregrine; he prepared.

*Let.* Enough! I hear 'em coming.

*Sir JOHN followed by TIFFANY.*

*Sir J.* Enter, if you please, but tread softly, she seems just now to be dozing.

*Tiff.* Very natural—'tis the effect of the books; they operate on me in the same way—they are narcotic in their quality.

*Sir J.* But how do you regard it as a symptom?

*Tiff.* I regard it as a symptom of sleeping—Wake her, wake her!

*Sir J.* Wake her yourself! 'tis to be hoped you know how to treat her disorder better than I do, else what do you come here for?

*Tiff.* Hush, hush! be silent—if she's mad for love, mark if she does not talk of it in her sleep.

*Let.* He is gone; I've lost him: He'll come back no more—

*Tiff.* There, there! I told you so—she pines for somebody that is gone—a man I dare say, a young man most likely—can you guess who it is?

*Sir J.* Too well, too well.

*Tiff.* How can that be? If you can guess so well at the cause, you can't be far off from the cure.

*Let.* My heart, my heart will break. I'll sigh myself to death—

*Tiff.* What a sweet voice she has! — I'll take a peep at her. Aha! she has got half an eye open, and by this light 'tis a sparkler! Mercy on us, how she sighs! speak, speak, what ails you? What do you sigh for, sweet sufferer? I am come to comfort you.

*Let.* "They sung her to her grassy grave,  
" Beneath the poplar shade,  
" And there beside the murm'ring wave  
" Her cold remains were laid.

" Her parents saw the youth was dear,  
" Yet drove him far away,  
" And now too late with many a tear  
" Bedew her senseless clay."

*Sir J.* Well, Doctor, what do you think of her now?

*Tiff.* I'm ravish'd with delight. I never heard a sweeter pipe in my days.

*Sir J.* A pipe, indeed! 'Sblood, I'm speaking of the symptom and you are talking of the song.

*Tiff.* To be sure I am. I have no ear for music—don't know one tune from another, but I'm prodigiously struck with every thing I don't understand. Can't we make interest with her to sing it once more?

*Sir J.* Death and the devil, what did Ned Flexible think of, when he took this dunce for a doctor? Letitia, my child, how art thou?

*Let.* Wondrous well and merry—better and better every passing minute, as I come nearer to my journey's end—Ask that man, how many yards of sarsenet will go to make me a shroud.

*Tiff.* Egad, she need not ask a better person. I could calculate to a nail.

*Let.* I pray you let me have a pretty funeral—pick out six maidens, pale and woe-begone, with scarfs of willow green to bear my pall, and bid them chaunt that ditty o'er my grave. Peregrine wrote it, my Peregrine is the author of it—he'll shew them how it ought to be sung—I do but mar the melody.

*Squire ABEL enters.*

*Sir J.* Hah! How's this? Squire Abel, what brings you here?

*Abel.* My heart brings me here. How can I help it, when Miss Letty's ill? What brings you here, Beau?

*Tiff.* Hush!—Beau indeed! Rainbow you mean to say—Doctor Rainbow—that's my name and title.

*Abel.* Whuh! that's a good one.

*Sir J.* You know this gentleman, it seems.

*Tiff.* Not above half of me—only the fag end of the piece.

*Abel.* How should I know him, or any other man, when Miss Letty's in that taking? Mayn't I approach and speak to her?

*Let.* Come, don't be frighten'd: I know you—you are Horatio, the friend of Hamlet, and I won't hurt you.

*Abel.* You're beyond me there; I could never learn one word of Horatio in all my days—but I'm not afraid of you; I can be hurt by you no where but in my heart.

*Let.* This way, Horatio, this way—follow me—

*Sir J.* Lucy, attend your lady; don't lose sight of her. [*Exeunt Let. Lucy, and Abel.*] This fellow's a buffoon, and is come to make sport of me—I'll prove him further. [*Aside.*] Well, learned Sir, no doubt you have form'd your opinion of this unhappy case; How do you decide?

*Tiff.* Sir John, your daughter's malady is the malady of the heart; in other words, Love, for which, as I told you before, there is in nature but one cure, and that is a cure natural—Love for love.

*Sir J.* By that I'm to understand you prescribe—

*Tiff.* A Peregrine—you are perfectly right, Sir, and correctly apprehend my meaning.

*Sir J.* And pray, Sir, where am I to find this Peregrine?

*Tiff.* Oh Sir, I have my medicines always within reach; I can speedily fetch him.

*Sir J.* You know where to look for him then; you are acquainted with Peregrine?

*Tiff.* Sir, I am—I am, Sir, to be sure, a little acquainted, as it were, with Mr. Peregrine.

*Sir J.* Will you then be pleased to bear a message to him?

*Tiff.* By all means, worthy Sir: What are your commands?

*Sir J.* Tell him from me, my patience has been insulted by a silly jackanapes, who has visited me in the sham character of a doctor, when I perceive his real character is merely that of a buffoon; and say, moreover, if he had not taken a hint and decamp'd in good time, I should have order'd my servants to have treated him with the discipline of a blanket.

*Tiff.* Sir, I understand you, and at one glimpse

of your displeasure, the Rainbow vanishes; but lest I should do a prejudice to him, for whose sake I have been guilty of this folly, I declare to you upon my honour (for honour I can boast, though wisdom I don't pretend to) that Peregrine is no party in this silly project, and altogether ignorant and innocent of it. Now, Sir, I should hope, you will not proceed the length to make me fight with you, as pistols don't respect pedigrees, and a bullet is a go-between, that will make no distinction between you as Cambro-British and me as British-cambrick: therefore, begging pardon for all offences, I remain (errors excepted) your most obedient servant Timothy Tiffany, and humbly take my leave.

*Sir J.* You take the only thing that I can freely spare you. *[Exeunt severally.]*

*Squire ABEL and LETITIA.*

*Abel.* Come in, come in; they're off—And now, Miss Letty, as I was telling you, or rather as I would have told you—only, do you see, bless your dear heart! how you have frighten'd me—

*Let.* Well, but that's over now, so go on! you see I am come to my senses.

*Abel.* Yes, yes, but my senses are not quite come to me—The ship, you see, Miss Letty—the ship is found—that is, I should say, is lost—And the child, that is Peregrine you know, is lost in her—

*Let.* You mean saved.

*Abel.* To be sure I do, but I was just then thinking of you, and you was lost, as I thought—but if that was all a sham, do you see, Miss

Letty, I'll cut any post into a poet, and your inimitable acting shall bring him through.

*Let.* Well, well! but proceed with your story.

*Abel.* Why then I tell you we stick fast for want of a locket. Didn't I tell you David Duncan tied a picture of Captain Manfred round the child's neck? I would he had tied a halter round his own before he had done it, for we are all gravell'd for want of that bit of a picture.

*Let.* Is that all you want? Then I can help you out: Here is the very thing you are in search of—My uncle Manfred himself, and as like to Peregrine as pea to pea.

*Abel.* Oh lud, oh lud! Hurrah! I'm in the clouds—Give me joy; give me the picture; give me a kiss! By the living, I'll not bate you, I'll not let you off without the kiss.

*Let.* There, there! be content! Nay, prithee now—Go your way, for a good fellow as you are—but take great care of the picture—

*Abel.* Jeremiah! what a happy dog is Peregrine! Well, well! merry be his dole—I can't help being merry too—Now I'm off—now I'll go, and find him out, and then look well to yourself, Miss Letty! Bless the King, what a dance we'll kick up at your wedding!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

PEREGRINE, GEORGE IVEY.

*Geo.* Come in, I pray you now come in, Mr. Peregrine. It gladdens me to snatch a sight of you. Sit down, sit down and rest yourself a bit. With your leave I'll make bold to take a chair beside you.

*Per.* Do so, my good friend, your age wants no excuse.

*Geo.* I am old to be sure, and that's a plea with some folks to make free with their betters; but I know my distance; I don't need to be taught my duty at these years. I have been a pretty while servant in this family, Mr. Peregrine, and have seen better days than the present—but this is an old man's prattle, and uninteresting to you.

*Per.* Not at all, not at all—pray proceed.

*Geo.* My first master, old Sir John of the Castle, as he was call'd, and father of the present baronet, had a youngerson—I honour'd him, Mr. Peregrine, I loved him at my heart—he was about your age, or somewhat older, when I saw him and took leave of him, alas! for the last time—When I look on you, Sir, methinks he is before my eyes—but we'll say no more of him—I'll not intrude my sorrows upon you.

*Per.* Why, in good truth, my friend, I have enough—and yet, if I mistake not, you told me something of a certain relic, which you preserve and prize, of his bestowing—I think it was a picture—



*Geo.* It is, it is his picture—like as the life itself.

*Per.* A miniature?—

*Geo.* A small oval—His lady had the fellow of it, and wore it as a locket—

*Per.* Indeed!—he was married?—

*Geo.* He was a husband and a father also—

*Per.* Have you that picture about you?

*Geo.* I have it not just now—To own the truth, I lent it, under seal of secrecy, to a certain young lady, who saw some traces there, that caught her eye, and would not be refused.

*Per.* Reclaim it, I conjure you, and let me see it—there are strange coincidences between the fate of that unhappy family, as I have heard you partially detail it, and my undiscovered parents—That picture, George, that picture is the test.

*Squire ABEL enters.*

*Abel.* Hah! my dear fellow, what a devil's dance have you led me through this crooked town. There have I been spelling out the names of the streets and gaping up at every corner, till the more I read, the more I rambled, and never should have puzzled out my way to you, if I had not luckily chopp'd upon Beau Tiffany, who brought me here to the door.

*Per.* Well, my good friend, and now we are met, what is your business with me?

*Abel.* A budget full, if I have not dropt it by the way, but my noddle is but a leaky one at best, and here have I been hustled about from pillar to post at such a rate that I scarce know whereabouts I am. Ah! Master Ivey, I have some queries for you, if I can call them to mind

—but I have knotted them down here on my handkerchief.

*Per.* Very good ! you have a pocket memory at least.

*Abel.* No, I have nothing in my pockets ; they are both swept clean ; those civil gentlemen who took such pains to set me right in my way, have certainly mistaken my pockets for their own.

*Per.* Is your watch safe, and your purse ?

*Abel.* Both, both : so you see I have neither lost my money nor my time—And now, Peregrine, you must think, father and I have had a sort of a tustle, for he is for having me come on again on this ground, do you see, and making up to Letty Manfred, which is about as likely a thing for me to do, as to take the eyes out of your head—so in the mean time I have sprung a kind of a plot upon him, in which you must bear a part.

*Per.* Ah ! Squire, take example from Beau Tiffany, and spring no more plots.

*Abel.* Well, well, but when you come to hear the story, David Duncan has to tell, you'll find there may chance to be one more Manfred in the world than Sir John has taken credit for—David will prove to you as clear as day-light that Captain Manfred's son, a little child, was saved alive out of the ship, in which he went down to the bottom—

*Geo.* Good heaven ! if this be true—

*Abel.* True ! egad, friend Ivey, I wou'dn't have you be the man, that should tell David, that it is false—If Peregrine will come with me, he may hear the whole.

*Per.* Who is this man, this David Duncan ? Where is he, and what is he ?

*Abel.* Why he is father's own body servant—  
I thought all the world knew Davy Duncan—  
As for his honesty, that's out of question,  
for he is a brave old soldier, and sailed with  
Captain Manfred in the—in the—plague upon't,  
I've forgot the ship's name—

*Geo.* The Seahorse.

*Abel.* You're right—Seahorse—There wasn't  
room in my head for that Seahorse.

*Per.* Come on! you've roused my curiosity  
to the height. George, if your master asks for  
me, tell him that business of importance called  
me off. I will be here again—meanwhile, re-  
member the picture.

*Abel.* The picture! Oddslife, I had almost  
forgot the picture; here it is! Prove this to be  
your father, and I'll prove you to be his son.  
[*Gives the Picture.*]

*Per.* Merciful Providence! this is my father.

*Abel.* Hurrah again! Have at you, old Man-  
fred, you have got a nephew, though you never  
got a son.

*Per.* How's this, how's this? My blood runs  
back upon my heart—I shall faint.

*Abel.* Mine runs to my fingers' ends; I shall  
fly.

*Per.* George, George, is this the portrait of  
your master?

*Geo.* It is, it is: I lent it to Miss Letitia.

*Abel.* And she lent it to me, there you have  
the whole of it.

*Per.* Behold the perfect counterpart! This  
locket was found upon me when I was an infant  
and saved from perishing.

*Geo.* It must, it must be so! Heaven has  
restored the son of my dear master. [*kneels.*]

*Per.* Compose your spirits.

*Abel.* I could as soon compose an almanack; my spirits will never be composed again.

*Per.* My dear, dear fellow, if I do not tell thee what I feel, it is because I cannot.

*Abel.* That's a devilish good reason, and I can't wish for a better; but come along with me to David Duncan.

*Per.* Set forward! George, keep this matter secret till you see me again.

*Abel.* Blood and fire, Peregrine, now I've once set out upon discovery, I shall never stop till I've discovered the longitude. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes.*

*Sir JOHN and Lady MANFRED.*

*Lady M.* Come, come, my dear, she owns it, and repents: You will not hold out, I'm sure you won't, Sir John. I have forgiven her, and so will you.

*Sir J.* And pray, my Lady, if I may ask it without offence, how happens it that you, who were so ready to banish Peregrine, are now become so easy of forgiveness towards your daughter, who certainly deserves no slight reproof for the base trick she played us for his sake?

*Lady M.* I'll answer you sincerely—I perceive by this attempt of her's how desperate we shall make her, if we persist to oppose her inclination; I also doubt the right we have to do it, the object of her choice being so worthy. Now have I answered fairly.

*Sir J.* Fairly and fully—Behold she comes!

LETITIA *enters.*

*Let.* Ah! my dear father, is there any hope for your poor penitent Letitia? Can you forgive me?

*Sir J.* I am trying to forgive you; but till my heart convinces me I love you as well as if you had never offended, 'tis an abuse of words to say that I forgive you.

*Let.* Oh! if you will not love me as you did, I shall be really that distracted wretch I only feigned to be.

*Sir J.* You have a powerful advocate in your mother, and no small interest in your father's bosom, where you are lodged so firmly that at once I pardon all your faults, and press you to a heart which loves you. [*embraces her.*]

*Let.* 'Tis now that I perceive, how lovely truth, deceit and artifice how odious. Perhaps if I was practised in such pleadings, I could set up a plausible defence, but I despise the thought, and hope no daughter, however hardly driven, will copy my example, and fly to such resources. I'm sure, that Peregrine himself would disclaim them.

*Sir J.* I think he would. But you love him still—

*Let.* Oh! if I did not love him even to madness, I should not have the shadow of an excuse.

*Sir J.* Should you be pleased to see him?

*Let.* Ah, Sir—

*Lady M.* My dear Sir John, here let me speak—Will you preserve your daughter, aye or no? Do you not see that on her single life hang all your hopes, your name, your family? What is it you can wish for in a son-in-law, that

Peregrine is wanting in, but name, which you can give him, and fortune, which you have to superfluity?

*Sir J.* That's true, but still if he could find a father—

*Lady M.* What then? he's noble in himself; what more can you desire? Let me prevail—make your daughter happy, who, whilst I plead for her, poor child, stands trembling in anxious agonizing suspense—look at her and refuse her if you can—

*Sir J.* Letitia, have you nothing to advance in your own cause?

*Let.* What can I say? What need I? let me rather owe my happiness to reason and your own voluntary gift, than wring it from your pity by entreaties.

*Sir J.* That is well said, my child; and when you hear that I have Peregrine now in my house, and feel an impulse towards him warm as you can wish, you will perceive there's little need to extort consent from one so predisposed to grant it—Who waits?

GEORGE IVEY enters.

Tell Mr. Peregrine we wish to see him.

*Geo.* Please you, Sir John, he is gone out with young 'Squire Origen upon pressing business.

*Sir J.* What business can he have with him so pressing as what he leaves behind him?

*Geo.* I can't tell, Sir—that's as it may turn out—

*Let.* What ails you, George? You seem much agitated.

*Geo.* Do I seem agitated? Perhaps I am, Miss

Letty; perhaps I have cause to be agitated, to be overjoyed, to be beside myself, as it were, with joy, upon Mr. Peregrine's discovering— Mercy on me! what am I saying? what am I betraying? Pray pardon me, I know not what I do. *[Exit.]*

*Let.* What is all this? My heart forebodes something is coming forward to rescue Peregrine from his obscurity—

*Lady M.* Come, child, my curiosity is roused like yours, and my heart augurs the like happy fortune. *[Exeunt Lady M. and Let.]*

NED FLEXIBLE enters.

*Sir J.* So, so! your very humble servant, Mr Flexible! I am much obliged to you for all your favours; but let me tell you, your Rainbow's a mere watergull, an ignis fatuus, a cheat.

*Flex.* Hear me, Sir John, I answer to the charge—Not guilty, upon my honour! I've brought the man to father his own folly; by heavens, there's not a being in creation carries more crude beneyolence about him than my friend Tiffany; were it compounded into grains of mere goodness, there's enough to save a colony. Will you admit him now to make his peace?

*Sir J.* By all means, and as time is precious with me, we'll patch it up at once.

NED FLEXIBLE introduces TIFFANY.

*Flex.* Sir John, this is my friend, Tiffany—

*Sir J.* And mine also, here is my hand upon it.

*Tiff.* I take it, Sir John, not to feel your pulse, but to tender you my apology—Upon my soul,

I know not what possessed me, but as I never think before I act, when a friend's interest is at stake, it commonly has been my chance to do more harm in their cause than good.

*Sir J.* Sir, you shall do as you please, whilst you befriend a man so dear to me as Peregrine.

*Tiff.* I'm overjoy'd to hear you say, that Peregrine is dear to you.

*Squire ABEL, enters hastily.*

*Abel.* And so am I—breathless with joy, and running up your stairs, six at a stride. Your servant could not follow me, so pray pardon my want of ceremony and his want of speed, for when I'm the bearer of good news there's not a nimbler pair of heels in the kingdom.

*Sir J.* The bearer of good news brings his own welcome—let us hear it.

*Abel.* If Peregrine is dear to you, and I think those were your last words as I bolted into your room, I give you joy of his good fortune, for he has found a father, and you have gained a nephew, who will be an honour to your stock, and wear your name with at least as much credit to it as your humble servant, Abel ap Origen, who, if I may believe my father, am no great ornament to my own.

*Sir J.* Peregrine, my nephew! Peregrine, the son of my shipwreck'd brother! you astonish me. How is this strange discovery brought to light?

*Abel.* How are all strange discoveries brought to light, but by strange fellows like myself? That it is done, I know, but I hope it does not depend upon me to tell you how. You'll find Peregrine and his witnesses in the library;



they'll make it as clear to you that your brother was his father, as that I am the son of my mother.

*Sir J.* I'll go to them directly. [*Exit.*

*Abel.* Is not this a lucky turn for poor Peregrine? is'n't this a noble start of fortune in his favour? And what an advantage have we hearty fellows over all the selfish scoundrels in existence, when we can feel ourselves as happy in another man's good-fortune as in our own!

*Tiff.* Let me perish, if I would take life upon the terms some people hold it, scrubbing and scraping every thing into their own dirty net—Death and the devil, if man is not made for man, what is he made for?

*Flex.* Well said, Beau! It is not often you treat us with a sentiment, but when it does come, it comes with a hearty good will.—Hush! here's Sir Adam.

*Sir ADAM enters.*

*Sir A.* So, so, very good! The baronet, it seems, is busy. Glad to see you, Ned—how long am I to be upon this waiting job, think you?

*Flex.* Sir John will attend upon you the very instant he is at liberty.

*Sir A.* Well, well! there's no harm done—You will be surprised at the resolution I have taken, but this booby son of mine—Hah! there he is! Harkye, sirrah! a word with you! what's the reason you are always accompanied by that shadow of yours? Is it necessary for him to be a party in all our secret business?

*Abel.* If he is only a shadow, he'll not betray secrets, but I don't know what your business is, father.

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*Sir A.* Dolt, hav'n't I told you 'tis my purpose to close with Sir John Manfred on this occasion, on his own terms, for your marrying his daughter, and taking his name.

*Abel.* Oh! is that it? that's right, father, that's handsome on your part—Change my name indeed! to be sure I must, if she wont change her's; egad, for such a girl as Letty Manfred, a man would change any thing. Well, father, so 'tis all settled between you and Sir John, and you've got an act of parliament in your pocket; that puts an extinguisher on the Origen's; marry, 'tis high time when they had burnt down to such a poor snuff in the socket as I am; but I hope you don't think of asking any fortune of Sir John with his name and daughter.

*Sir A.* Fortune, blockhead! do you suppose I'll take his name without his estate?—

*Abel.* I hardly suppose you'll take either, for it seems you have got nobody's consent to the bargain but your own

*Sir A.* And who should hold out, I would fain know, when I accede?

*Abel.* Certainly, father, when you are satisfied there is one stumbling-block out of the way; so if you'll try your rhetoric upon Peregrine, when he has given up the lady upon your persuasion, I'll answer for his giving up her fortune without any persuasion at all.

*Tiff.* Yes, yes, that is only as we say in the way of trade, giving paper and packthread into the bargain.

*Sir A.* Sir, I have no concern with what you say in the way of trade, I only desire to know in the way of honour, how such a person as Peregrine comes to be mentioned in this affair, as having

any claim upon the estate or daughter of Sir John Manfred.

*Abel.* Lord love you, father, I would have told you every thing in my way, but you had a way of your own.

*Enter Sir JOHN MANFRED, Lady MANFRED, LETITIA, PEREGRINE, IVEY, and DAVID DUNCAN.*

*Sir J.* Sir Adam ap Origen, give me your pardon; I bring my apology in my hand — this gentleman is my new-discovered nephew, and, if Providence shall crown my wishes, my soon-to-be-acknowledged son in law.

*Sir A.* Sir John, if you are satisfied, there needs no more.

*Sir J.* Proofs, such as I have witnessed, must satisfy the most exceptionous. This good man of your's was present, when the infant son of my lost brother was rescued and preserved. This relic, the picture of his father, he with his own hands tied about his neck—

*Dqv.* I did, I did! if there is truth in man, these hands performed that office.

*Sir J.* Behold, it is preserved! And here's a counterpart of the same picture, given by my brother to his faithful servant; which being the image of the man before you, puts out of question every doubt that could affect the credibility of his almost miraculous escape.

*Geo.* How fondly I have treasured up that picture, Sir John and all his family can witness.

*Sir J.* Now, if to this, I add my conviction of his real worth, my choice is sanctioned in every way.

*Abel.* Why, this winds up all our happiness at once: I'm dancing drunk for joy; Tiffany's eyes twinkle with delight, and Ned's iron features melt into a smile: I don't believe my good lady here is sorry, and my sweet Miss Letty, though covered with blushes that are lovelier than the rose, will not be very angry if I give her joy of the best, the honestest, (ah! Peregrine, that hint won't stop me,) and the fondest fellow in all England—I've said it—who says to the contrary?

*Tiff.* Who dares? Sir John remembers I prescribed a Peregrine, and I hope he'll not forget that he owes me a fee.

*Sir J.* And you shall have it, my good friend—a flaming favour on the wedding-day.

*Tiff.* Egad, that would have been a famous job for my father, had he been living.

*Lady M.* My dear Sir John, you make your daughter suffer by talking in this style.

*Flex.* That can't be said of Peregrine, for joy has made him dumb.

*Per.* Can language supply expressions for a heart so overwhelm'd with blessings? Who can be eloquent that feels as I do? Oh! my Letitia, what was my presumption, when I aspired to love you in the depth of misery and distress.

*Let.* Why, what's the difference betwixt then and now? How are you bettered, but in your condition? Fortune can add no lustre to your virtues, obscurity can throw no shade upon them. For you I never blush'd, but for myself resorting to deceit, I blush'd, confessed my errors and was pardoned—I now look round, not absolutely without hope, for we

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know your kindness—not with presumption, for we own our failings—but resting all our plea on your indulgence, we humbly ask your sanction of our efforts, and general amnesty for all offenders.

*[Excunt omnes.]*



# **DON PEDRO.**

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**A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.**





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Count de Valdesoto.  
Pedro de Rascafria, *called El Diabolo.*  
Henrique, *his younger brother.*  
Basco de Robeldondo, *host of Venta nueva.*  
Nicolas Sassenigo.  
Tayo, }  
Roca, }  
Cerbero, } *robbers.*  
Lopez, }  
Martin, }  
President of the Inquisition.  
Ignacio, *Alguazil Mayor.*  
Gomez, *servant to Valdesoto.*  
1 Citizen of Segovia.  
2 Ditto.

Celestina, *daughter of Valdesoto.*  
Mariguita, *hostess of Venta nueva.*  
Cattania, *her reputed daughter.*  
Benedicta, *an old woman.*

*Inquisitors, Soldiers, Servants, &c.*

*SCENE, Spain, in and about Segovia.*



# DON PEDRO.

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## ACT I.

*Scene, the interior of a Spanish Venta.*

*BASCO enters.*

*Bas.* Hah! by St. Isidro, 'tis come at last—a pelting shower. Gramercy!—a copious benediction of sky-water. The clouds have burst their bladders, and souse it down by buckets full. Why, dame, where are you? Mariguita! gossip! How often must I call before you come?

*MARIGUITA enters.*

*Marig.* How now, what ails you? why do you bawl so loud?

*Bas.* Hang on the pot, my doxey. Stuff it well with your tomatas, garlicks, leeks, and pepper, and slice me in some collops of young kid—we shall have guests anon.

*Marig.* Yes, when it rains they come, when good St. Isidro doses their thread-bare doublets, then they flock like rats to 'scape a drowning; else, they pass by our solitary venta, and house themselves at Espinar, or farther on at Villacastin, which sucks all custom from us.

*Bas.* Let 'em pass on, there's not a tree, a

shrub, nay, not a leaf to shelter a musquito 'twixt this and Espinar; and now St. Isidro, (thanks to his reverence) has condescended to untruss at last, let 'em pass by our hovel if they like it—Look out, look out! I hear the tread of mules.

*Murig.* I say of mules—you hear the tread, perhaps, of a poor unshod ass, staggering beneath the unholy load of some fat bare-foot monk—a guest that brings no blessing to our larder but a huge paunch, that swallows all our store. Give me the music of a trio of mules, jingling their bells before some stately coach hung round with bandeloirs and hams, with store of wine in lockers underneath to feast some wealthy Señor, on whose fragments we browse most piously—these are vouchsafements that can't come too often, my merry Basco.

*Bas.* Put Señor Don before it, and you are right. Señor Don Basco de Robeldondo, host of the Venta nueva; that is my style and title.

*Murig.* Aye, your new style—when you clipt mules and cobbled old bonachoes, then gypsy Jonchin was all your title—but hush! what guest is this?

PEDRO DE RASCAFRIA *enters.*

*Ped.* Save you, fair publican! I greet your lips. *[Kisses her.]*

*Murig.* Aye, marry, there is manners in your greeting; but money Señor, is the thing we look to.

*Ped.* Why money, as you say, is no encumbrance to such as ride in state on sturdy mules; my beast is poor and meagre, wondrous patient, and temperate in his meals; a catholic good-creature, that keeps Lent on docks and thistles,

when he has luck to find 'em by the way-side ; 'twould be but charity to treat his teeth with a small truss of straw, and save the rackstaves, which he is now belabouring.

*Marig.* We serve out nothing upon charity—we have an oath against it ; St. James of Compostella knows we have.

*Ped.* I cry you mercy—oaths must be observed ; I have an oath to dine before we part, and that's a hungry oath, that will not be said nay to.

*Bas.* Your beast and you will find good entertainment, so you have money to appease your hunger.

*Ped.* Well, money is a pretty go-between ; it has the knack of pacifying stomachs ; a stranger needs no usher who has that : why, money, my brave host, would be the loadstone to draw the iron out of that stiff back of yours, and make it bend down to my shoe-strings. And you, my dainty gossip, you would smooth that angry brow, which, like the furrow'd sea, mounts into waves, and smile upon me kindly at the sight of a few dollars ; would you not ?

*Marig.* Try me, produce your dollars, and mark how soon an omelet shall start up, or a fine olio smoke upon the table.

*Ped.* Look then ! behold the idol that you worship. [*shows a purse of gold.*] Now bustle you, mine host, serve up a dish of barley to my beast—I'll meditate a grace before I dine ; he can fall to without it.

*Bas.* Fear nothing, Cavaliero ; for your beast, he shall be served most reverently ; household matters I leave to my good dame ; she'll toss you up a handsome olio, and it may be, enliven your repast with a gay seguedilla, or perchance

the Gaetana-fandango, we have those who can perform it featly.

*Marig.* That will I, though I bestir myself to make you sport.

*Ped.* Away! away! then, thou mercenary thing—I would be private. *[Walks aside.]*

*Bas.* Come hither, dame! as sure as I am Basco, that is, Don Pedro de Rascafria, the veriest devil in all Castile for mischief.

*Marig.* It is, it is Diabolo himself, the terror of the forest.

*Ped.* What are you muttering? begone!

*[Exeunt Basco and Mariguita.]*

*Ped.* Why, man must live by man: he that abounds must 'minister to him that lacks, and if he will not do it with good grace, lo! here are urgent arguments to enforce it. *[puts down his pistols on the table.]* Pedro de Rascafria was not born camelion-like, to live upon the air—no, there are certain natural gifts call'd appetites, lusts and desires, with which I am endow'd to quicken industry, and spur me on to great and noble darings. It should seem, when I was born, as if Dame Nature said—"Go forth, my "child; live at free quarters, give thy genius "scope at the world's cost, and never stay thy "hand for fear, or pity's sake."—I have fulfilled this motherly commission to a tittle. I dig no dollars from the mines; I take them flying, as the prize of valour. I covet no man's house, for where I list I lie down; and, like an ancient Troglodite, prefer my cavern to the palace of a king: love I ne'er felt for woman; to desire, with me is to possess; and to possess, is but to satisfy a wandering humour, and so pass on to objects more alluring.

*CATTANIA enters unobserved.*

*Cat.* Ah! there he is—Diabolo the terrible—  
what then? I'll venture: Señor—Señor—

*Ped.* Well, what's the matter?

*[Not looking towards her.]*

*Cat.* Did you call, Señor? is there nothing  
wanting?

*Ped.* Hah! by St. Anthony, a tempting wench.

*Cat.* Will you take company to help off time?  
Sure you must needs be lonesome.

*Ped.* Who are you, and whence come you?

*Cat.* I am the daughter of your host and  
hostess, if I may take their word for it. I can  
trace up my pedigree no higher.

*Ped.* No, if you do, you must trace it to the  
Nile, for thou'rt Egyptian born—a very pretty,  
black-eyed, flippant gypsey.

*Cat.* Aye, so some say, and call me Guittana,  
but my true name's Cattania—who gave it, and  
where it was laid on me, I know not, nor concern  
myself to know. Do you like seguedillas? I'm  
provided.

*Ped.* You are indeed, with a good stock of  
impudence—you can dance too—you have the  
true fandango, you young gypsey; where are  
your castanets?

*Cat.* What will you give me, Señor?

*Ped.* Nothing.

*Cat.* What, absolutely nothing? oh for shame!  
you are full of money, why are you so sparing?  
you are young and comely, why are you so sul-  
len? come, give me this. *[Takes up his pistol.]*

*Ped.* Let it alone: it is for my use, not your's.

*Cat.* You see that I can handle it, and point  
it too; if I but touch this spring, you are a dead  
man.

*Ped.* What then? you would not kill me.

*Cat.* Kill you indeed! not for the world, not I—only sweet Señor, give me up that bag of dollars you are burthen'd with, or look to have this bullet through your brains.

*Ped.* I'll give thee nothing, though I like thee well for thy brave spirit. Lay the pistol down.

*Cat.* Lay down your money first — Come, come, impart! your money or your life—you are fairly pounded. Deliver, or I fire!

*Ped.* Fire, in the devil's name, and do your worst.

*Cat.* Thou hast the devil's name, for thou art Pedro, fitly nick-named Diabolo; thou art that enterprising spirit that lays this forest under contribution.

*Ped.* Be sure I am, that very Pedro de Rasca-fria, at whose name the boldest heart may tremble—Kill me, and thou'lt be canoniz'd.

*Cat.* No, if I'm sainted it shall be for mercy, and not for murder—[*lays down the pistol.*] I like your free and lofty style of living; but not your devil's tricks, your bloody dealings—I would fain teach you pity.

*Ped.* How would you compass that?

*Cat.* By inspiring you with love; they are passions near a-kin.

*Ped.* Away! I cannot love!

*Cat.* 'Tis false; you cannot live, and say you cannot love!

*Ped.* If I should love thee, gypsey, I should kill thee for having made me the base fool of woman.

*Cat.* I fear you not, for cruelty is but a habit with you; love is your nature's instinct.

*Ped.* Come with me then; but mark me, wench, I'll never trust thee further from my



sight than my sword's length I had a page shot by my side this morning, thou shalt put on his clothes and fill his place—Good chance but I'll promote thee to the like glorious death. Thou foolish thing, to call me by my name, and boast of the discovery! thou hast lost thy liberty henceforth for ever; all efforts to escape from me are vain; thou shalt as soon shake off the famish'd wolf, when he has hook'd his fangs into thy ribs.

*Cat.* I care not, I am here a slave to wretches, that call themselves my parents, but who stole me, or bought me at a price, I know not which. Strike off my fetters; I've a taste for freedom, and my spirit mounts to a pitch as lofty as thine own. I'll serve thee truly, boldly, and zealously.

*Ped.* That's my brave wench! agreed—

*Enter TAYO, ROCA, CERBERO, robbers.*

Now Tayo, Roca, Cerbero, whence come ye?

*Roca.* May we speak out? is that wench staunch, commander?

*Ped.* Staunch as the rock we dwell in: an Amazon, that loves the smell of powder better than civet; one, that will not wink when you shall shut both eyes.

*Cer.* Perish the man, who dare not look on death with both eyes steadily: you squint at petticoats, Diabolo. I will not speak before that gypsey wench, not I; we'll have no she-monkeys in our menagerie.

*Ped.* Go, hang thyself, thou rascal, Cerbero, for a three-headed dog!

*Cat.* The rogue is nothing better than a bully—Give me your pistol, Pedro, and I'll pounce him; nay, give it me, I say, and he shall quickly

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have a sop to cure him of his barking—Does he think to scare me with his black mustachios?

*Cer.* Peace, peace, my Joan of Arc, I hug thy valour. I did but speak to prove thee.

*Cat.* Thou'rt but a swaggering knave and no true man, spite of those dog's-tails underneath thy nose.

*Ped.* That's my brave page! now let me see the man that dares to vex thee! by my head I swear, he dies that does it—Tayo, you are civil, yet brave withal, be spokesman for the rest, and let me know your business.

*Tayo.* Puissant Chief, we have made prize of one, a young cavaliero it should seem, of no mean sort. My fellows, Cerbero and Roca, would fain have knock'd him on the head outright; but I, in virtue of my captainship, deputed in your absence, held them from it.

*Cer.* Yes, and you'll swing for it, good hope, if he is let loose to turn informer.

*Roca.* Captain, this Tayo is not fit to lead us, he has a twang of pity, that don't suit our natural dispositions or our calling.

*Cer.* You are not troubled with that vice yourself, merciless Diabolo; your weak side is only towards these petticoat adventurers.

*Roca.* Peace, Cerbero, you'll urge him past his bearing.

*Ped.* Stand from before him, Roca: by St. Pedro, the patron of my name, I'll strike him dead.

[*Draws his sword.*]

*Cat.* Stop, I demand a boon! it is my first and you shall grant it, captain—Give him his life, and let him scoff his fill.

*Cer.* Captain, I cry you mercy! I will offend no more.

*Ped.* See that you don't—bridle that triple tongue, and be more temperate.

*Enter MARIGUITA.*

*Marig.* Why Catty, Catty — what are you about? hah! the whole gang upon us! we are lost.

[*Runs out.*]

*Ped.* Tie up that cat, and stop her bawling tongue, Roca and Cerbero—but mark me, lads, no pilfering—bind her only to her chair and leave her. [*Exeunt Roca and Cerbero.*] Now, Tayo, let me hear of this same cavalier whom you have taken—where have you lodged him?

*Tayo.* In the cave: Lopez and Martin are in charge of him.

*Ped.* How is he call'd?

*Tayo.* He would not tell his name.

*Ped.* Young, did you say?

*Tayo.* About your age, sir, and in shape and feature much favouring you, methinks, save that the sun has not been so familiar with his complexion, nor has his brow that cloud which hangs on your's; but is serene and mild.

*Ped.* My mind misgives me that it is my brother Don Henrique, who was this very day to meet my uncle, Count de Valdesoto, and his road lies through our purlieus. If it should be Henrique [*aside.*—but come, the cave, the cave—the cave—let us begone—my spirit is in arms.

*Cat.* Will you not stay your hunger, ere you march?

*Ped.* No, my gay wench, our spirits, like the air, on which we'll feed, shall be free, active, quick to conceive, and give to thought its instant operation and effect. Where is your arm—away, away! we've noble game on foot. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to a Kitchen, where MARIGUITA is discovered tied down in her seat.*

*Mar.* Ah, cruel monsters! flinty-hearted villains! What will become of me? Cattania's fled, that gypsy has gone off with those that bound me, and Basco's fears will keep him all night from me, hid in his hole underneath the straw—Hark! who comes here? [*Nicolas enters.*] Blest be Saint Monica, 'tis Nicolas, as I live, friend Nicolas of Cornejo. Welcome, welcome, the honestest, best soul in all Castile. I'm joy'd to see thee, honest, honest Nicolas!

*Nic.* Yes, I am honest to a fault, good mistress—too honest for this world, Heaven knows—a sip of aqua vita, with your leave; the wind is cold—

*Marig.* Alas, good Nicolas, I cannot stir; do you not see I'm fastened to this chair; some thieves have fettered me; make haste, make haste, and set me free.

*Nic.* I will, I will. I'm coming—Why, they've done it as 'twere for doom's day. Thieves do you call 'em? They must be water-thieves that have belay'd you after this fashion; this is seamen's work; these are no granny's knots.

*Marig.* Stand not to prate, but loose me instantly.

*Nic.* I will, I will. The rain has numb'd my fingers. I'll beat them into feeling, and then to work. Have the rogues filched your money?

*Marig.* No, no; my money 'scap'd them, 'tis safe within the till; Saint Pedro *ad Vincula* protected me.

*Nic.* Saint Pedro ow'd you that turn, methinks, for you, like him, are now fast bound in fetters, you are *ad Vincula*, methinks, though no Saint.

*Marig.* Where are you going?

*Nic.* Only to the till, to see that all is safe. Ah, here it is! why this is wondrous lucky.

*Marig.* Come, come, you do but lose the time, good Nicolas—I am in pain the whilst.

*Nic.* Are you in pain? poor soul, poor soul.

*Marig.* As I'm a sinner, they've almost cut my shoulder blades asunder—dispatch, dispatch!

*Nic.* I'm coming; but if you are a sinner, pain is good, 'twill serve in lieu of penance.

*Marig.* I have bought off my penance. I had just paid the father his atonement; therefore the till is open.

*Nic.* Right, you've done well! then what remains, you know, is owing to Saint Pedro, who procured it. I'll take it to his shrine at Espinar, and rid you of the journey.

*Marig.* Why villain, villain, will you rob me of it?

*Nic.* No, rob you,—I! what, honest, honest Nicolas your friend—the honestest, best soul in all Castile? I'll not defraud Saint Pedro of a maravedi. I've left the till quite clean—Good bye to you!—When I come back, I'll bring a blessing with me—I shall find you here at my return.

*Marig.* Wretch, will you leave me thus? Take all I have, but free me from this torture.

*Nic.* Well, I'll just take a peep to see that all sits smooth and easy to your comfort—Dear me, dear me! how your poor hands are swelled. I take it 'tis the stoppage of the blood, that forces all your fingers into puddings, as black as a bologna. Hold! here is something that hangs loose about you—I'll brace it up a little tighter for you. How do you find it now?

*Marig.* Wretch, merciless, unfeeling wretch, you've cut my arms in two.

*Nic.* Well, they can spare it; they are big enough—Good bye to you. My love to honest Basco when you see him.—He'll thank me for this service—fare you well! Methinks I've now repaid you for your tricks. Basco shall have the money back again. [*Aside and exit.*]

*Marig.* Ah, me, ah, me! Must I sit here and perish? help, help! Oh gracious lady of Atocha, send me some help and save me!

*BENEDICTA enters.*

*Ben.* Save you, mistress! Alas, alas! I heard your piteous cries as I passed by your doors. Come, come, I'll quickly loose you—I'm old and poor, and deeds of charity fall rarely in my power.—So, so, 'tis done! Now you are free.

[*Unties the cords.*]

*Marig.* Oh! this is timely succour. My poor shoulders, how they do tingle! Ah! there's none like our lady of Atocha at a hard pinch; I thought that she would hear me: I'm sure she sent you hither.

*Ben.* No, mistress, no. No lady sent me hither, but a few matches, which I looked to vend at the next village, whither I am travelling. I fear you've been ill treated by some robbers; they say Don Pedro's people are about—a cruel knave!—They call him el Diabolo.

*Marig.* I wou'd his name-sake had the knave that robbed me. I am plundered, stript, I've not a maravedi left to cross your hands withall.

*Ben.* Well, well, I do not look for a return; I am enough rewarded to have helped you out of your distress, and done a christian office. If

you find other in the like necessity, give as you have received assistance freely, 'twill better recommend you to Heaven's favour, than offerings at the altar of Atocha. [*Exit.*]

*Marig.* I'm glad she's gone, the hag ! I would not trust myself an hour under the same roof with such an impious creature, that can profane our lady of Atocha, and claim the credit of releasing one.

*Enter BASCO.*

*Bas.* Ah, my poor Mariguita, who has freed thee ?

*Marig.* Ask rather who it is has filch'd my money ; wou'd you believe, that shaver of Comejo, that Nicolas Sassenigo, whom we thought so honest, has plundered me before my very face.

*Bas.* Come, come, 'tis all a gambol, a mere jest—I have your money.

*Marig.* A pretty jest forsooth ! a precious gambol ! I'll make an inquisition job of it : I'll teach him what it is to finger consecrated cash—It shall be his turn next to be tied up, then let him take his fill, if he likes jesting—but come, let's search the house for what is left ; if Pedro and his gang have taken nothing with them but Cattania, we may perhaps find profit in that loss.

[*Excunt.*]

## ACT II.

*The Robbers' Cave. A Lamp burning. An iron grating that communicates with a Dungeon.*

PEDRO enters.

*Ped.* 'Tis he! I spied him through the iron grating: 'Tis Henrique, that younger born, my brother, whose mawkish insipidity of character is my contempt; for he has grace and goodness, and carries a precious outside to the world. I, a free untam'd spirit, rough as Esau; he smooth as Jacob, his fair prototype, whose craft he copies; he cou'd wind round my foolish father's heart, base, crawling, slippery serpent; I stood erect in native energy, and like the crested cockatrice defied him.—Therefore to council, vengeance!—If I spare him, let Nature spit on me, and call me coward.

*Enter TAYO, LOPEZ, and MARTIN.*

*Tayo.* Valiant Don Pedro, let your lofty spirit this once stoop to pity. Kill not the youth whom we have made our prisoner,

*Lop.* We wou'd fain save him, captain; in warm blood when the balls fly about us, we blink not at fair service: but cool determined murder we revolt from. Our stomachs are not strong enough to digest it.

*Mar.* We are banditti, captain, and not butchers. In short, we will not do it, brave Diabolo, nor suffer it to be done, so there's an end.



*Ped.* How say you—will not do it? Harkye, my friends, have you considered, if you let him loose, you let loose an informer who knows your haunts? Did ever man escape from this cave alive?

*Lop.* 'Twas dark night, captain, when we brought him hither, and when we take him hence, it shall be no less dark, for we will muffle him with a thick barcelona, wrapt about his eyes.

*Ped.* What say your comrades, Cerbero and Roca?

*Mar.* Hang 'em, they're drunk.

*Tayo.* The aqua vitæ at the venta neuva swims in their heads, they neither hear nor see, nor cou'd they stand upon their feet to stay us, if they had hearts for it.

*Ped.* Hear me, my friends, we'll have no mutiny. I am your captain, am I not?

*Tayo.* You are, and we are sworn to obey you loyally.

*Ped.* Make loyal suit then to me, and I will grant it.

*Lop.* We do, we do make suit.

*Mar.* We scorn to mutiny; only we do not like the hangman's office.

*Ped.* Compunctious dastards! [*Aside.*] Let me think—I have it. He must put off that dress which now he wears; he cannot quit the cavern so apparell'd; here, Tayo, take my keys, you'll find a suit complete within my cell. Equip him at all points as for the forest—Thus he shall pass unquestioned.

*Tayo.* 'Tis well conceived; we thank you, noble captain; it shall be done.

*Ped.* And hark'ye, Tayo, bring his clothes to me, I have a use for them. Enter, the grate

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is open—[*Unlocks the dungeon,* ]—[*Exeunt Tayo, Lopez, and Martin.* ]—Capitulating slaves, I cast you off; my soul is sick of your society.

*Enter ROCA and CERBERO.*

*Roca.* How long are we to wait your decree, most valorous captain?

*Cer.* When may we cut the wind-pipe of our prisoner, gracious Diabolo?

*Roca.* The life of business is dispatch, commander. It is not common with you to be tardy.

*Cer.* Besides, our dinner waits, and we wou'd fain clear away all our business out of hand. We wou'd not be disturb'd in our siesta.

*Ped.* Nor shall you, comrades! I commend your zeal for the safe being of our brave community; but for this once I'll be your executioner, and take the fate of this young stranger to myself.

*Cer.* Well! it won't overburden you, Diabolo. Your conscience has good stowage; 'twill not founder.

*Ped.* Fear it not, Cerbero: Tayo is stripping this young poppinjay of his fine feathers; that done, do you see, I must interrogate him apart; there may be secrets to be screw'd from him, that may conduce to profit—Go to your dinner, lads! save me a plate, and I'll come to you when the work is over. Away, away! [*Exeunt Robbers.*]

*CATTANIA enters, dressed as a Page.*

*Cat.* Now, my good master, how do you like me thus? Am I not a proper 'squire for a true knight of the forest?

*Ped.* Viva Cattania! having now new-rigg'd you, we must new-name you.

*Cat.* Call me Fortunio, for I bless the hour when first I follow'd after your gallant fortunes.

*Ped.* Fortunio be your name! Arm yourself well, and get your mule caparison'd: I'm going forth.

*For.* Go where you will, I am your faithful shadow.

*Ped.* Take your eyes off from me, you saucy gypsey, there's witchcraft in their glances—stand aside! Now, Tayo, is your prisoner attir'd?

*TAYO enters.*

*Tayo.* He is equipped in your old fighting doublet, and twin was never more like to twin than he to you. Here are his clothes, what shall be done with these?

*Ped.* Here, sirrah! take them in your charge, and wait for me with Tayo on the outside of the cave. Roca and Cerbero are at their mess. Hold yourself ready, and above all be silent! Away, dispatch, you know the rendezvous—Tayo, be faithful!

*Tayo.* Never fear me, captain.

*[Exeunt Tayo and Fortunio.]*

*Ped.* What means this trepidation at my heart? Henrique, come forth! *[Goes to the grate.]* Why am I thus? Pity can never move me, fear never yet approach'd me, and as for Nature, they who reduced me to this desperate state, cut all her kindred ties at once asunder—Henrique, I say, come forth!

*[Goes again to the grate.]*

HENRIQUE enters.

*Hen.* Sure I have heard that voice—Defend me, Heaven! it is my brother, it is he, 'tis Pedro—

*Ped.* Well, it is Pedro.

*Hen.* Then I am lost, inevitably lost.

*Ped.* Do you hold me so implacable?

*Hen.* What mercy can I look for from a robber?

*Ped.* Do you call me robber? who is robb'd if I am not? If, driven by dire necessity, I have enlisted myself with robbers, rather than starve and die for want of charity, what man with half a soul wou'd cast it in my teeth? Who but wou'd pity me? The very judge, that by the law was destin'd to condemn, wou'd in his heart acquit me; methinks, Don Henrique, brother for brother might do more than this.

*Hen.* Be witness, Heaven, how ardently I've pray'd for your conversion, Pedro.

*Ped.* Sir, I don't need your prayers: I, like yourself, am but in habit, not in heart, a robber. Do you think the comforts of a life like this are such as I should covet? The brutal manners of this desperate crew, are they congenial to my nature? No; whatever devil's name they may fix on me, whatever title malice may assign me, as captain of these robbers, I am none, but a poor prisoner, caught like yourself in their infernal snares, and made, against my will, to share their dangers.

*Hen.* If this be so, oh Pedro, I conjure thee break off at once from this abandon'd gang; fly from this bloody den, and share my fortune.

*Ped.* What is your fortune, Henrique? A poor student at Salamanca, the small pittance on

which you live, wou'd hardly furnish scraps to a tame jack-daw.

*Hen.* True, but our wealthy uncle, Valdesoto, who has so long been governor of Mexico, is now return'd, and had not this mischance befallen me in the forest, I had met him ere now by his appointment—I have here his letter, which gives me flattering promises.

*Ped.* Produce it.

*Hen.* Hah! how is this? They made me change my clothes, and in my hurry I have overlook'd it. 'Tis in the pocket of my scholar's habit.

*Ped.* Well then, it will be found, when we are clear of these banditti: I contrived this dress for your escape out of the cave, and have secured your clothes.

*Hen.* And do you mean in very earnest, Pedro, to rescue me from this infernal place?

*Ped.* Ah! can you doubt it? Am I not your brother? Is nature nothing? Can you suppose affection dead within me? Come come, divest yourself of this unjust suspicion. Cloak up your face, and slouch your hat over your eyes. That's well! Now ask a blessing of your patron saint, and Heaven be with us!

*Hen.* Oh my protector, oh my long-lost brother, let me this once enfold you in my arms, and tell you—

*Ped.* Come, 'tis well; when we are safe we will let loose our hearts—I do not like this hugging, it annoys me. [*Aside.*] Give me your arm—Tread softly and be silent. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CERBERO and ROCA.*

*Cer.* Roca ! come hither, lad ! You see I'm sober, I'm steady in my trim ; you're by the head ; that is, as if I had said—drunk, Roca, most incontinently drunk. Therefore, do you see, 'tis fit that I shou'd speak, and that you should say nothing, that is—hold your tongue and keep the fool at home. Tayo's a villain—I've said it, let that pass. Lopez and Martin are sugar-sops, egg-suckers—therefore they swing in couples—Holla ! you are asleep.

*Roca.* You lie, I do but nod.

*Cer.* Good words ! be civil, Roca ; you had best. Now mind me—That's the grating—behind it is the cage, and in it a bird, that, if we let him forth, will whistle us to the hangman—Here, Roca, take this tool, and do his business, Roca—Get you gone !

*Roca.* Do it yourself ; not I.

*Cer.* Slave, do you mutiny ?

*Roca.* No, I rebel.

*Cer.* What's that but mutiny in better language ? Will you not do this trick ?

*Roca.* I tell you, no.

*Cer.* Why then I'll do't myself — You're drunk and pitiful—Holla ! how is this ? the bird is flown.

*Roca.* I cou'd have told you that, but you are a fool and sober ; I'm drunk and wise withal. Our captain has him : Diabolo has spirited him away.

*Cer.* Oh then he is safe : Diabolo's a quick workman, and so sure, that he wou'd not spare his brother, though he had twinn'd with him ; he blinks at nothing but petticoats ; there is his weakness ; we have all our failings—Drink is

your vice, abominable drink—there's your blind side; I've warn'd you of it, Roca, but to no purpose. Come, we'll go and take a quieting siesta—Oh drink, drink will be your poison, Roca—Mind, I've told you. *[Exeunt.]*

*Scene.—The Forest.*

*PEDRO enters hastily, his sword drawn, follow'd by FORTUNIO.*

*Ped.* I've done the deed. Fortunio, page, where are you? Art sure I have dispatch'd him?

*For.* Oh! too sure. Ah Pedro, Pedro, you've a heart of stone.

*Ped.* I have a heart that is not worth the owning, a coward's heart, that quails, I know not why. Did you not mark how my hands shook, Fortunio? What cou'd that mean? It never shook before. Sure I have struck him short—Turn back, good friend, and finish what I've left undone.

*For.* I cannot, master, by my soul, I cannot. In this, and only this, I cannot obey you. Be satisfied you have destroy'd the living, urge not my nature to a deed so horrid as to deface the dead.

*Ped.* Dead, are you sure he's dead?

*For.* Look at your sword. How can you doubt if that blood-stain'd point has reach'd his heart?

*Ped.* Can you behold this weapon in my hand and not abhor me? Do you not curse the hour when first you saw me?

*For.* I wou'd, but cannot. Though I behold you bathed in a brother's blood, horrible sight! yet love, unconquerable love, impels me to you,

and I wou'd rather encounter death itself than quit you.

*Ped.* You are a mad wench—but look ! we are encounter'd, stand behind me.

*Enter Count de VALDESOTO, GOMEZ, and Servants.*

*Count.* Who and what are you, stranger ?

*Ped.* Who are you that ask ?

*Count.* Who am I ? that's a pretty question, truly. Can't you discern ? I wonder at your blindness. Where are my fellows ? Gomez, discuss my titles.

*Gom.* Stranger, whoe'er you are, you here behold the most illustrious Don Vincente de Rascafria, Count de Valdesoto, grandee of the first order, knight of the golden fleece, viceroy of Mexico, and general of the armies of his most Catholic Majesty—

*Ped.* I'm satisfied.

*Count.* So am not I with you for stopping him ; let him fetch breath, and he'll go on afresh.

*Ped.* I know your titles, noble Count, and know how worthily you wear them, having the honour, excellent Valdesoto, to call myself your nephew.

*Count.* Then you may chance to call yourself a devil, for I have a nephew, Pedro, goes by that title.

*Ped.* I'm sorry I must say he well deserves it. I blush to speak of him ; Heaven knows how long I struggled to reform him, but in vain ; I dare not now be known to be his friend ; all men avoid him, those especially who travel o'er this heath with charge of money : your Excellency, I am sure, wou'd not be pleased to meet him.



*Count.* Rascal, I never wish to see his face.

*Ped.* No, Sir, it is not safe to see his face; besides, so many other faces follow him, that it would scare a troop of horse to meet him. I, his own brother Henrique, have escap'd him, as 'twere, by miracle.

*Count.* Are you, indeed, Don Henrique, and my nephew? I must have proof of that.

*Ped.* Sir, that I am your nephew, this, your own gracious letter, which I treasure with most devout respect, will fully testify.

*Count.* Humph! let me see. You are,—you are my nephew: this is my letter sure enough, and you can be none else than my adopted Henrique—Welcome, welcome! Yes, yes, I might have seen it in your face; your father to a tittle, true Rascafria stamped upon your forehead—but come, we'll tarry in this place no longer: I left my coach, and came into this thickset, hearing a cry of murder.

*Ped.* It was my page that cried to me for help. We were beset by robbers—I was at swords with them, hard press'd by odds, when at your approach they fled.

*Count.* You say your brother Pedro is about; perhaps it was that villain that attacked you.

*Ped.* I cannot tell, Sir. I almost suspect it, but I am loth to call my brother—villain.

*Count.* He is a villain, call him how you will—a harden'd villain, steel'd against humanity.

*Ped.* Bad company and bad examples will corrupt the best of natures. I must hope at least he was not of the party that assail'd me; for if he was, I may have innocently slain my brother in self-defence.

*Count.* Did you not see his face? You must know that.

*Ped.* As perfectly as my own ; but these banditti, Sir, had masked their faces. Alas ! my heart is heavy.

*Count.* Come, come, I'll carry you to happier scenes, where a fair Mexican shall smile upon you, whose beauty shall dispel these gloomy thoughts. This way— *[Exit attended.]*

*Ped.* Fortunio, follow me ! The corpse, the corpse, how shall we hide the corpse ?  
*[Exeunt Pedro and Fortunio.]*

*Scene.—Another part of the Forest.*

NICOLAS and BENEDICTA.

*Nic.* Cross yourself, Benedicta ! cross yourself, good dame, as I do. Danger makes me devout : I wonder at you.

*Ben.* What danger shou'd I fear, being old and poor ?

*Nic.* Why poor and old are good preservatives from robbery and ravishment. But what if we shou'd chance upon Diabolo ! These are his haunts.

*Ben.* Well, let them be his haunts : he's not so mere a devil as to molest aged women.

*Nic.* No, who the devil wou'd ! Ah ! what is that. *[Discovers Don Henrique on the ground.]*

*Ben.* Mercy protect the man ! He's dead or dying.

*Nic.* I'm glad of it with all my heart—Stone dead, I hope ; for by this blessed light, if ever I beheld Diabolo, that's he.

*Ben.* Well, be it who it may, he needs our charity, for see he stirs, there's life in him.

*Nic.* Give me your crutch then, and I'll beat it out of him.

*Hen.* Oh, for the love of mercy, staunch my wound.

*Ben.* There, there, you hear him supplicate for mercy, can you withhold it? You, a surgeon too.

*Nic.* Yes, but I do not covet such a patient. Are you quite sure he's wounded? Who can tell but he may play some devil's trick upon us? And if the devil and the doctor wrestle, I can well guess which of them will come to the ground first. Ask where he's wounded.

*Hen.* Oh my side, my side.

*Nic.* Which side? for as I take it you have two, not to name one which I will not speak of.

*Hen.* My left side.

*Nic.* Fear nothing, then, for on that side your heart lies, and steel will not cut steel; no sword can pierce it, impenetrable Diabolo.

*Hen.* I'm not Diabolo; you do me wrong. I am Don Henrique; Diabolo's my brother, and has murder'd me.

*Nic.* Ah, now I've done with you: if you persist in your old trick of lying, I am off.

*Hen.* Indeed, indeed, I'm not Diabolo.

*Nic.* My humble service to you. Cure yourself; as if I did not know that old buff jerkin— If you won't own the truth, I will not touch you.

*Hen.* I have spoken the truth.

*Nic.* Then it must be when you were drunk, not now — but come, I see you really wounded; confess yourself Diabolo, and I'll dress you: if not, good day to you. I'll take my leave,

*Ben.* Oh! Nicolas, how can you turn away from a poor bleeding creature! Wretched man, whoe'er you are, humour his obstinacy, and call yourself Diabolo.

*Hen.* Dress me, and call me what you will. I faint—

*Nic.* Oho! you're come back to the truth at last—Now then, drink this, 'twill cheer your spirits, Señor Diabolo, and I'll make bold the whilst to probe your ribs—Dear heart, dear heart! how sad a wound is this?

*Ben.* Alas, alas, poor creature! Is it mortal?

*Nic.* You are, and so am I, but not this wound, nor he that owns it. The worse luck ours that must abide his stay longer amongst us—So! raise him up—How do you find yourself now?

*Hen.* Better, much better; 'tis a Christian office.

*Nic.* I am not quite sure of that, but this I'll say—there's not a barber-surgeon in all Castile, that can come near me for a simple puncture: marry, if it comes to your zig-zaggery amongst the small guts, liver, lungs, and sweet-bread, I wash my hands of it. I'm not a man to play at bo-peep with mortality. As for a fresh cut on the chin, or so, particularly if it be a cut of my own making, I cure it instantly by the first intention.

*Ben.* See, he revives—"Tis a good work, however; if he be wicked, he may live to mend—if good, the world will profit by our pains. My cottage is hard by—Had we a rug or blanket, we cou'd lift him thither, at least I'd strive for it.

*Hen.* Kind soul, if I survive, I'll not forget

you—but I believe my strength will serve me to creep along with your assistance slowly—Now raise me on my legs—Ah! I am giddy—support me! Thanks, thanks! Your charity has saved my life.

*Nic.* If Dunstan was a saint for cudgelling the devil, I doubt I shan't be canoniz'd for curing him.

[*Excunt.*]

## ACT III.

*The Castle of the Count de Valdesoto.*PEDRO *alone.*

*Ped.* Oh! Fernando Cortez, could'st thou come on earth, what would'st thou say to see thy Mexico govern'd by such an ass as Valdesoto! Oh, 'tis a precious gull, whose only wit lies in his coffers; his excellency at least has lin'd those well, and I, good hope, shall find a trick to lighten them. How now, Fortunio!

FORTUNIO *enters.*

Make fast the door; I have a word for you.

*For.* And I for you, and women's words are m blest; therefore I first demand if you intend to marry this Sultana of the Indies?

*Ped.* Yes; no; I care not which—Why do you ask?

*For.* Because, if such your purpose, and you mean to establish me in office, as her cup-bearer, or page of the chamber, or any other near authority, which gives me access to her vice-royal Majesty, I shall set both these claws into her face, and tear her eyes out.

*Ped.* How now, you foolish thing, art thou grown jealous of me on the sudden?

*For.* Gracious Saint Catherine, can you affect that puppet, that doll, that figure upon wires, whose eyes are beads set in a waxen mask?—

What is their language, what do they express ?  
Ah, Pedro, what one emotion do they inspire ?

*Ped.* Get thee gone, gypsey ! dost thou think that I can spy out beauties in the works of Nature ? They are all blank to me, and human clay is but in progress to become a part of the base soil we tread on ; will nothing cure thee of this foolish trick of loving one, who has not time to waste on such a baby passion ?

*For.* Why, if I do not love thee for thy virtues, (which wou'd indeed be folly,) where's the harm ?

*Ped.* Where is the harm ? To love, wou'd be perdition beyond what language yet has found a name for ; I shou'd affright thee, torture thee, destroy thee, laugh at thy miseries, make thy pains my sport, and rend thy heart with anguish from thy bosom—No, when you held your pistol to my head, and menac'd me with death, I thought you noble, worthy to be my mistress and my friend ; our natures seem'd congenial to each other ; but if you sink into a whining lover, I scorn you, loathe you, hate you for your meanness, that can descend to doat upon a murderer, stain'd with a brother's blood.

*For.* The devil, they say, lays by his natural shape when he wou'd tempt poor sinners ; you, Diabolo, make yourself horrible, and yet you charm me.

*Ped.* Begone ! I wou'd be private : urge me not. [*Exit. Fortunio.*] What shall I do ? face fortune, or fly from it ? Where is the hazard if I stand my ground and wed this Mexican ? My brother Henrique, unambitious, patient, and buried in his study, was not known without his college-gates at Salamanca. He led a frugal life, maintained no servants, courted no friends,

a solitary being—Relations we have none; our noble stock was stript to its last living branch, and that my fratricidal hand lopt from the trunk; I only, murderous wretch, blighted myself, and blighting all around me, I survive to counterfeit his name, and act a devil's part under the mask of virtue.

*Count de VALDESOTO enters.*

*Count.* Why, how now, Henrique! musing—melancholy? Methinks 'twere time for you to throw aside your Salamanca airs of gravity, and welcome this good fortune that awaits you. What ails you? What disturbs you? Is it your late rencounter in the forest?

*Ped.* I do confess it dwells upon my mind.

*Count.* Why so it seems—if you had been the robber and not the robb'd, there had been cause for it. The conscience of a murderer never cast a deeper gloom upon the human face than yours betray'd last night. Your cousin, Celestina, was so shock'd with your pale, ghastly looks, that when you parted from her, you impress'd such horrors on her fancy, as haunted her in sleep with hideous dreams.

*Ped.* I also dreamt, yet slept not.

*Count.* You dreamt and slept not—What is it you mean?

*Ped.* Answer me first—cou'd you forgive the man who kill'd your nephew, though in his own defence?

*Count.* Whom do you speak of? Pedro?

*Ped.* The same.

*Count.* Why he's a villain, is he not? a robber, the terror and execration of all Spain—A wretch so lost to all humanity, that nothing but



the infernal devil himself cou'd give a name to him. Do you call him my nephew? Shew me the man that will put that monster out of existence, and I'll embrace him as the best of friends.

*Ped.* Say, had I done it, me wou'd you embrace?

*Count.* Joyfully, cordially.

*Ped.* I did not dare to tell you this at first, but 'twas my sad mischance, as I was travelling across the forest, to be assaulted by three murderous villains, mask'd and unknown—I stood to my defence, and slew their leader; the two miscreants fled—When, horror to my sight! I drew the crape from the dead robber's face, and saw my brother, my brother Pedro—

*Count.* Where is the body, what is become of that?

*Ped.* Oh, name it not—The robbers took that off, and doubtless buried it within their cave.

*Count.* How cou'd that be? You said but now the robbers fled.

*Ped.* I did so; I did say they fled—but soon, when I withdrew, not able to behold a spectacle so piteous, they came back and took the body off—My page conceal'd himself, and saw them do it. Therefore, for Heaven's sweet sake, if you respect my peace, or that of your fair daughter, make no stir, press no enquiry, let the remembrance of this luckless deed die with the wretched being now no more.

*Count.* Fear me not: if he will keep his cave, I'll not disturb his ashes to disgrace the name of Rascafria.

*Ped.* What cou'd I do? In self-defence I fought, I knew not Pedro; me he knew too well, and urg'd his blood-hounds on with horrid

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cries. I wrapt my cloak about my arm to shield me; his rapier hung in it. I seized the opening—fatal advantage! and transfix'd his heart—Mine is weigh'd down with sorrow ever since.

*Count.* Then here comes one shall weigh it up again—Here is your comforter, keep your own secret, say not a word to Celestina of it—Now mark with what a sweetness she will greet us!

*CELESTINE enters.*

How now, my child, what ails thee? Why are your eyes bent upon the ground? Do not you see your cousin?

*Cel.* Yes, Sir, I see Don Pedro.

*Count.* You dream, you dream. Why do you call him Pedro? he is Henrique, and not Pedro.

*Cel.* Did I say Pedro? sure enough I dream: forgive me, cousin; how are you this morning? Your looks were pale last night, haggard and pale; as if your mind was torn with thoughts that hurried it beyond itself.

*Ped.* Indeed, sweet cousin, I was ill at ease.

*Cel.* I'm sure you was, for as you led me to the supper-room, your hand burnt like the living charcoal; my poor glove was blister'd with the touch of it.

*Ped.* Who can be temperate, cool, and undisturb'd, in the full blaze of beauty that burst on me?

*Cel.* Do they teach flowery rhetoric in your college?

*Ped.* I speak as Nature prompts me; if my language swells above academic diction, wonder not—Love is an eloquent master.

*Count.* Good, very good! *Love is an eloquent master*—and with that master's help I doubt not

but you'll rise in your profession, so now I recommend you to each other—Daughter, you know my wishes; cherish them—There is no Rascafria now surviving, but that good virtuous youth with whom I leave you. *[Exit.]*

*Cel.* What did my father say at parting from us? Did you hear what he said?

*Ped.* Something but not distinctly.

*Cel.* No Rascafria living but yourself—was it not so?

*Ped.* I think it was.

*Cel.* What is become of your unhappy brother?

*Ped.* They say that he is dead.

*Cel.* Who killed him?

*Ped.* How shou'd I know? Has any one possessed you that I did it?

*Cel.* Possessed me! no; Heaven's Providence forbid it! Why I am thus rapt I'll tell you, if you'll spare a patient ear to my strange narrative.

*Ped.* Perhaps it is a dream you'll tell me of—such I take small account of.

*Cel.* Is it a dream? but I perceive my father has been telling it.

*Ped.* He told me you were troubled in your sleep, but how, he did not say.

*Cel.* I'll tell you then—It was a dreadful vision. Methought I saw Don Henrique on the ground, stabb'd to the heart.

*Ped.* Hah! stabb'd—be satisfied, you see I live.

*Cel.* Ah! 'twas not you I saw upon the ground—You told me in my dream that you was Pedro—forgive me this allusion—Pale, horror-struck, and bathed in blood, you stood over the body, and confess'd yourself the murderer of your brother.

*Ped.* 'Tis false, it is a lie black as hell, and he that visited your thoughts in sleep was the great devil himself—When you have shook him from you, and your deluded spirit shall regain its natural tranquillity, I shall be glad to welcome your recovery, and breathe my humble homage at your feet.

[*Exit.*

*Cel.* He's strangely mov'd—this dream, this horrid dream—I cannot shake it from my thoughts. His countenance, when first we met, was frightful; it was not Nature's doing, for his features are, like his form, cast in her finest mould; but yet the power of first impressions is so great, that I shall never conquer them to love him.—

*FORTUNIO runs in and stops suddenly.*

How now, whom seek ye?

*For.* I thought my master had been here—pray pardon me.

*Cel.* Stay, if you please—You are Don Henrique's page; your name Fortunio. Have you served him long?

*For.* All time seems short in such a gentle service.

*Cel.* Were you at Salamanca with your master, when he was there a student?

*For.* Wherever he has been, I have been with him, and wheresoever he shall be hereafter, my sole ambition is to attend him ever.

*Cel.* You have learnt your lesson; you can flatter, I perceive.

*For.* I cannot flatter, madam, whilst praising my good master.

*Cel.* Is he indeed so good?

*For.* He's good to all; to me, above the rest, as meriting so little.

*Cel.* Oh, you're too modest.

*For.* I hope, indeed, I've too much fear of shame to act dishonestly, which I shou'd do, if I withheld my praise, when speaking of the virtues of Don Henrique.

*Cel.* Being so virtuous, why is he so sad, sullen, and choleric?

*For.* Ah, madam! do you ask me of the cause, being yourself so able to discern it.

*Cel.* I think, indeed, he has something that weighs heavy at his heart.

*For.* He has in truth; I tremble for the consequences.

*Cel.* Some mental malady, some conscious ailment—

*For.* Ah! you have found it; what is so oppressive as fear and terror?

*Cel.* Come, come, Fortunio, you know the secret; trust it with me; I never will betray you, and as an earnest of my future favour, take this, 'twill serve you for some gallant present to the fair nymph you favour. [*Gives money.*]

*For.* I humbly thank you—Oh, 'tis all too much.

*Cel.* Now tell me what it is disturbs your master.

*For.* Then, madam, in one word, to speak the truth—love is his only torment, that it is which racks his heart and weighs his spirit down, that else were light as innocence can make it.

*Cel.* Away, away, prévaricating knave, I've done with you. [*Exit.*]

*For.* I'm heartily content to have done with you, proud Mexican. Bad as Don Pedro is, I'll not betray him; and though I see discovery

will ensue, if I cannot persuade him to avoid it,  
I'll share it with him, and we'll fall together,  
[Exit.]

*Scene changes to the cottage of Benedicta.*

DON HENRIQUE led in by BENEDICTA.

*Hen.* Ah ! this is pleasant ; here we catch the breeze ; it comes with healing freshness o'er my breast. Here I'll sit down—Come hither, worthy dame ! how do you call those lofty hills before us, whose heads are capt with snow ?

*Ben.* Those are the Guadaramas ; beyond them lies Segovia, the capital of Castile, and near to that the royal Sitio of St. Ildephonso.

*Hen.* That's well, it shews to what a height ambition mounts ere it can reach its goal ; but does that towering road lead to content ? No ; mark how wintry cold those summits are. Perpetual snows, thick clouds, and barren rocks, swept by the howling tempest, crown their heads, whilst in your lowly cot benignant Nature smiles, and peace and charity fix here their calm abode.

*Ben.* Sure this can never be that wretch, Diabolo. Let Nicolas say what he will, I'll not believe it. [*Aside.*] I am glad to find your spirits so composed, that you can moralize over the scene ; your habit, I confess, does not accord with such sentiments.

*Hen.* Nor does your language with the poor vocation that you pursue : I shou'd suppose that we have both known our better days ; you were not always what you seem, a peasant, nor am I what you take me for, a robber.

*Ben.* No, no, I cannot think you'd play the

hypocrite so grossly, and with me, who, if you were what Nicolas insists on, Diabolo himself, wou'd not withhold the hand of pity from a fellow creature, found in the like distress that I found you.

*Hen.* I have told you once the truth, for then I thought my life at issue; now when I revive, by your kind charity, I do not wish to unfold my story further, for my revenge goes not the length to take away his life, who has attempted mine. If Heaven restores me, time, that shall prove my gratitude, shall vindicate my character—but tell me, have I not conjectured rightly of your past days.

*Ben.* Alas, my days have passed in heaviness and sorrow, sure enough—Heaven's will be done! My husband was a trader, and dwelt at Cadiz when the last war broke out with England, of which country he was a native, as I also am; our then governor, O'Reilly, shame to his cruelty, seized all his papers, shut him in a prison, and treated him with such severity, that there, alas! he died, and left me helpless, heart-broken, destitute, bereft of every means but this poor craft to earn a livelihood.

*Hen.* Oh sorrowful disaster! deep affliction! what kind protecting saint enabled you to bear such keen misfortune?

*Ben.* Ah, Sir, I do not mock your saints, but I appeal not to them: I am not of your faith, nor was my husband.

*Hen.* Whatever faith you are of, I can believe it must be pure, benign, and holy—but etc; we are interrupted—

NICOLAS *enters.*

*Nic.* Well, how do we go on? has the last dressing swag'd the pains which your infernal majesty complain'd of?

*Hen.* The conversation of this gentle creature, has almost heal'd my wounds.

*Nic.* That's a new remedy—a dog's tongue, methinks, wou'd lick 'em whole before a woman's talk—Hold out your hand, I'll feel your worship's pulse.

*Ben.* Well, Nicolas, how is it?

*Nic.* Wondrous calm, considering who owns it.

*Ben.* Come, leave off this suspicious raillery—You err egregiously, good friend, when you suppose this cavalier a robber.

*Nic.* Never tell me; what wou'd the criminal judge say to that jerkin? He'd jerk him with a witness.

*Ben.* Aye, or without a witness, were he like some judges I have met with.

*Nic.* Look how 'tis hackt and hew'd! What do you think those pretty cuts and carbonadoes wou'd depose, if their dumb mouths cou'd utter?

*Hen.* Let him that owns them answer. I'm not bound to father his performances.

*Nic.* I have news for you, Diabolo, news from Segovia—I met a servant of your uncle Valdesoto: he perfectly believes you dead and buried. I humour'd him in this, for why? My neck had else paid for the crime of curing you. Moreover, your brother Henrique is arrived amongst them.

*Hen.* Are you quite sure of that?



*Nic.* Fact, as I tell you, fact! and more than that—See what you lose by your infernal courses! He is to marry Count Valdesoto's daughter, the Lady Celestina.

*Hen.* The Lady Celestina! It is too much! to be silent wou'd be meanness! Answer me this—Can you convey me to Segovia?

*Nic.* Impossible! you'd die by the way, your wound wou'd open, and you'd bleed to death.

*Hen.* Will you then be the bearer of a letter? And will you faithfully deliver it? I will reward you. Money I have none; the robbers pillaged me of that—but I conceal'd this watch. It was my father's; but it shall go to save my family from ignominy, and my wretched brother, if possible, from death. Give him my letter, and this watch is yours.

*Nic.* So you will let me see what 'tis I carry! read me your letter first, but sign it not with your name, Pedro—That's a death warrant on the face of it.

*Hen.* Have you materials, my good dame, for writing?

*Ben.* I have; they are at hand, and here's a table. [*He writes*] Now, Nicolas, can you suppose this man wou'd sign himself to his own destruction?

*Nic.* Stop, mark me. I shall proceed with caution; if 'tis incendiary, I touch it not; if safe, I am his man.

*Ben.* My life upon it, Nicolas, he's innocent.

*Nic.* Well, dame, that's your opinion, keep it.

*Hen.* I have written — Attend! [*Reads.*]  
 “Your sword has miss'd its aim, and I survive.  
 “Fly, wretched man, I do not seek revenge;  
 “fly, and avoid the ignominious fate, which  
 “else awaits you. HENRIQUE DE RASCAFRIA.”

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Here, satisfy yourself that I have read it faithfully. *[Gives him the letter.]*

*Nic.* I'm satisfied. Henrique de Rascafria—and not Pedro—I spy no danger here.

*Hen.* Give it to him that calls himself Don Henrique. Swear to me this, and by to-morrow's dawn, I will be there myself. So now 'tis seal'd—Will you be faithful, Nicolaa, and give it as I tell you?

*Nic.* I'll do it, never fear me, I'll do it. Won't you direct it?

*Hen.* No, if he sees my writing on the cover, perhaps he'll not peruse it—Come, dispatch!

*Nic.* I'm gone—Your watch shall not count many hours ere I return to you. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

*Scene.—An Apartment.*

PEDRO and FORTUNIO.

*Ped.* Here, here! take this and get thee hence for ever—I shall grow fond of thee and be a fool.

*For.* I will not take your money nor your warning: your fate I'll share whatever it may be.

*Ped.* I am your friend; be counsell'd. I shall love you, if you stay longer with me; then you are lost.

*For.* I care not: you but spend your breath in vain. You cannot terrify me.

*Ped.* Heroic girl! stout as I thought my heart, and deep entrench'd out of the reach of love, yet thou hast found it—take it for thy pains—am I Pedro? have I unmov'd beheld that giant Death, and can this little gypsey overthrow me? Was it for this I slew my brother Henrique? By sea and earth thou hast undone my fame. If I were wise, I should this instant kill thee.

*For.* Do, kill me! I'll not falter.

*Ped.* You've marr'd my fortune, blasted my ambition, turn'd me aside out of the road to virtue, and made me ten times more devil than before. If it were not for you, seducing imp, I shou'd have married, been a tame good husband, and led a holy edifying life, but now—

*For.* What now?

*Ped.* The fire of thy affection has so scorch'd me, that I can never quit thee for the snow of that cold Celestina: I renounce her; and ere to-morrow's sun shou'd call me up to execute the odious task of marriage, I will begone, fast as the fleetest horse in old Valdesoto's stables can bear me off—And thou shalt follow me.

*Far.* Viva! Couragio! Liberty and Love!

*Ped.* Mark me! This night I meditate a deed, what it shall be I know not yet distinctly—but a bold one, a bloody one perhaps—Provide my chamber with a lamp; I shall not sleep. Hold yourself armed, and ready equipped to mount—horses will be in waiting.

*For.* You'll not forget wherewith to make them go—Gold will not overload us; jewels are light of carriage, but remember, Pedro, let us have no more murder; beware cruelty, it is a burden that breaks the conscience down to carry it.

*Ped.* Away, away—a truce with your admonitions—My uncle's coming. [*Exit Fortunio.*]

VALDESOTO enters.

*Count.* Henrique, I know your father was not rich, that prodigal, your brother, stript him bare—therefore take this, 'twill serve to purchase ribands for wedding favours; I'll have the marriage private to-morrow—Look! I've a casket here of bridal jewels—some have been long heirlooms of our house; others, and those the best, are newly purchased. You'll understand that these are for your use, (you'll have enough without them,) your bride will grace them in the wearing—but they shall be your present,

and not mine ; therefore, I pass them through your hands to her's.

*Ped.* I am confounded with your bounty, Sir, and humbly on my knee pay you my thanks, not for these gifts alone, but more than all, for the possession of a beauteous bride, your lovely Celestina, at whose feet I shall to-morrow offer up this treasure, with most profound devotion.

*Count.* Enough, nephew, enough ; less rhetoric will go farther ; you must lay by your college declamation, and speak not from your books, but from your heart, Don Henrique.

*Ped.* Yet when the heart's too full, it needs must overflow.

*Count.* Why that's well said, but I'll tell you now how you shall make your way with Celestina—Be not too choice in words, for that's pedantic ; be easy, yet not bold in your advances, free, but not forward, loving, but not loose—I have known those who hit this happy mean—but they were not to be found at Salamanca—Come, you shall put that casket safely by in your chamber, and then pay your court to Celestina.

*Ped.* Now, fortune, I defy thee ! [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene.—The Plaza Mayor in Segovia.*

NICOLAS alone.

*Nic.* A plague upon these people of Segovia ! they have no curiosity to know how time goes o'er their heads. What is it to a man like me that is conscious of wearing a gold watch in his fob, if nobody that he meets asks him what o'clock it is ?

*Enter Countryman.*

*Countr.* Hah ! master Nicolas, well met i'faith : I've sought you up and down, hobbling in pain over this crabbed pavement a full hour.

*Nic.* An hour do you say ? I'll tell you to a minute, a second, how time goes—my watch corrects the sun—

*Countr.* Correct yourself, friend—put up your watch, and take out your paring knife ; I am even crippled with a throbbing corn, that cries out to be cut.

*Nic.* Cut it yourself ; I cannot listen to your crying corn : I've other work in hand.

*Enter another Countryman.*

*2d Countr.* Come along, Nicolas, I'm glad I've found you ; my dame is none of the most patient bodies, and she is madden'd with a raging tooth, that you must lay to rest. Have you your tools about you ? Come, make haste, there's not a minute to be lost—

*Nic.* Friend, here is that which never lost a minute, and I am just as covetous of time as you can be ; therefore, I must away to Valdesoto's, where my first business lies.

*2d Countr.* Why how now, shaver, do you think to fob us by shewing us your watch ?

*Nic.* Fob you ! no, no, my friends, I'll not do that, but with your leave, I will secure my watch—I have a fob for that.

*Basco enters.*

*Bas.* Bless the good hour ! why this is luck indeed : I've jump'd upon you in the very nick : I thought, friend Nicolas, I thought this was about the time of day to meet you in the Praça Mayor.

*Nic.* Did you enquire about the time of day, my merry host ? I believe I can tell you that correctly—my watch keeps time as constantly as your stomach.

*Bas.* Your watch, indeed ! how came you by a watch, did Mariguita's money go for that ?

*Nic.* What tell you me of Mariguita's money ? You know which way that went ; you had it back—'twas but a trick to teaze her.

*Bas.* Yes, yes, it was a trick, and you will find trick upon trick,

*Nic.* Who is it you are beck'ning to so earnestly ?

*Bas.* Only to a worthy gentleman, who is a great admirer of your art, and wishes to be better acquainted with you.

*IGNACIO enters.*

Señor Ignacio, this is my friend, Nicolas Sassanigo, whom I was speaking of to you as one of the lightest-finger'd shavers, that ever took razor in hand. He is a man, as you, that goes handsomely, and lives well by his trade, carries a gold watch in his pocket, and plenty of coin ; which some people are malicious enough to insinuate, he has not come honestly by.

*Ign.* Whatever he has about him he will be perfectly secure—tie this man's arms behind

him, he is a prisoner of the Holy Office—I arrest you, Nicolas Sassanigo, by virtue of this warrant from the Alguazil mayor of the supreme and general inquisition.

*Nic.* Arrest me! what have I done? I am innocent—Ah! merciful sir, I am only a poor shaver—

*MARIGUITA enters hastily.*

*Marig.* A shaver indeed! you are a robber, a thief, a stealer of consecrated money, a defrauder of the saints, a sacrilegious villain—Now we shall see, master Nicolas, when you are bound, who will deliver you. *[They bind his arms.]*

*1st Countr.* There, there! I thought what this vapouring fellow wou'd come to.

*Nic.* Mistress, you know I've not got your money, you know I am no thief—I took it, I confess, in sport, to be revenged for tricks of the like sort that you have plagu'd me. I stood but at your door till Basco came, and then I gave him the whole sum entire—let him deny it if he can. Not a single maravedi did I hold back—let him depose against me and deny it. His conscience will not let him.

*Bas.* You are right, my conscience will not let me say you are an honest man, knowing you to be a thief, a sacrilegious knave, that robb'd my till of money dedicated to Saint Pedro.

*Marig.* Yes, please your reverence, to Saint Pedro ad Vincula, a needy saint, and one whose shrine does lack it.

*Igna.* Defraud a needy saint! 'tis worse than murder. What was the sum he took?

*Marig.* A gold King Philip with a hole punch'd through him, a token of my mother's—thirteen



mill'd dollars, forty maravedis, and a crook'd pisette of Carlos tercero—All this he took, upon my oath.

*Igna.* Holy Saint Francis ! does the sky hang over us ? Turn out his pockets ; see what he has about him : search for his papers—

*Nic.* Ah, Señor, I've no papers ; none, but one poor scrap of a letter—that is it ; you have it in your hand—

*Igna.* What have we here, sealed, and without direction ? This may confront— [*Reads.*]  
 “ Your sword has missed its aim ”—Humph ! are you thereabouts, my master ? “ Fly wretched man,” signed “ Henrique de Rascafria ”—Oh thou atrocious villain ! Here is that, which, added to thy other crimes, convicts thee of an attempt upon the life of the illustrious Henrique de Rascafria.

*Bas,* Look at his watch, I pray you, worthy Sir—He shew'd it boastfully to me but now—Good chance, but that may be Don Henrique's too.

*Igna.* [*Looks at the watch.*] Out alas ! this needs no other witness than his cypher here on the case — and here again his seal — Such evidence convicts at once—Go one of you to Valdesoto's palace, and summon Don Henrique to the Office.—Away with him ! take him hence ! The fathers are in council.

*Nic.* Ah ! what is truth, justice, or innocence, in such a court ? [*Ereunt.*

[*Basco and Mariguita remain.*

*Bas.* Gossip, a word with you ! you have gone too far ; this is a bloody business.

*Marig.* If 'tis a bloody business, master Joachin, whom but yourself have you to thank for it ? I only meant to frighten the poor

fellow: 'twas you that set the Alguazil upon him.

*Bas.* Aye, now I understand you perfectly. You have a prudent care of yourself, and a kind purpose to leave me in the danger. I am your very humble servant, good mistress Mariguita. Our partnership is at an end; you may take to your venta nueva; I'll take to my heels, and be off—so farewell! [*Exit Basco.*]

*Marig.* True gypsey to the bone—he has got the money, liv'd free quarters on my industry, and plundered me at last of all my lawful earnings. Ah, faithless wretch! Thank Heaven, at least, I am not married to him. [*Exit.*]

*Scene changes to the Count Valdesoto's.*

*PEDRO enters, followed by FORTUNIO.*

*Ped.* Fortunio, page, where are you?

*For.* Here, at your call.

*Ped.* Are my horses ready?

*For.* I wou'd you were as ready! we had been clear ere this: now 'tis too late. The Count is calling for you to accompany him.

*Ped.* What wou'd the Inquisition have with me? I'll not obey their summons.

*For.* How can you choose? and look, here is your uncle.

*VALDESOTO enters.*

*Count.* Come, bustle, Henrique! We must away, the holy office calls us.

*Ped.* What then? Your Excellency surely will not go upon the whistle of those saucy monks.

*Count.* Saucy, do you call them? Marry, I'm much beholden to their sauciness, for having found you out, nephew of mine!

*Ped.* What have they found of me?

*Count.* More than your modesty was pleased to speak of. A very high-flown act of sheer benovolence. There is a certain letter of your writing, sign'd with your name, Henrique de Rascafria, found on the person of one Sassanigo, who robb'd you in the forest of your watch, in which you charitably warn him, to make off and 'scape a hanging—This you never told me.

*Ped.* I know not how I shou'd. [*Aside.*

*Count.* But wherefore did you not? Mercy, although misplac'd, is amiable.

*Ped.* I had good cause why I concealed it from you. I'm not a man to talk of my good deeds.

*Count.* No, so it seems. But yet you see they cannot long lie hid; the world will find you out for what you are, and then you'll blush for it—So come along!

*Ped.* Fortune, I thank thee; I have got my cue. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

*The Court of Inquisition. The Council are seated, the President at the head of the table.*

*IGNACIO in attendance, and other subordinate Officers.*

*Presid.* The court is full. Bring in the prisoner. I have a paper here in hand, my lords, which makes this criminal the direst wretch that ever Spain gave birth to—A dreadful catalogue—Theft, murder, sacrilege, are here set

down against him — So, officers, is this your prisoner?

*Ign.* This the man, so please your Excellency.

*[Nicolas is brought in between two officers.]*

*Presid.* Now, fellow, what is your name?

*Nic.* Nicolas Sassanigo is my name.

*Presid.* Where was you born, and where do you reside?

*Nic.* The village of Cornejo is my birth-place, and there is my abode.

*Presid.* A bachelor, or married man?

*Nic.* Neither, a widower — the worse luck mine.

*Presid.* What calling do you follow, except that for which you stand accused?

*Nic.* I shave the beards of such as trust me with them, and heal, with Nature's help, such petty ailments, as my small art can deal with.

*Presid.* I fear your art is rather to make wounds than heal them.

*Nic.* So please your Reverence, I know my danger, when false and cruel men accuse me to you, but, by the truth that's in me, I am innocent, a creature pitiful by nature even to weakness, so sparing of life, I have not the heart to kill the gnat that stings me.

*Presid.* Come, we've enough of this, and proof enough what you can do—Will you pretend to say that you are guiltless of spilling Christian blood?

*Nic.* Being a shaver, Sir, and having chins most crooked and mishapen under my hands at times, I will not say that I have never drawn the blood of Christian man: but I have heal'd him instantly for nothing, and when I cut, I cure—Who can do more?

*Presid.* You are pleasant, Nicolas—Are you aware what peril you are in?

*Nic.* Oh yes, my lord, standing in presence of this holy court, I am duly sensible of all my danger, especially as I have nothing to oppose to what my accusers charge me with but innocence.

*Presid.* What do they charge you with? Confess your crimes, 'tis your best course.

*Nic.* My lord, if I had any crimes upon my conscience, they shou'd be at your service, and the court's—but it is hard that I, a true Castilian, shou'd be brought here to bar, upon the word of a notorious gypsey, for such he is who keeps the Venta nueva, and says I robb'd him, when, if he has any spark of honesty or conscience, he must know I did but take the money with one hand, and with the other in the moment after, gave it him, without suppression of a maravedi.

*Presid.* We have nothing but your word for this, whereas the hostess of the Venta nueva is on her oath.

*Nic.* So please you she is always on her oath; she never speaks without one, and when she lies the most, she swears the loudest.

*Igna.* My lord, the Count de Valdesoto, and his nephew Don Henrique de Rascafria, attend upon your summons.

*Presid.* Usher those noble persons into court.

*Count de VALDESOTO and DON PEDRO are ushered in.*

I pray your Excellency be seated: Is this your nephew, Don Henrique, my good lord?

*Count.* It is, my lord, and I am proud to own him.

*Presid.* Prisoner, you may account yourself most happy and most honoured in your trial, having such noble witnesses to appeal to, as never yet were called into this court, to testify to one of your degree.

*Nic.* My lord, I throw my life upon their honour, and with implicit confidence appeal to what they shall depose for or against me. I humbly pray the letter may be shewn, also the watch—If Don Henrique can say he either wrote the one, or own'd the other, I must abide the issue at my peril.

*Presid.* You have said it, now keep silence—wait the court. Señor Don Henrique de Rascafia, you have heard the prisoner at the bar—Look on him.

*Pedro.* I see him, Sir.

*Presid.* Be pleas'd to cast your eyes upon this paper—

*Ped.* I'm perfect in the paper.

*Presid.* Here is a watch found on the prisoner's person—Examine it, so please you—

*Ped.* It is familiar to me.

*Count.* Give it to me—This was my brother Henrique's; this is his cypher—this his seal—the whole is fresh in my remembrance.

*Nic.* I don't dispute the fact.

[*The President makes a sign for silence.*]

*Presid.* Señor Don Henrique, it is now the time that you shou'd tell the court here sitting, what you know touching the prisoner at the bar before you—And we conjure you, in the cause of truth, wave that compassion which is natural to you, and speak as justice and your conscience dictate.

*Ped.* Although my heart recoils, and I wou'd fain avoid a task so awful, (I had almost said so

agonizing to my feelings,) how can I choose? if you will have the truth, if you will wring it from my unwilling lips, I must obey — The prisoner at the bar I know full well by person, not by name—I have cause to know him—As I was journeying hither o'er the forest, I was beset by robbers—He was one.

*Nic.* I a robber? The hair upon your chin cannot say that my hand was ever on you.

*Presid.* Fellow, be silent! if you interrupt us, we shall remand you to your cell at once.

*Ped.* My lords, the sequel of this sad adventure, should I dilate it circumstantially, would touch my heart, my honour, in so sore a part, and plunge a noble house in such affliction, that I must hope you will require no more than serves to fix the guilt of an accomplice on this unhappy object in my sight—The watch is surely mine, and was my father's—I did not willingly bestow it on him, you may well suppose.

*Nic.* I do not say you did — Your brother gave it to me, your brother Pedro.

*Count.* My lords, I claim protection of the court—Pedro, of whom he speaks, is now no more.

*Presid.* Take him away—Lay the wretch in fetters—His limbs shall make atonement for his tongue.

*Nic.* I speak for truth, for justice, for my life.—Will you not hear me?

*Presid.* Hence with him! Away!

[*Nicolas is taken off.*]

Señor Don Henrique, you may now proceed—Speak of the letter.

*Ped.* Yes, if my heart will let me—These are scenes so new, and the obduracy of that bad man strikes with such horror, I can scarce pro-

ceed — As to this letter, of which I am the author, I must own my fault, the fault of mercy — thus the matter stands. I chanc'd upon him in the square this morning; though he had changed his dress, I knew his person; my weak heart relented, good my lords; I stept aside, and in my tablets wrote what is before you; his name I knew not, direction it has none, nor did it need it, for with my own hand I put it into his, and pass'd him by without a word — If I have erred, I erred upon the side of pity and compassion. I have done.

*Presid.* The evidence is clos'd. The culprit is convict — break up the court! Illustrious Valdesoto, we concur in thanking you and your noble kinsman, for this your quick compliance with our summons, and if the happy union shall take place, of which report has reach'd us, you may boast a son-in-law, in whom we spy no fault but too much mercy to a worthless being.

*Count.* He is indeed, an honour to my name — I humbly take my leave — Not a step farther, I implore your Excellency. [*Exeunt.*]



## ACT V.

*Scene, the Count's Mansion.*

*Enter the Count de VALDESOTO and CELESTINA.*

*Count.* Now, my sweet darling, now my Celestina, I am the happiest father in all Castile, and to-morrow you will be the happiest bride in all Christendom. Oh! such a husband—such a soul for mercy— I cannot tell you half his virtues, child— Here sate the inquisitors, a dreadful row— there stood the criminal, a wretched dog— Don Henrique was call'd upon; he rose to speak; silence ensued, all eyes were fix'd upon him: my heart beat quick; he only was composed— calm, self-collected, eloquent— His voice, methought, was music in my ears—the court applauded, the very executioners shed tears—

*Cel.* And what befel the prisoner?

*Count.* Hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd—rack'd upon the wheel—thrown to the vultures—burial is too good for him.

*Cel.* Sir, Sir, you chill my blood—Did Henrique's evidence convict this prisoner?

*Count.* Yes; but for that the thumb-screw might have forced him.

*Cel.* Then let him sleep no more! What rest, what peace, what reconciliation can that being know whose silence cou'd have sav'd a soul alive: Repentance might have made that wretch a saint.

*Count.* How you run on! What gibberish

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you are talking! as if Don Henrique was not merciful, forgiving, charitable, even to a fault—Why, child, you do not know how good he is! I have a proof of it, a precious relique, (I cou'd not choose but take it from the table: I hope the holy office will forgive me.) [*Shows the letter.*] Here, here! I've got the very manuscript, sign'd with his name, and by his own hand written, in which he warns the villain to escape. Was ever man so merciful? Robb'd, plunder'd, almost murder'd—yet forgive.

*Cel.* Oh let me have it! I shall be most happy to find myself unjustly prejudiced—Why this is well—this is, indeed, most merciful—What a fair hand he writes!

*Servant enters, and delivers a letter to Valdesoto.*

*Count.* What have we here? a letter—and from my nephew Henrique—leave the room—I'll read it to you, Celestina.

*Cel.* Oh! my foreboding heart.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Count.* Hush, hush! have patience! [*Reads.*]  
 “Whilst I was detained by an accident, which  
 “befel me on my road from Salamanca, a report  
 “met me, that you were on the point of bestow-  
 “ing my cousin Celestina upon a certain per-  
 “son, who, from motives best known to himself,  
 “thinks fit to assume my name. Conscious as  
 “I am of my own unworthiness to aspire to that  
 “high honour, I must take leave to warn you  
 “of the false Don Henrique, whom, for family  
 “reasons, I forbear to accuse, hoping you will  
 “consent to favour his escape, before that  
 “justice, to which he is amenable, and which  
 “he can no otherwise avoid, than by immediate

"flight, shall overtake him. Yours, in all duty  
"and devotion. HENRIQUE DE RASCAFRIA."

"The bearer of this letter will explain particular-  
"ticulars."

I am cast into astonishment. What can my nephew mean by writing this? Whom does he point at as the false Don Henrique? and wherefore write at all: cou'dn't he tell me this by word of mouth? Send for him hither; he was at home but now.

*Cel.* Hold, Sir, if you please. It is not clear to me this letter comes from him that is your inmate.

*Count.* Look at the signature; examine the hand-writing; the letter in your hand and this in mine must certainly come from one and the same person. How can you doubt if Henrique wrote them both?

*Cel.* I do not doubt if he wrote one, but that he wrote them both; but have you any sample of his writing save this, for which we have nothing but his word?

*Count.* I never saw him write—What then?

*Cel.* Why then I fain wou'd recommend you to see the bearer of this letter, to whom you are referred for explanation.

*Count.* Who waits?

Servant enters.

How came you by this letter?

*Ser.* A woman, who says her name is Benedicta, brought it, and makes suit to be admitted to your Excellency.

*Count.* Admit her instantly. [*Exit Servant.*]  
Here is some treachery, but we shall fathom it—

A woman brought the letter—that's suspicious ; I never yet knew a plot without a woman.

*Celes.* Ah, Sir, be patient with her, I beseech you. Look, here she comes—If truth was ever legibly impress'd upon the human face, I read it there. [*Aside.*]

*BENEDICTA enters.*

*Count.* Now, mistress, were you the bearer of this letter?

*Ben.* I was, so please your Excellency.

*Count.* And did my nephew, Henrique, who lives here under the roof with me, employ you to convey his letter to me.

*Ben.* No, Sir, the nephew who now harbours with you, is not the writer of that letter.

*Count.* How say you? not the writer of this letter! Who, and what is he then?

*Ben.* The infamous Don Pedro, the assassin—

*Count.* Hah! have a care.

*Ben.* The assassin of his brother.

*Cel.* Oh my prophetic dream! now, now it comes.

*Ben.* To his face I wou'd denounce him an assassin, and if he pretends he wrote a certain letter found on one Nicolas Sassanigo, whose life is now in peril of the inquisition, I'll swear I saw Don Henrique de Rascafria, pen every word of it in my poor cottage. This I will swear, so help me, Truth and Heaven.

*Cel.* If you saw Don Henrique write the letter, perhaps you can remember its contents.

*Ben.* The sense I'm sure I can, if not the words—"Your sword has miss'd its aim; fly, "wretched man, I do not seek revenge."—That was the purport. It was addressed to the in-

human Pedro, but not directed—Mercy ill bestow'd.

*Cel.* You are correct. Behold, I have it here.

*Ben.* The very, very letter—this is it—To every word of this I pledge my oath, and to that oath my hopes of Heaven hereafter. My eye was never from the pen that wrote it.

*President of the Inquisition enters, &c.*

*Presid.* Noble Count Valdesoto, we felicitate you and ourselves, on the discovery of a most impious villain, who has deceived us both, having well nigh destroy'd a guiltless man, and betrayed this your daughter to her ruin. Much it concerns us, that a name illustrious as Rascafia, shou'd be dishonoured by a wretch so dire, so mere a devil in human shape as Pedro.

*Count.* Ah, my good lord, let not my name protect him: the hangman's welcome to my share in him. He has jewels of great value in his hands; let us arrest him instantly.

*Presid.* The law will take its course. Your nephew, Henrique, whose humanity dictated this letter, on which poor Sassanigo was suspected, has been before us, and may with every moment be look'd for here. In the mean time, we have invested every avenue about your house, by which the villain, Pedro, who is yet unconscious of his danger, might escape—And see, Don Henrique comes—behold a nephew worthy of your name.

*DON HENRIQUE enters, led in by NICOLAS.*

*Hen.* Wounded in mind and body, I approach you, illustrious Valdesoto, and wou'd ask per-

mission to call myself your nephew but that I think you must abhor to hear a name so fatally abused as Henrique—for the same reason, I dare hardly offer to pay my homage here.

*Count.* If I forbear to throw my arms about you, 'tis not because I am not proud to own you, but in consideration of the wound that monster most unnatural has given you.

*Hen.* Oh that I cou'd have screen'd him from detection, but justice, truth, and gratitude, compelled me to save the life of this poor guiltless man, on whom he wou'd have turn'd the punishment due to his offences.

*Nic.* I must needs say you wou'd have paid me scurvily for binding up your wound, if you had suffered me to swing as proxy for one, whose person will become the highest gibbet that has been rear'd since hanging was a fashion in Castile.

*Presid.* Come, be content, you are free. With your leave, Count, I wou'd consult apart with you, how we may now proceed against Don Pedro, with proper satisfaction to the laws, and yet, as far as justice will allow, rescue your noble race from public shame.

*Count.* Thanks to your Excellency, I will attend you—Daughter and nephew, we shall need your counsel. [*Exeunt Valdesoto and President.*]

*Cel.* What will become of this unhappy wretch?

*Hen.* Alas, I know not, but if I may guess, he will not stoop to ignominious death,—but fall by his own hand.

*Cel.* Sure 'twas the warning of my guardian angel, that filled me with such horror and aversion, from the first moment that my eye glanc'd on him.

*Hen.* I think that cruelty is not his nature: distress of circumstances, and desperation, have driven him to these courses, for supply to his extravagance and lawless passions.

*Cel.* Alas! you charitably strive to find some palliation for his wickedness, but 'tis in vain—Come, let us join my father.

*[Exeunt Henrique and Celestina.]*

*Ben.* Well, my poor Nicolas, I joy to see you safe, and at large—I warrant, you've been dreadfully alarmed.

*Nic.* Ah, mother, my small wits have been so scar'd, that I was on the point of pleading guilty, when that kind gentleman stept in, and happily convinced me I was innocent. Oh! 'tis a frightful place I have been in, and miserable wretches, like myself, will confess any thing to escape the torture. Heaven keep my friends out of their hands!

*Ben.* I cou'd not wish my enemies so ill—Look, who comes here?

*MARIGUITA and BASCO enter.*

*Nic.* How now, my mistress, whither are you bound? And you, my witty host, with the short memory—I warrant you are going to take measure of my old quarters—Well, joy be with you! little did you think you sent me into limbo only to air a cell for your reception.

*Marig.* Ah, Nicolas, forbear to scoff at us: We are miserable enough to appease the malice of our worst enemies: 'twas Basco's doing; I never meant to hurt you.

*Nic.* No, no, good soul, a little harmless perjury, a small mistake at the expense of truth and Christian charity, is all the harm that you

have done, except a kind design to give my limbs a stretch upon the rack : but I forgive you, pity you, and lament the foolish jest which brought you to this misery—As for you, Basco, your ingratitude has no excuse, for I have been your friend, and under Providence preserved your life. You of all men shou'd not have attempted mine.

[*Basco shakes his head.*]

*Ben.* Come, Nicolas, no more ! a generous nature spares a fallen foe.

*Nic.* True ! and I'm sorry that I said the word—His silence has disarmed me—Let us go ; the water's in my eyes, and it must needs have vent.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Scene a Chamber.*

*PEDRO is discovered alone.*

*Ped.* So ! then my sword, it seems, has miss'd its aim—My brother lives, and counsels me to fly. 'Tis well ! To outwit the inquisition is some glory ; even in my flight I triumph, and this casket, rich as Loretto's shrine, will warm my spirit, when Henrique freezes in the languid arms of his pale Mexican. Let him possess her ! Cattania be my choice ! a sublimated spirit like my own—and when I've turn'd these baubles into gold, we'll cross the Alps, and wed in that region, where every zephyr fans the fires of love. Oh ! I am fascinated by that gypsey : I cannot live without her for one moment. Where can she be ? This moment is my own ! fortune now smiles, and beckons me away. I'll mount my horse and fly—[*As he is going out, two centinels oppose him with fix'd bayonets.*]

*Cent.* Stop, you can't pass.



*Ped.* Not pass? Not pass? who set you here to oppose me? Do you know who I am? Shoulder your arms, and give me way—

*Cent.* You cannot pass. You are known for Don Pedro.

*FORTUNIO enters.*

*For.* If you know him, know me for what I am, a desperate doating woman, that will rush upon your weapons if you bar my passage.

*Cent.* Pass then, our orders are not to exclude you—Señor Don Pedro, we shall not disturb your privacy, till you are call'd to judgment.

*[Exeunt Centinels.]*

*Ped.* So! then all's over. We are lost, my wench, and thou art faithful still.

*Cat.* Faithful to death; I never will desert thee; I took thee at the close of thy career, and were it in my power again to choose, again I'd take thee, fatal as thou art.

*Ped.* Then I defy my fate. I never yet lov'd aught in life but thee: If thou had'st failed me, that had been a blow to make my courage stagger.

*Cat.* The cloud has burst in every quarter, and ruin pours upon us in a deluge. The house you are in is garrison'd with soldiers: You have stay'd too long.

*Ped.* Come to my arms; this last embrace concludes — Farewell to life! I've made the world my slave; I throw it off without a sigh, Cattania—save one deep dying groan, that rends my heart, when thus I part from thee—and now 'tis o'er—These guards retire and leave me—Why do they so? but to afford me time and means to die as Rascafria shou'd.

*Cat.* 'Tis so, my Pedro! rightly you interpret.

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It is not fitting your high birth to suffer with Roca and Cerbero.

*Ped.* No, I have fill'd a lofty part, my gallant wench, I'll not disgrace it with a shameful exit.

*Cat.* Look, here are passports, that will serve us both. You shall see, Pedro, what a mere momentary thing is death.

*Ped.* Stop, I forbid it: you defeat my purpose. How will it seem if I, who never yet fled from the face of man, shrink out of sight? But, as I do not mean to let them drag me to a loathsome prison, here is a friend that I have hoarded up for a dark hour like this—Hark! they are coming—

*Cat.* Give me your hand! Pedro, farewell for ever!

*Ped.* Farewell, my heroine—No tears, they will disgrace us both!

*[A file of soldiers enter, and form about Pedro.]*

VALDESOTO enters.

*Ped.* Now, uncle, what's the meaning of this guard? Is this the way you take to entertain your nephew and your guest.

*Count.* Convicted villain, do you put that question to me who know you—know you for Don Pedro?

*Ped.* Well! I am Pedro. State your charge against me.

*Count.* Who can enumerate such countless crimes as you stand charg'd with? Here are witnesses within my call, whose very looks wou'd kill you.

*Ped.* Where are your witnesses? Set them before me—

*Count.* Bring in those robbers—Let them see their chief.

*ROCA and CERBERO brought in.*

Now, will you say you do not know these wretches?

*Ped.* Roca and Cerbero—I know them well, and I confess you have call'd them with some judgment. A rotten couple, black and foul at heart—You cannot do a better deed than hang them.

*Roca.* I thank you, captain, so that you hang with me, I care not—Living or dying, I am for good fellowship.

*Cer.* So your neck is but stretch'd, Diabolo, I'll swing, and murmur not.

*Count.* Take them away—By Heaven, he eyes them with a look so steady, his confidence amazes me—  
[*Roca and Cerbero taken away.*]  
Have you no sense of shame to associate with those villains!

*Cat.* Oh! Pedro, to what purpose does this tend? when will you do your noble spirit justice?  
[*Apart to him.*]

*Pedro.* Droop not, be constant, more is yet to come.

*Count.* Enter — You, Nicolas Sassanigo by name — approach, and look upon your false accuser.

*NICOLAS enters.*

*Ped.* Aye, now you mend upon your witnesses; that man is innocent, and grossly injured; but I had, for my plea, self-preservation; what plea had you and your accurs'd inquisitors for your egregious folly? Had you demanded of me to sit down and make a transcript of Henrique's letter, I cou'd as soon have built the

aqueduct, that Rome bequeathed to your unworthy city, as copied his hand-writing.

*Nic.* Say no more, worthy Diabolo, upon that subject: if your great devil's spirit can endure the tweaks and twinges of a guilty conscience, when you shall face to face encounter a certain wounded patient of my curing, who carries with him some slight samples of your handy-work, you may defy remorse—and see, he comes—

*Enter* HENRIQUE, CELESTINA, and BENEDICTA.

*Ped.* Henrique!

*Hen.* Yes, Henrique—do not turn aside, unhappy Pedro, I come not to reproach you.

*Ped.* Nor shou'd you, Sir; for Cerbero and Roca had kill'd you in the cave but for my rescue, and you must confess the sword was merciful that came so near your heart, and yet forbore it. Now a few words to each of you in turn, and then farewell for ever—To you, as loudest in reproach, the first—Your Excellency has been bounteous in your gifts, and large in promises. I quit you of them altogether. There is your money, full as I received it. I cancel that account and owe you nothing—For you, my gentle cousin, I've a present—this untouched casket of your bridal jewels: the wife of Henrique, will become them well—Where I am going, I've no use for them: I pray you to accept them as my legacy.

*Cel.* Ah, Pedro, Pedro! my heart bleeds for you.

*Ped.* How tender some hearts are! Henrique, to you what shall I say, my brother? Nature, that made your soft and melting clay a compound of all kindness, temper'd me hard as the

flinty rock,—train'd me to daring acts, and as she sends the lion forth to prey upon the cowardly and feeble herd, so in my hand she put this mortal weapon, and when it failed to minister the means of life and freedom, bade me plant it here, and spurn misfortune from me—Hah! 'tis done.—[*Stabs himself.*—I sink—I faint—I die. The curtain falls: the farce of life is ended: congenial spirits, give me your applause—

[*Falls to the ground.*

*Cat.* Oh, Pedro, Pedro! let me share your death.

*Ped.* Live, live—There's yet one string that ties my heart, tear it not from me, fate, but spare Cattania. Oh, Henrique, I conjure you to preserve this one dear relic of a dying brother—She is a woman, generous, true, and loving. No blood has ever stain'd her guiltless hands; she has a soul for pity, and to her it is you owe your life. Her intercession made my conscience shrink, and my hand tremble, when it struck you short. So may Heaven bless you in the virtuous arms of Celestina, as you shall protect and pity this poor sufferer—Ah, no more—let this atone!—farewell.

*Hen.* Help, friends, she clings so close, I cannot raise her.

*Nic.* Ah, that will I—It is my poor Cattania—Come, Benedicta, it is a deed of mercy, and therefore fit for you.

*Hen.* Oh! sight of horror! See, he writhes in anguish—he pants, he struggles. Oh have mercy, Heaven! What a desponding dreadful look was that—He dies, he dies, 'tis past—Pedro de Rascafria is no more. [*The Curtain falls.*



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**THE FALSE DEMETRIUS.**

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Demetrius.  
Theodore, *the Czarowitz, son of Boris.*  
Suiski, *general of the armies.*  
Donski, *a Cossack chief.*  
Peter Bassovitz.  
Michael Merowitz.  
*The Patriarch.*  
*The Prior of the convent of Tchudoff.*  
Cossack Officer.  
Hetman *of the Cossacks.*  
*Officer of the Palace.*  
*Cossacks, Strelitzes, Friars, &c.*  
  
Maria, *dowager Czarina.*  
Irene, *sister to Theodore.*  
Petrilla, *daughter to Peter Bassovitz.*  
*Nuns, &c. &c.*

*SCENE, Moscow.*



# THE FALSE DEMETRIUS.

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## ACT I.

*Scene.—The Monastery of Tchudoff, the gate closed.*

MARIA, (*the dowager Czarina,*) habited in the order of black Nuns, enters, followed by others of her Convent, and approaching the gate, announces her arrival.

Mar. Peace to the holy brotherhood of Tchudoff!

Twice seven long years of slow-revolving time  
Have number'd my sad sighs, since by the hands  
Of savage murderers my Demetrius fell;  
And ever as this black and mournful day  
Comes yearly round, by sufferance I appear  
Before these gates, sad mother, to beseech  
A requiem for the soul of my dear son.  
Will they not come, or must a widow'd queen  
Wait at their portal?

*A Monk appears at the gate.*

Monk. Who is at our gate?

Mar. Maria Feodorafna, a poor suitor  
For your good offices with the strong angel,  
Who keeps the gates of purgatory barr'd,  
Till holy men like you can move his pity.

*Monk.* I'll send one to you of authority :  
I am but menial—And behold ! here comes  
The deacon Otreneif—He'll speak to you.

*DEMETRIUS enters, habited as a deacon.*

*Dem.* Now, ye veil'd sisters, what d'ye want ?

*Mar.* Your prayers,

*Dem.* Our prayers indeed ! Will not your own  
suffice

To keep your consecrated flesh and blood  
In due allegiance to your holy vows ?

*Mar.* Are you a deacon of this pious order,  
And answer with such levity ?

*Dem.* I am ;

Like you, I am cull'd out from Nature's flock  
To check the world's increase, and contradict  
Creation's first great law.

*Mar.* You are too bold :

You know me not.

*Dem.* Nor am I known by you ;  
Else—

*Mar.* What else ? Are you other than you  
seem ?

Hah ! what is that I see beneath your eye ?  
How came you by that mark ?

*Dem.* My mother gave it.  
She was a great astrologer, and held  
Familiar commerce with a fav'rite star.  
It is a mark o' th' mother.

*Mar.* Heaven defend me !

*Dem.* Amen ! I leave you to these reverend  
fathers :

Lo ! where they beckon you. Go in ; go in.  
They'll give you pray'rs enough ; I reserve mine  
For greater purpose, and at greater need.

[*Exit Demetrius.*]

*The Monks having rang'd themselves on each side, the Scene draws off, and discovers the interior of the Chapel: the Prior advances, and addresses himself to the dowager Czarina.*

*Prior.* Peace and Heav'n's grace be with you  
evermore,  
Most honour'd lady ! What are your commands  
For us your humble headsmen ?

*Mar.* Reverend Prior,  
Full well you know my customary suit,  
As this sad day comes round. Why name it to  
you,  
When the whole empire feels and mourns my  
loss ?

*Prior.* Heav'n give you comfort !

*Mar.* 'Tis from Heaven I seek it,  
When I solicit of your holy choir  
A solemn requiem for the guiltless soul  
Of my Demetrius, so may I indulge  
A pious hope, that, by your pray'rs set free,  
My sainted innocence may be received  
Amongst the blest in Heaven ; and now behold  
The congregated fathers only wait  
Your signal to begin their solemn chaunt.

*Prior.* Strike up the canticle for the departed,  
Nam'd in our holy service *The Resurge*,  
Whilst the sad parent joins her pray'rs with  
our's—

*Solemn Air.* (Organ.

“ Resurge, resurge, infans carissime !  
“ O dilecte fili matris amantissimæ !  
“ Tandem ut, solutis vinculis peccatorum,  
“ Unus sis inter choros angelorum :  
“ Concede hoc nobis, custos mortuorum !”

[Scene closes as the strain concludes.]

*A Street in the City of Moscow.*

*As DEMETRIUS is passing over the stage, PETRILLA runs out from a house, and calls to him.*

*Petrit.* Father, father, hear me, I beseech you. Turn an ear of pity on a poor damsel, and grant me the boon of your good offices for the love of—Oh dear, I had almost said for the love of Heaven—But now I look upon you, Sir, I'm sure I need not trouble Heaven to move your pity.

*Dem.* You need not trouble me. I've nothing for you.

*Petrit.* Oh yes, you have: So young, so comely, and with an air so noble, I'm sure you cannot find it in your heart to be uncourteous to a female suitor.

*Dem.* Get you gone, hussey! I'm not for your purpose. I've left off practice in your way of business.

*Petrit.* You have not left off praying I shall hope, and that's my present business with your reverence. I have a mother in the house you see, bedridden and dying. Give her your holy help in her last moments—

*Dem.* If she is dying, let her die in peace.

*Petrit.* But that, she cannot do, having a certain scruple on her conscience.

*Dem.* I am no casuist for an old woman's scruples. If you have any such to reconcile—

*Petrit.* You are the very man to do it. I believe you; but my case, just now, does not require your help; my mother's does.

*Dem.* What is your mother's case?

*Petrit.* Oh! that's a secret of such mighty import, as only can be told in close confession.

*Dem.* What secret can your mother have to tell? Who is your mother?

*Petrl.* Catherine, the wife of Peter Bassovitz—

*Dem.* What! she that nurs'd the Czarowitz Demetrius.

*Petrl.* Yes, she; the very woman—

*Dem.* Lead me to her instantly. Away, you lapwing, fly with all your speed.

*[They enter the house.]*

*Scene changes to a room in Peter Bassovitz's house. He is sitting at a table. A bottle and glasses.*

PETER.

*Pet.* Heigho! sad times, sorrowful times! Only one poor old wife left to comfort me, and she's at her last prayers—Lord help the wicked! Every groan she gives, pierces my heart; then I swallow a glass of brandy, to reconcile it to my feelings. *[Petrilla, followed by Demetrius, passes hastily to the chamber of Catherine.]* There! there goes the death-warrant for my dame—A confessor and a coffin—So the world passes—Death is common—We must all die—flesh is grass, time mows it down, and man is mortal—These melancholy truths—Holla! who's this? Ah, Donski, is it you?

DONSKI enters.

*Dons.* Yes, here am I. What ails you, Peter? You seem out of spirits.

*Pet.* Hush! not so loud. Thank you for your kind enquiries: I am a little out of spirits

myself, but there's some left in the bottle. Shall I help you to a cup?

*Dons.* Not a drop, not a drop. I have an oath against it.

*Pet.* Have you indeed? That's an oath I never took; but you Tartars have a knack of swearing. Give me your hand, however! So you are come to the festival of our great Saint, Alexander Newski. I am vastly glad to see you; but what shall I do to make you welcome? You say you won't drink: perhaps you would eat a slice of something. I am sorry I have no horse-flesh to set before you; but I'm quite out of it.

*Dons.* Make no apology: I have an oath against that also—but where is the good dame, Catherine, your spouse?

*Pet.* In the next chamber: don't speak of her; you'll break my heart. Catherine is dying; her confessor is with her:

*Dons.* Well, well, well! be content. Greater than she must die. The Czar himself is not long for this life; and then we'll have a sovereign of the house of Ruric.

*Pet.* Where will you find him? Recollect yourself. Ivan is dead, and Theodore is dead; they were the last, except Demetrius.

*Dons.* And 'tis Demetrius we are sworn to elect.

*Pet.* Why then I swear you must elect his ghost.

*Dons.* How now! 'tis false. I have spoken with those, that have seen him alive. Come, come, no more of this! We know he's living, and we look to you, who had his life in charge, now to produce him—Aye, and you shall produce him, Peter Bassovitz, or woe befall you.

*Pet.* Gently, my good friend; gently. What



wou'd you have me do ? I can't keep breath in an old dying woman, neither can I bring a dead prince to life again.

*Dons.* Tell that to the Cossacks, if you dare. We are encamp'd, ten thousand strong ; and all are bound under an oath never to touch the flesh of animal, or taste the spirit of the grape, till we have set Demetrius on the throne.

[*Demetrius comes out from the chamber of Catherine.*—

*Dem.* Well, honest Peter, I've confess'd your wife ; I have her deposition here *in scriptis*. 'Tis a receipt in full—

*Pet.* Yes, father, she had many good receipts.

*Dem.* And one beyond them all for excellence. I owe my life to it. What do you stare at ? Don't you recollect me ?

*Pet.* I can't say I have the least recollection of you, reverend father.

*Dem.* That's wonderful. You have danc'd me in your arms a thousand times.

*Pet.* Whuh ! that's a good one. [*Aside.*

*Dons.* Brush up your memory, Peter. Don't you hear the gentleman ?

*Pet.* Yes, I hear the gentleman, but I have no memory of him, or about him.

*Dem.* Away ! You are sand-blind, and can't see Nature's hand-writing legible in my face—[*Turns to Donski.*] I think I heard you speaking of Demetrius—Be pleased to tell me how I am to accost you.

*Dons.* Donski the Cossack ; second to the Hetman.

MICHAEL MEROWITZ *enters hastily.*

*Mic.* The Czar is dead—There's news for you, my masters !

*Dem.* Who says that Boris Godenoff is dead ?

*Mic.* I say it. Ah, friend Griska, are you here ?

*Dem.* Silence ! you know not who it is you speak to.

*Mic.* Not know my fellow-traveller and friend ? Many a hundred weary wersts we have trudg'd. In Poland I remember we were Jews ; Christians in Moscovy ; in Cracow, you took up the trade of a conjurer, and in Moscow, of—

*Dem.* A Czar—for such. I am by blood and right. Stand not amaz'd, but hear me to the end. Catherine, my nurse, now on the bed of death, has recognized me for the true Demetrius : her daughter heard, and will attest the facts, to which her dying mother has deposed. Michael has told you to what various shifts I have been put whilst Boris sought my life ; he knows me for the true and rightful prince ; he has long had the secret in his keeping, and calls me Griska by my travelling name ; and honest Peter here, by whose contrivance I was sav'd from murder, now may speak out, and he shall feel my bounty, so he maintain the truth.

*Pet.* Tell me what truth you wish me to maintain, and I'll stick to it.

*Dons.* I'll tell you, Peter—Down upon your knees—You know me for a man of few words, but steady to my purpose. Let's have no double-dealing. I am satisfied you are in presence of the true Demetrius. Down on your knees, and own your rightful prince ! [*Peter kneels.*]

PETRILLA enters.

*Petril.* Aye, father, that's all right, and as it shou'd be.

*Dem.* Stand up, old man, and look me in the face. You recollect this mark upon my cheek.

*Pet.* Oh yes, I see it there on your right cheek; it was upon your left, the very same! it cannot be mistaken; I remember it.

*Dem.* I'm glad your memory is in part come to you.

*Petril.* Father, take care. My mother has confess'd. The prince knows all the story, how you took the money to destroy him out of hand—

*Pet.* 'Tis false, I took no money.

*Petril.* Yes, you did, father, you know you did: you took the money, but you sav'd his life.

*Pet.* Aye, aye, I sav'd his life; that I remember; that I am perfect in.

*Dem.* Come, come! no more. Put that old fool aside! His senses wander. To you, brave Donski, I commit the task, to move your gallant Cossacks in my cause.

*Dons.* We are ten thousand strong, and to a man will turn out for Demetrius and his right, Michael is with us also.

*Mic.* Heart and soul: to my last drop of blood, I am your man, and for Demetrius.

*Dem.* I'll fetch the Dowager Czarina forth from out her convent, and she shall attest I am the true Demetrius, and her son. The patriarch shall confirm it, and the people shall see the ancient dynasty of Ruric in me restored; Now then, my friends, take notice on this day, Saint Newski's day, which evermore has brought

fortune and favour to my ancient race, I start for empire; and when you hear the evening bell ring out, in the great square before Saint Michael's church, there I will meet you, and present myself to the assembled people as their Czar, which that I am, you are my witnesses. So, farewell all! Be constant, and we triumph!

[*Erit.*

*Mic.* There's a brave spirit; take my word for that. Ah, masters, he's a right one, he's a true one.

*Pet.* But is he true Demetrius? tell me that.

*Mic.* As sure as you are Peter, he's Demetrius. What, don't I know him?

*Pet.* Yes, you call'd him Griska.

*Mic.* Tut! what are names? I have called him by more names than I have fingers. In Poland he was Griska: we did a few things there, that got us into more fame, than was quite convenient; so we beat our march back to Moscow, and here my friend Griska took a billet on the convent of Tchudoff, by the style and title of Deacon Otreneif. Now, what do you find in all this, that shou'd prevent you from discovering the true Czarowitz; especially when even your owl-eyes can see the seal of Nature stamp't upon his cheek?

*Dons.* Now, Peter, what do you say to that? Speak out.

*Petrit.* Aye, father, what do you say to that? My poor dear mother rais'd herself in bed, look'd at him steadily, and by the mark, pronounc'd him the true prince.

*Pet.* 'Tis certain that the Czarowitz, my charge, was mark'd upon the cheek: it wou'd have been a mole in common faces; in his, by courtesy, it was a star.

*Mic.* Well, and a star it is.

*Pet.* But not a fixt one: it has changed its place.

*Dons.* 'Tis false. Take care that you don't change your place, if you give such half-evidence; and mark me! I and my comrades search not into titles; we steer not by the *stars*, but go right on, resolv'd to have a Czar of our own choosing—Therefore, do you mind me; if your citizens will not elect Demetrius this night, there shall not be a house, no, not a hut, in Moscow standing by to-morrow morning—Take that on my word, and good bye to you.

[*Exit Donski.*]

*Petrit.* There, father, did you hear him?

*Pet.* Yes, I heard him. He is a Tartar, and don't know the comfort of living in a house; but come, my child, we must attend upon your dying mother.

*Mic.* A word before you go. Now mark me, Peter. Our fortune is at issue: half measures will not serve us: either confirm the whole, or contradict the whole. If you are against us, we will have your life; if you are for us, we will make your fortune. You've had your warning; therefore, choose your part.

*Pet.* Well! we shall see. Petrilla, follow me!

[*Exit Peter.*]

*Mic.* Stay, my sweet girl; I hope you mean to come to the great square.

*Petrit.* At evening bell I'll come.

*Mic.* Then we shall meet again.

*Petrit.* I shall expect you; but remember, Michael, if there is fighting, you must take care of me.

*Mic.* Ah, you dear rogue, I love you. That's enough.

[*Excunt severally.*]

## ACT II.

*Scene, a kind of Ante-Chapel within the Convent of Tchudoff.—A Monk is discovered in attendance.*

DEMETRIUS enters.

*Dem.* Well! has your dowager Czarina had her sufficit of masses, and gone home?

*Monk.* Not yet; she is coming forth from chapel.

*Dem.* And will she pass this way?

*Monk.* I am waiting for her, as in duty bound.

*Dem.* 'Tis well: 'tis very well. I'll keep watch with you. Ah! she's a right-good lady, (is she not?) to have so very motherly a concern for a dead son? If he were living now, and in the purgatory of this wicked world, how many masses, think you, wou'd it take to set him free, and put him fairly in the way of fortune?

*Monk.* How shou'd I answer that, seeing that purgatory is not for the living, but for the dead?

*Dem.* Nay, learned Sir, but you have answered it with most discreet and orthodox precision: yet, under favour, can you not conceive there are as many purgatories on this side death, as there are duns, debts, persecutions, imprisonments, vexations, tiresome talkers, long-winded homilies, and old decrepid tantalizing misers, that stand upon the threshold of their graves, and won't step into them?

*Monk.* To none of all these cases can I speak—but see! Maria Feodorafna comes—

MARIA enters, followed by a train of Nuns.

Mar. Where'er I pass, the vision is before me ;  
And lo ! again I meet him—Speak, declare !  
Who art thou, that in likeness of the dead,  
Spite of thy habit, draw'st my eyes upon thee  
In contemplation of an awful mark,  
A token so particular, as in none,  
Save one dear object, ever met my sight.

Dem. Illustrious lady, when your face was  
veil'd,  
I knew you not ; and after my plain way,  
Unconscious of your dignity, addressed you  
In terms, that merited your just rebuke :  
But as the things, of which I have to speak,  
Are such as can in no wise entertain  
These holy sisters, though to you and me  
Of high concernment, I must urge my suit  
To speak in private with you.

Mar. Be it so !  
Sisters, I pray you to withdraw at once :  
Let ceremonies be dispens'd with, I conjure you.

[The Nuns withdraw.

There ! They are gone. What is it that controls  
me ?

What power so absolute enwheels you round,  
That as your countenance enchains my eyes,  
So does your voice my ears ! Oh ! it comes o'er  
me,

As I had heard it somewhere in time past,  
Or listen'd to it in my dreams perhaps  
With motherly delight.

Dem. You have, you have ;  
Bear witness for me, Nature, you have heard it,  
For 'tis Demetrius, 'tis your son that speaks,  
Your long-lost living son.

*Mar.* Support me, save me !

*[She leans on his shoulder.]*

Be still, and give my whirling brain a pause  
For recollection—Can Demetrius live?  
Cou'd their fell daggers miss the heart they  
struck at?

Ah, no—deceive me not. It cannot be.  
Heav'n on its beauteous model stamp'd a star,  
A mark, celestial, never to be forg'd;  
Such as no mortal face——'Tis there, 'tis there!  
I see it——'Tis the evidence of sight,  
The seal of fate, the signature of truth.  
By whatsoever miracle restored,  
Come to my heart !—Thou art my long-lost son.

*Dem.* I am your son : your prayers were not  
mispent,  
They're only gone before me. Snatcht from  
death,  
I've been a wanderer, seeking up and down  
Precarious shelter under various names  
In various countries—but of this hereafter—  
The story of my pilgrimage is long,  
And asks more leisure ; for the time is come,  
When I must cast this priestly frock away,  
And self-elect as Autocrat assume  
The royal mantle, which of right is mine ;  
And never will I put it off, till death  
Shall tear it from me, in my life-blood drench'd.

*Mar.* Ah, my too brave, too venturous son,  
beware !

This odious Czar is watchful and alert ;  
His eye is every where ; he is all ear,  
And his arm reaches to the utmost bounds  
Of his extensive empire.

*Dem.* Fear him not !

A stronger arm hath reach'd him : he is dead.

*Mar.* Amazement ! dead ?—



*Dem.* Be not amaz'd. 'Tis so,  
 Though news, that circulates through all the  
 world,  
 Cannot pervade the crannies of your cloister.  
 Therefore it was I never risk'd a line,  
 Knowing none such wou'd be allow'd to reach  
 you.

And now it grieves me much, that for a time  
 You must return to count the lonely hours,  
 Till the first sun, that rises on my hopes,  
 Shall with its beams dispel our convent's gloom,  
 And give you glorious to the world again.  
 [*Leads her out, and the scene closes.*]

*A room in the house of Peter Bassovitz*

*PETER alone.*

*Pet.* I begin to think it is high time to take  
 care of myself. My old crony, Michael Mero-  
 witz, has too many crotchets in his head, and  
 I believe I must forego the pleasure of his  
 society; for the owl that makes one upon a  
 water-party with the gander, shall scarcely  
 escape drowning. Yet Michael is a fellow of  
 such companionable pleasantry, that if the  
 gallows did not stand in the back ground of his  
 prospect, I wou'd be content to go on with him  
 to my life's end—but that is one way of ending  
 life I had rather be excused from.

*MICHAEL enters.*

*Mic.* This day a monk, and the next day a  
 monarch—

*Pet.* What's that you are talking about?

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*Mic.* Ah! who are you?—A speck under your right eye?—No, you have specks in both eyes: you are not the man—Ten thousand Tartars, they will do the job—Cymbals, and clarinets, and screaming fifes—How I long to see them come thundering down into the great square!—

*Pet.* How I long to see you go thundering down into any square, street, or kennel, out of this house!

*Mic.* Then you will see me in my proper glory; cutting and slashing like another Yermac.

*Pet.* Cut and slash any where but here—There is the door; pray, make use of it.

*Mic.* Don't be too familiar, Peter Bassovitz. Less freedom, and more good manners, will become you better. You don't know who you are speaking to. You'll hear of me, you'll hear of me, before the day is over.

*Pet.* I dare say I shall. Your dying speech and confession will be cried about the streets.

*Mic.* Muzzle your wit, my master! When Demetrius shall be proclaimed, you'll find yourself on the wrong side.

*Pet.* No; then I'll turn over to the right one.

*Mic.* Aye, then you'll recollect him well enough.

*Pet.* Why, 'twou'd refresh my memory I confess, if ever that shou'd come to pass. But don't let me detain you. You may resume your meditations in the open air: I'll wait upon you to the door.

*Mic.* I am charm'd with your politeness, Thank you for your pleasant company, and hospitable entertainment. When I have a house of my own, you shall be quite as welcome to walk out of it, as I am out of your's. Good bye to you!

[*Exit Mic.*]

*Pet.* This is a case of difficulty on both sides; yet, as I must take one side or the other, I have no choice left but to choose the strongest. Certain it is, I can trace the features of the boy in the countenance of the man; and I can't deny the mark upon his cheek, though I may puzzle the question between right and left. He may, or he may not, be Demetrius: let other people settle that, my business is to take care of Peter Bassovitz. *[Exit.]*

*Scene, a Chamber in the Palace.*

THEODORE and IRENE.

*Iren.* I own, dear brother, orphans as we are,  
We may well mourn the loss of such a father,  
But there shou'd be a measure in our sorrow.  
Thy mind, sad prince, hath need of all the  
strength

That it can summon, to support the weight  
Which this vast empire will devolve upon thee.

*Theo.* I was not made to reign: I've no ambition.

My wishes being few are shortly told:  
Give me a station humble as my thoughts,  
And as my passions peaceful: let me live  
Beyond the reach of faction, where no feuds  
May ruffle my tranquillity, no fears  
Disturb my solitude: little will serve  
To satisfy my wants, and had I more  
Than simple Nature needs, 'twou'd be to much.

*SUISKA enters.*

*Suis.* Health to our Sovereign Lord! Long  
live the Czar!

*Theo.* No, no, Suiski; Czars do not live long.  
Is not my father dead?

*Suis.* In you he lives.

*Theo.* My father's spirit with my father died :  
My humble nature cannot entertain it.

*Suis.* O lost to glory ! Yet, by right of office,  
As Regent in the vacancy of empire,  
I must of force proclaim you.

*Theo.* If you must,  
So let it be ! My fate is in your hands,  
And you must deal with me, a helpless creature,  
As to your will seems meet. [*Erit.*

*Suis.* Oh ill-tim'd weakness,  
Now when we have a rival to contend with,  
A false Demetrius, formidably leagu'd  
With the wild Cossacks, that embay our walls.

*Iren.* Demetrius ! Surely he was kill'd at  
Uglitz.

Who is this bold impostor ?

*Suis.* Time admits not  
To tell you who he is, for instant means  
Must be adopted to prevent his plot,  
Or we are lost.

*Iren.* Go, and success attend you !  
[*Exeunt severally.*

*Great Square of St. Michael, with a side view of  
the Cathedral, &c.*

MICHAEL MEROWITZ and PETRILLA.

*Mic.* Here we are, my gallant wench, here  
we are in the square of Saint Michael, and there  
is his church—I bow to it devoutly—We have  
fobb'd old Peter, and are off. Lord love you !  
how fond you must be ; but no wonder—and  
yet you don't know half my merit.

*Petrit.* I don't know any. Let me hear it; I dare say it is soon told.

*Mic.* I have a most sweet and placid temper—

*Petrit.* So has a tyger.

*Mic.* A delicate and most exquisite sensibility—

*Petrit.* So has this stone pavement.

*Mic.* A large heart, and unbounded generosity—

*Petrit.* Those may be call'd your sleeping virtues, having no means to waken them, as you have nothing whatever to bestow.

*Mic.* Wait till to-morrow; then tell me I have nothing to bestow: wait only till Demetrius is Czar, then tell me who will be the richest subject in Moscovy. Mark me! This being Saint Alexander Newski's day, I went to church and said my prayers for luck; and there, as luck wou'd have it, I fell asleep, which you know is natural; and in my dream, what do you guess I saw?

*Petrit.* A gibbet—that, I'm sure, is natural.

*Mic.* No, you saucy rogue, a palace—a fine house, richly furnished, given me by the Czar, with servants, equipage, and all things needful to set me up in a style—

PETER *enters with Constables.*

*Pet.* Well met, friend Michael! So, I warrant you are come to see the show—that's right—and took my daughter with you—that's kind—The girl is curious, that's the truth of it; and 'twill be a fine sight.

*Mic.* Aye, won't it? Who are these men with you?

*Pet.* I suppose he will only shew his mark,

put up his finger to his eye, exhibit his credentials, and be crowned upon the spot—

*Mic.* Very likely—but I say, Peter, who are these rascallions?

*Pet.* And when that's over, you'll be a great man—

*Mic.* Shan't I?—I don't like the looks of them: they seem to be listening.

*Pet.* And I suppose you mean to take my daughter under your protection—

*Mic.* Undoubtedly—if I am not taken first myself—

*Pet.* That's friendly. Petrilla is a handsome wench, and perhaps you have a liking for her—

*Mic.* Oh, a very great liking for her—but just now I shou'd like to be off—

*Pet.* Lay hold of him, officers! I charge you with him as a disturber of the peace, and a traitor to the state. [*Music as of soldiers on the march.*] Hark! what is coming now?

*Mic.* Demetrius, Demetrius is coming! Hands off, rascals! The Cossacks are upon you—Hah! Suiska!—Confusion! I am lost.

*Pet.* No; you are found—

*SUISKI enters with heralds and a guard of soldiers.*

Justice, Lord General, justice on this traitor!

*Suis.* Who calls for justice, and which is the traitor?

*Pet.* I am the honest man, who calls for justice; and this the criminal, whom I accuse.

*Suis.* What has he done?

*Pet.* No one good action in his life, so please you, but every thing that's wicked and most vile.

*Suis.* You must be more specific in your charge.

*Pet.* I will, Sir: he's a vagabond; he has rambled into countries, where impudence is to be had for nothing, and brought home such a stock of it, that he has stolen my daughter, and made off with her.

*Petrit.* I am here, noble Sir. I am not stolen; therefore, that charge is void.

*Suis.* As it should seem. Are you in your right senses, friend?

*Mic.* No, Sir, he's moon-struck; a poor crazy creature; we only came, like other harmless folks, to see the sight and hear the proclamation.

*Pet.* Yes, and to bellow for the false Demetrius: I denounce this rascal, Michael Merowitz by name, to be his friend and crony, his fellow-traveller and pot-companion, the stickler for his party, and the mouth-piece of his mob.

*Suis.* Knowing all this, perhaps you know the man who calls himself Demetrius.

*Pet.* Oh yes, I know him well.

*Suis.* And you know him to be an impostor—

*Pet.* Far be it from me to contradict your Excellency at the head of your troops; I am staunch for Theodore, and ready to declare, that Demetrius, so called, is no better than an impostor.

*Suis.* Then you will have an opportunity of declaring that to his face, for I hear him on his march.—[*Bugle sounds.*]—Soldiers, stand fast! make no show of resistance; the Cossacks will out-number us, ten to one. We'll offer them a parley, and hear what this pretender has to say.

*Pet.* With your good leave, Lord General, I'll run and call more help—

*Suis.* Hold that prevaricating fellow fast.

*Pet.* Besides, I recollect my wife lies dead. I pray you, let me go and bury her.

370 THE FALSE DEMETRIUS.

*Suis.* Sirrah, we have your evidence. Stand to it !

*Pet.* What evidence ? Good lack, I gave no evidence, that I can call to mind.

*Mic.* I'll help your memory, Peter ! never doubt me.

*DONSKI and the Cossacks march in with DEMETRIUS, (richly habited in the Polish dress,) at their head.*

*Suis.* Halt, gallant Cossacks, we are here assembled,

As friends of peace and order, to proclaim  
A successor to the now vacant throne.  
If then there is amongst you one, who holds  
Priority of right before the son  
Of Boris Godenoff, let him come forth,  
And state his title !

*Dons.* Lo ! he stands before you—  
The true Demetrius—We are satisfied :  
We have proclaim'd him—What have you to  
say ?

*Suis.* Nothing to say against the true Demetrius,  
But much good cause to doubt if he survive ;  
Over whose mangled body, gor'd with wounds,  
Weeping I stood, and with these very eyes  
Saw the last hope of Ruric's sacred line  
Borne to the grave, a cold and lifeless corpse.

*Dem.* You are Suiski ; are you not ?—

*Suis.* I am.

*Dem.* And you believe you saw Demetrius  
dead—

I am not careful to dispute the assertion  
Of your belief ; yet, if I gave you credit  
For the sincerity, with which you wept



Over the mangled body, I must think  
 It was because you found you'd miss'd your aim,  
 And that the true Demetrius had escap'd you,  
 He had, Suiski—and the corpse you saw  
 Borne to the grave, did not possess one drop  
 Of Ruric's blood, whose sacred line survives  
 In me, now living to assert my right.

*Dons.* And you shall have your right. Perish  
 all those

Who dare to oppose it! Let our swords decide.

*Dem.* Oh, not in blood, my friends, not in the  
 blood

Of my dear subjects let me mount the throne.  
 My strength is in my cause, and whilst there's  
 found

One, that denies my right, until I reign  
 Over all hearts, let me not reign at all.  
 And now, though many will be found to witness  
 That I am true Demetrius, you, Suiski,  
 The last of all men living to depose,  
 Through partial favour to my cause or me,  
 Shall be the first, to whom I will appeal.  
 Do you remember, when your Czarowitz  
 At Uglitz was install'd Knight of the Cross,  
 A certain medal, pendant to a chain  
 Of onyx, which you gave him?

*Suis.* I do remember.

*Dem.* Was it like this?

*Suis.* The very same.

*Dem.* 'Tis well.

Once more I call your conscience to the test—  
 Manhood, 'tis granted, will efface the child;  
 But marks by nature stamp'd upon the frame  
 Are not rubb'd out by time. Had not Demetrius  
 A kind of sanguine star below his eye  
 On his right cheek?

*Suis.* Demetrius had that mark.

*Dem.* Behold he has it still.

*Suis.* I do confess it.

*Dem.* There stands a man, that can depose  
to it

For twelve years past—Why do you keep him  
bound?

A witness shou'd be free.

*Suis.* Loose him at once. [*They loose him.*]

*Mic.* Thank you for nothing. Give me up  
my sword,

I'm glad your highness has had timely thought  
Of your poor Michael. Have I seen that mark  
For twelve years past? Yes, have I, and will  
swear it

Upon the holy book by every saint,  
Saint Alexander Newski into the bargain.

*Dons.* We are all satisfied. What need of  
more?

*Dem.* Be patient, my good friends! Let me  
proceed—

This damsel will inform us what she heard  
Her mother, Catherine Bassovitz, confess  
Upon her death-bed—On your conscience speak!

*Petrit.* I heard my mother solemnly declare,  
Her senses being perfect, you, the Prince,  
Then standing in her sight, were true Deme-  
trius,

The rescued Czarowitz, whom she had nurs'd.

*Dem.* Where is your father? Let him now  
stand forth.

*Petrit.* Ah, royal Sir, he knows not what he  
says,

He's old and childish; his poor wits are  
wand'ring.

*Pet.* So please you, Sir, I am, as she has told  
you,

An old man, almost in my second childhood,

My wife is dead, my eyes are dim with weeping,  
And grief hath shook a memory never strong.  
I know my dame vouched with her dying breath,  
That you, dread sir, were the sweet babe she  
nurs'd,

And I don't doubt she spoke the very truth;  
Nay, I am sure she did; but 'twas with me  
A standing rule to cross my loving wife,  
Though 'twere against my conscience, and I hope  
You will not punish me with your displeasure  
Only for contradicting an old woman.

*Dons.* Prince, you descend too far. We are  
not here

To litigate your title, but elect you.

*Dem.* Summon the council; cite me to the  
board;

Sift me with questions — Call my mother  
forth—

Maria Feodorafna—let her speak!  
Who has a better right to know the son  
Than she, who bore him? I appeal to her;  
And by my sainted ancestor I swear,  
If she does not acknowledge me her son,  
Let all the world renounce me—Now, Suiski,  
Does this content you?

*Suis.* It is nobly offered:

I am content.

*Dem.* Enough! I now promulgate  
To all, however hostile to my cause,  
Forgiveness and oblivion: To my friends  
I pledge a heart, that never will forget  
One single act of charity and kindness,  
However slight, in my distress conferred.  
But these are words: actions shall speak for  
me.

Now to the council—Gallant Cossacks, march!

*Chorus.*

" He comes, he comes, he comes !  
" With echoing cymbals, and with rattling  
drums—  
" The Cossacks of the Don  
" In triumph lead him on,  
" The long-lost, living, true Demetrius comes."

ACT III.

*Scene the Council Chamber.*

*The Patriarch, the General SUISKI, and the chief Officers of State are assembled. The Patriarch rises.*

*Pat.* Nobles and senators, you now have  
heard  
What the illustrious claimant, who attends  
The issue of your judgment, had to state  
In proof and vindication of his right  
To be acknowledged as the true Demetrius :  
This fact admitted, (and to me it seems  
That none dispute it,) what remains for us  
But to receive him, as in duty bound,  
And pay our homage to the nation's lord ?

*Suis.* Most grave and reverend Patriarch, I  
rise  
Not to oppose, but humbly to remind you,  
That our late Czar hath left to your protection  
Two orphan relics : shall we now make terms  
For these defenceless innocents, or leave them  
To what the policy of our new Czar  
May deem convenient for himself and them ?

*Pat.* Lord General, let benevolence be free :  
Mercy shou'd wear no fetters, nor will he,  
Whose word is law, receive a law from us—

*[Trumpets.*

Hark ! he is at our doors—Rise, and receive  
him !

*The doors are thrown open. DEMETRIUS, leading in MARIA FEODORAFNA, enters.*

*Pat.* Demetrius, we, your subjects, with one voice,  
Salute you rightful Czar of Moscovy :  
Ascend your throne!

*Dem.* Your patience—There remains  
One other witness to confirm my right—  
Maria Feodorafna, by your hopes  
Of Heaven, and heavenly mercy, I conjure you,  
Now at the peril of your soul declare,  
Am I, or am I not, this kingdom's heir,  
The true Demetrius, your acknowledg'd son?

*Mar.* Not for a thousand thrones wou'd I disguise  
The truth, so challeng'd. By my hopes of Heaven,

At peril of my soul, I do avouch,  
You are my son, you are the true Demetrius.

*Dem.* You hear the avouchments, sirs; does any doubt?

*Pat.* Not one. 'Twere treason and a high offence  
Against the majesty of truth to doubt it.  
Once more I say—Demetrius, mount the throne!

*Dem.* I am not come to surfeit you with thanks :  
That wou'd be fulsome, that wou'd be a mockery,  
To shame your justice, and degrade my right :  
For I am no impostor, and must reign,  
Or you must shut your eyes against the truth,  
And do me wilful wrong ; but I am come  
To assure you of a heart, which I have pledg'd  
To all the duties of that arduous task,  
Whereto your judgment and my fate have doom'd me.

My country's welfare will be all my pride,  
Her laws my rule, her happiness my own,  
My first ambition, and my ceaseless care.  
I have known sorrow ; I have deeply drunk  
The gall of harsh unkindness, and endured  
The bitterness of penury and want :  
Therefore, let all men know that I will reign  
In mercy and forbearance, and I hope  
Your wisdom, learned Sirs, will find some means  
To keep men honest, and your persons safe  
Without blood-shedding, for this hand of mine  
Never shall sign away the life of man.

*Pat.* Nobly resolv'd ! You make all hearts  
your own.

Long may you reign, and happy be your days !

*Dem.* Now, though the tyrant Boris sought  
my life,

Yet is it not my nature to revenge  
The father's wrongs upon the guiltless son.  
To you, Suiski, this remark applies :  
You have the person of your prince in charge ;  
Set him before me ! So shall all confess,  
You have not arm'd a man with sovereign power,  
Who is not able to command himself.

*Suis.* I shall impart your pleasure to the  
prince,

And much it will console him, gracious sir,  
To hear these generous sentiments confirm'd  
By your own royal promise.

*Dem.* I have said.

There needs no farther promise to confirm it.

[*Exit Suiski.*]

I send not for this unambitious youth,  
To buy opinions by a vain display  
Of public clemency, but to convince you  
How much it gratifies me to reflect  
That you have suffer'd me to mount the throne,

Pure, and unsullied with my subjects' blood ;  
 That you have not compelled me to resort  
 To other claims than I have laid before you,  
 Nor forced your lawful prince to draw the  
                   sword,  
 And bathe it in the vitals of his country.  
 War knows no justice ; force may conquer  
                   right,  
 And I wou'd reign in charity and peace.

SUISKI *presents* THEODORE.

*Suis.* Lord of this mighty empire, you behold  
 An orphan prince, who comes prepared to hear  
 And ready to obey your sovereign will.

*Dem.* Prince, the Supreme Disposer hath  
                   ordain'd  
 To you the calm of life ; to me the storm.  
 We must obey our fates. Believe me, Sir,  
 It is not in my heart to offer wrong  
 Or to your peace or person. You are free ;  
 Nor other motive have I to request  
 This interview, and trouble your repose,  
 Save in my zeal to tender you my hand  
 In pledge of service ; and consult your wishes  
 What for your grace and honour I shou'd do.

*Theo.* For grace but little ; for my honour less.  
 Alas, ambition is for ever dead  
 In this sad heart, that breathes no other wish,  
 Puts up no other prayer to Russia's Lord,  
 But that, which granted, honours the bestower—  
 A prayer for life : freedom I never had,  
 For I was born to greatness, and of course  
 Was train'd in slavery, and cannot expect  
 From you, a stranger, more than I enjoy'd  
 Under a father's rigour. All desires,  
 If Nature ever planted such within me,



Were crush'd or ere they budded. Grant me  
only

A decent prison, and a gentle keeper,  
That will not treat me harshly.

*Dem.* None shall treat you  
But with the tenderest care : you shall be free ;  
Live where you like, and with the friends you  
love :

I lay the map before you ; choose your spot :  
If you call that a prison, it must be  
Your mind that makes it such : I've none to  
grant.

*Pat.* Sir, you must suffer me to call your  
thoughts  
To objects more immediate, and remind you  
That we have ceremonies to perform,  
Which may not be delay'd : your people wait,  
The heralds are assembled to proclaim you,  
And the time wears.

*Dem.* The time shall be obey'd.  
*Suiski* will attend his princely charge.

*[All the characters, but Theodore and Suiski,  
go out in procession with Demetrius, as  
Czar.]*

*Suis.* You are not curious, sir, to see this sight—

*Theo.* No, for my presence might perhaps  
arouse

Contention, and provoke him to revenge :  
I only wish to pass my days in peace.  
Did you not mark how kindly he address'd me,  
How gentle were his looks, how mild his words?

*Suis.* Yes ; he has words at will ; how they  
will match

With his performance, time alone can show.

*Theo.* Well ! I must take my fortune as it falls.  
I'll to my sister—

*Suis.* I attend you, sir. *[Exeunt.]*

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*Scene, a Street in Moscow.*

MICHAEL MEROWITZ and PETRILLA.

*Mic.* There, there, there, my girl ! I told you how it wou'd be. We carry all before us : the council are convinc'd ; Demetrius is Czar of Moscovy, and I am the man who made him such. Did not you observe, when I gave my evidence, how still, how silent, how respectful, all the square-caps sate, pondering my words ? And when I had got hold of their attention, didn't you take notice how I touched them up with a neat stroke of the pathetic ? " My lords," said I, " many a time and oft his majesty and I have seen the sun go down, when we had not even a shrub to shelter us : I have then stript off my cloak to cover him as he slept, and kept watch in my doublet till the morning broke." That was very well, wasn't it, Petrilla ?

*Petril.* Yes, yes, it let them know, that he, who has stood by his friend in the dark, will not run away from him in the light.

*Mic.* They have proclaimed him Czar. I am a made man. You'll see a great change in me, when I am once settled, and have my comforts about me.

*Petril.* I hope I shall. It must be for the better, if you change at all.

*Mic.* I shall ask the Czar for one of his spare palaces ; then I'll lay up, study my own ease, cultivate the fine arts, and grow sentimental.

*Petril.* I hope you'll grow rich withal.

*Mic.* To be sure I will. Why, I shall have all Great, Little, and White Russia at my feet,

like a snow-ball. Then you'll hear flattery in full chorus; then the parasites shall so plaister me with praise, that there shall not be a cranny left for satire to creep in at. I'll have a stable full of poets, like highwaymen's horses, ready bridled and saddled to turn out at a moment, and prance over the raggamuffins, if they dare to libel me. I'll have pictures, statues, medals, and a museum; I'll be the greatest collector of books, and the best preserver of bindings in the kingdom; no man shall soil them with a touch; I care nothing for their contents, but I have a very great respect for their coverings.

PETER BASSOVITZ enters.

*Pet.* Well met, friend Michael! I rejoice in your good fortune. Bring me off, my dear fellow, with your friend Griska at a pinch. Speak a kind word for me to his Czarish Majesty, for the sweet sake of Petrilla.

*Mic.* Don't be troublesome. I have nothing for you. You bore witness against Demetrius.

*Pet.* Yes, but I bore witness for him also, and almost in the same breath. Every man must have time to recollect himself.

*Mic.* You did not see the mark upon his cheek till the crown was on his head.

*Pet.* No, because that thief, Suiski, stood between me and the light, and I am somewhat purblind.

*Mic.* Go along! nobody cares about you. You are a witness on both sides; of course, you are believed on neither side, and scouted on all sides.

*Pet.* Lookye, friend Michael, when two parties are at issue, if the father takes one, and

the son-in-law the other, they are arm'd against events. If Theodore had prevailed, I wou'd have been your friend; now Demetrius has carried it, you must be mine.

*Petrit.* And he shall be your friend. Michael is the best-tempered fellow breathing: he has too merry a heart to bear malice, and too much love for me to harm my poor father, hav'n't you, Michael?

*Mic.* I have a prodigious deal of love for you, but I have some for myself, and old Peter here wou'd fain have laid me in for a few strokes of the knout. Now, though I fear neither pain nor death, I don't positively love either of them; but, as you truly say, I am a sweet-tempered fellow, and though I know it well enough, I don't greatly dislike to be told so. Therefore, hold your tongue, old Peter, and fall back, for I see the Czar is coming—Keep the fool out of sight, and perhaps his folly may be out of mind.

*Martial music. The procession of Nobles returning from the coronation. DEMETRIUS, preceded by the Patriarch, and followed by DONSKI and the guard of Cossacks, closes the procession — Michael steps forth to pay his homage, and Demetrius stops.*

*Mic.* Heaven bless your majesty!

*Dem.* What wou'd you with me? Have you aught to ask?

*Mic.* So please your majesty, I had conn'd a speech, the best that my poor breeding cou'd provide, but it has slip'd me in your royal presence; and so I humbly hope you will recollect, though you were born to be a king, I was not born to be a courtier.

*Dem.* Well, what is your petition? State it.

*Mic.* If your majesty, amidst all your cares, shall graciously be pleased to think of your poor servant Michael, I doubt you will call to mind a pretty many of my failings at the same time; but I am bold to say, want of affection towards you is not amongst the number.

*Dem.* You stuck to me in poverty and sorrow;

When the sun shines upon my better fortune,  
I will not leave an old friend in the shade;  
May Heaven forget Demetrius in that hour!

*[Demetrius passes on, and the procession being closed, Michael, Peter, and Petrilla, are left upon the stage.]*

*Mic.* Harkye, Petrilla! Did you remark how graciously he noticed me?

*Petril.* Did you observe how charmingly he look'd?

*Pet.* Well, 'tis surprising how his dress has chang'd him. Now that I see him in that princely habit, I have as perfect a recollection of his countenance, (Heaven bless the mark!) as if it were but yesterday I had dandled him on my knee.

*Petril.* Michael!

*Mic.* What say you, my gay wench?

*Petril.* If for my sins it shou'd be my hard fate to marry you, remember, I must go to court.

*Mic.* Go to court! aye, and you shall keep a court. What tell you me of marrying for your sins? Am I not friend and favourite of the Czar? Boyar, prince, potentate?—I am, and you—Ah! you arch-rogue, I've sworn it—You are in my arms, you bewitching little Moscovite!—

*Song.*

“ And when you’re Michael’s wedded mate,  
The Wasslers shall be singing—  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—  
While the merry bells are ringing.

So fresh, so fair,  
So de bon air,  
Trickt out so trim and nice,  
You trip so neat,  
Your nimble feet  
Peep in and out like mice.

“ Your skin so dazzling to my sight,  
Your lips so plump and rosy,  
Your teeth in pearly rows so white,  
Your breath like any posey ;  
When as I spy  
Your roguish eye,  
It darts so sweet a glance,  
Pit-pat, pit-pat,  
This way and that,  
My heart begins to dance.”

## ACT IV.

*A magnificent Chamber in the Palace.*

IRENE is discovered; she rises as the curtain is drawn up, and advances.

*Iren.* So! all is finish'd, and Demetrius reigns:  
The earth throws up her dead; the buried corpse  
Starts into being, and is made the monarch  
Of those, who were his murderers. 'Tis well!  
If so Heav'n wills it, let the mystery pass.  
Yet blood shall follow, for Suiski flies,  
And his ambition must disturb the world,  
Fly where he will. Sad times are coming on  
For thee, my brother; and for me what hope,  
But that I may be doom'd to some lone cell,  
List'ning no sounds but those of pious prayers,  
And virgin voices chanting midnight hymns.

*An Officer of the court enters.*

*Off.* Illustrious lady, I appear before you  
With a petition (so I'm charg'd to term it)  
From our new Czar Demetrius, who requests  
To pay his court to you.

*Iren.* What do you mean?  
Must I interpret this as meant in mockery,  
Or did Demetrius seriously enjoin you  
To announce him in those words?

*Off.* Suspect me not.  
I faithfully report the very words,  
As I received them from his royal lips.  
He waits your answer—

*Iren.* Oh, be speedy then!  
Let not his royal courtesy be put  
To further trial—Say, that I expect,  
With most profound submission, his commands.  
[*Exit Officer.*]

What must I think of this mysterious man?  
The mild and gentle semblance he assumes  
May be put on to win the hearts of men,  
Who crouch'd beneath my father's iron sway.  
It may—Till fortune shall have fix'd his power,  
It may be policy to wear a mask;  
But if it be his nature to be cruel,  
He'll soon throw off that mask—And see, he  
comes—

*DEMETRIUS enters.*

*Dem.* I've ask'd this interview, tho' I confess,  
'Tis out of season to intrude upon you;  
For sorrow should be sacred, and the daughter  
Of an unburied father should possess  
The sabbath of her mourning unprofan'd.

*Iren.* You conceive rightly, sir, it was my wish.

*Dem.* Yes, royal lady, I can well believe  
How hateful above all men I must be,  
For having robb'd you of those splendid hopes  
Which, till my fortune threw a cloud before them,  
Beam'd with such dazzling brightness. Yet I  
hope,

That so much of your hatred, as results  
From fear and terror, you will let me banish  
By taking heav'n to witness, that my heart  
Cannot conceive a thought to harm Irene.

*Iren.* Heav'n only knows the heart.

*Dem.* I cannot wonder  
That you are slow to credit him for truth,  
Whose very essence you are taught to think



Is falsehood and imposture: Thus describ'd,  
 I stand prejudg'd—but noble minds, like your's,  
 In candour will confess, that were I false,  
 I should be cruel too, and, having power,  
 Use it as tyrants and usurpers do.

*Iren.* Mercy should be the attribute of kings,  
 By whatsoever title they may reign.

*Dem.* Sav'd by the hand of Providence from  
 death,

And after fourteen years of painful exile  
 At length restor'd, I have forgiv'n all wrongs  
 Done to myself, and in the conscious sense  
 How mercifully Heav'n hath dealt with me,  
 Am purpos'd whereso'er my power extends,  
 My mercy shall go with it. Now, fair princess,  
 If this avouchment set your mind at peace,  
 I have fulfill'd the purpose of my visit,  
 And shall withdraw an object from your sight,  
 Which I can plainly see that you regard  
 With terror and distrust.

*Iren.* O, say not that!  
 You've giv'n auspicious promise to the world  
 Of a benignant nature, royal sir,  
 By your compassionate and generous care  
 Of my unhappy brother.

*Dem.* Ah, that brother,  
 Had there been no Demetrius in the world,  
 Was never born to reign; therefore to him,  
 Who suffers little loss, I may have made  
 A competent atonement; but to you,  
 To you, Irene, form'd to grace a throne,  
 The disappointment, your ambition feels,  
 Must be too deep, and I despair of pardon.

*Iren.* What pardon can the Lord of Russia ask  
 Of me, who only by his mercy live?  
 Me, too unworthy to deserve a throne,  
 And much too unambitious to desire it.

*Dem.* That you're unworthy to possess a throne  
Is what I'll hear from no one but yourself;  
That you are not ambitious to partake it,  
Till my short reign be past, that I believe:  
But when my star shall set, yours will ascend,  
And you will reign: It is your destiny—  
Nay, start not, when I prophecy so fair!

*Iren.* Ah, spare me, sir! Your anger let me feel,  
If that I merit—not your mockery!

*Dem.* Banish suspicion; you alike mistake  
My nature and your own; I cannot mock you,  
And you cannot deserve it. Hear me, now,  
For I am serious—Though I mount the throne  
Arm'd with such means as might secure my  
power,

Yet will I rather singly brave my fate,  
And combat all the peril I foresee,  
Than ask of you what you ought not to grant,  
Nor I t' accept—A hand without a heart.  
Now be sincere, Irene—Do I know you?

*Iren.* I hope you are too generous to exact  
An answer to that question.

*Dem.* It is answer'd.  
Too well I know where you bestow'd that treasure,  
Which might have bought tranquillity and peace  
For me and for the multitudes, that form  
This mighty empire; nor am I to seek  
For him, whose factious spirit is at work  
To mesh me in his toils.

*Iren.* Believe it not.  
Let not suspicion taint your nobler thoughts;  
There's no such traitor.

*Dem.* Am I then deceiv'd,  
And do I wrongfully accuse Suiski?  
Is it by my command he has recall'd  
The army of the Ukraine from their march,  
Array'd them, bought them with the public money,

Which, at your father's death, he seiz'd and  
 drain'd,  
 Leaving me nothing but the empty coffers?  
 And is he now approaching to the gates  
 Of this devoted city for my service,  
 To do me homage? Is the army mine,  
 Or his, who pays, maintains it, and commands it?  
 And for what purpose?—To confirm my power,  
 Or to erect his own?—

*Iren.* What can I say?  
 What to these various charges can I plead  
 But that you now behold me at your mercy,  
 Your hostage for the loyalty of him,  
 Whom you suspect of treason?

*Dem.* You my hostage!  
 Irene, no! That policy I leave  
 To tyrants and usurpers. You are free,  
 Free as the air you breathe; you shall not pledge  
 One moment of your freedom for Suiski:  
 When all the nobles moved me to arrest him,  
 When at a word I might have stript him bare  
 Of power to harm me, for your sake I spared  
 him;  
 And if by sparing him I shall have drawn  
 Death on myself, my enemies shall own  
 I had my country's happiness at heart,  
 When I left you, so worthy to succeed  
 To that imperial throne, from which I fell.

[*Erit.*

*Iren.* What is this man? Or is he more than  
 man?  
 He speaks like one inspir'd, and seems to have  
 Fore-knowledge of his fate. I've done him  
 wrong:  
 He's no impostor; he is true Demetrius.  
 Suiski has deceived me: So I'll tell him;  
 This instant I'll forbid him to advance.

He, who rebels against his rightful prince,  
Rebels at his soul's peril, and defies  
Heaven's vengeance, which no traitor can  
escape. [Exit.]

*An Apartment in the House of Michael Merowitz.*

MICHAEL followed by a Servant.

*Mic.* Harkye, fellow, who are all these people assembled in my ante-chamber, and what are they waiting for?

*Ser.* To pay their compliments to you, and entreat your favour.

*Mic.* To pay their compliments!—pay 'em their fees, that's all the favour they entreat of me.

*Ser.* Sir, you mistake; they are persons of high rank and respectability; they want no fees.

*Mic.* I am glad to hear it; I shall be the sooner rid of them. So, d'ye see, present my compliments to them in return, and say I have the honour to wish them a very good afternoon—What do you stare at? I have said it. Disappear. [Exit Servant.] By the life of me, there is more trouble in being a great man than I was aware of.

*A Clerk enters, carrying papers.*

*Mic.* Who are you? What do you come here for? Don't you know this house is mine?

*Clerk.* I know it is your house.

*Mic.* Then why do you enter it without my leave?

*Clerk.* I am commanded by his Czarish Majesty to put this deed of gift into your hands, together with this order on his treasurer for certain monies.

*Mic.* I am glad to hear they are certain. Let me see 'em. Are you the treasurer?

*Clerk.* No, sir, I treasure nothing but the favours, that generous gentlemen bestow upon me, when I attend them by the Czar's command.

*Mic.* Humph! Is this all you have in command from the Czar?

*Clerk.* This is all.

*Mic.* Are you quite sure there is nothing overlook'd?

*Clerk.* Perfectly sure.

*Mic.* Recollect yourself. Search your pockets.

*Clerk.* Upon the honour of a gentleman, I have no one article in charge to give you more than I have now delivered.

*Mic.* Good day to you!

*Clerk.* Humph! nothing else?

*Mic.* Nothing else, upon the honour of a gentleman. Fare you well! [*Exit Clerk.*] An arrant shark—I'm fairly rid of him. But hold! Let me look a little at these papers. I am afraid my old companion is rather alter'd by his sudden elevation; yes, he's an alter'd man; but great heights will turn men giddy; perhaps I find something of that sort in myself just now—Hah! here's a paper in his own hand-writing—This may edify. I'll read it—

“ Michael Merowitz,

“ I have given you a house, well furnished and appointed, with monies, lands, and vassals, to support it. I have made you

“ rich ; be contented with riches. Aim not at  
 “ rank or power. Do not venture to solicit me  
 “ for offices of state or titles, which neither birth  
 “ nor talents fit you for. The various charac-  
 “ ters I have assumed in the scenes, which you  
 “ have been concerned in with me, were adapt-  
 “ ed to the difficulties we were in: the character  
 “ in which I must now appear, as Czar of Mos-  
 “ covy, is my natural character, and therefore  
 “ look well to your conduct, as you respect my  
 “ favour and protection.

“ DEMETRIUS, AUTOCRAT.”

Humph ! very well, excellently well, Demetrius  
 Autocrat—very pithy and concise : you are in  
 your natural character, it seems ; I liked you  
 better in your artificial one, as my friend and  
 crony Griska, but let it pass, let it pass—I must  
 look well to my conduct, it seems—that I hope  
 I can do, and yet spare a little time to look to  
 my comforts also—

*Michael.*

“ Sure he knows I’m a fellow of spirit,  
 That won’t bate him an inch of my merit ;  
 Have a care, my friend Grisky,  
 And be not too frisky,  
 I am touch’d in a sensitive part ;  
 I have plenty of scars,  
 That I got in the wars,  
 But ingratitude cuts to the heart.

Have I stuck to this desperate rover,  
 Wet and dry, hot and cold, the world over,  
 Begg’d, borrow’d, and robb’d,  
 Am I now to be fobb’d

With his house and a handful of money ?  
 I am not such a fly,  
 No, believe me, not I,  
 To be caught with a spoonful of honey."

PETER *enters*.

*Pet.* Ah, my sweet Michael, my dear son-in-law, that is to be; you have stept into good quarters, my happy fellow, o' my conscience. You have got a very pretty kind of a house over your head.

*Mic.* You are right: I'll have any man's house over my head, or any man's head over my house; but don't be so familiar. No sweet Michael, with your leave—no happy fellow; I am not sure I am happy. When I had no money, I had no cares; when I had no house I had no visitors; and now, if you recollect how readily you desired me to walk out of your house, you may guess with what good will I recommend it to you to absent yourself from mine.

*Pet.* Come, come, Michael, it is not in your nature to bear malice. I am sure you'll say a kind word to the Czar for your friend, poor old Peter.

*Mic.* Well, upon second thoughts, I will say for you to the Czar Demetrius just as many kind words as you said for me to the General Suiski.

*Pet.* No, no, no. Forgive and forget. Don't condemn me for one ill deed, think of the many good ones I have done.

*Mic.* I have been thinking of all your deeds, and I protest to you I can't recollect one good one amongst them all, unless it was your obliging introduction of me to your catchpoles, and I

will repay that favour by the very civil manner in which I'll recommend you to the hangman.

*Pet.* Now I'm sure you can't be serious, Michael. You wou'd not, surely you wou'd not suffer your wife's father to be hang'd, and see yourself made son-in-law to the gallows?

*Mic.* Don't be too sure of that. I may have family connections in that quarter more than you may be aware of—As for Petrilla, a trifle of that sort can make no difference between her and me.

*PETRILLA enters.*

*Pet.* Ah, here she comes—Sweet, sweet Petrilla, soften the heart of this obdurate man. I only want him to sue out my pardon from the Czar Demetrius, and because I made a small mistake about the star upon his cheek, and other little matters, he vows vengeance against me, and has no pity in his heart for your poor old father.

*Petril.* Oh yes, he has a great deal of pity. You told me so yourself, didn't you, Michael?

*Mic.* I did: I told you I had abundance of pity; and what was your answer to that?—"So has a tiger."

*Petril.* Well, if it was; I won't marry a tiger, I can't love a tiger.

*Mic.* I don't expect you to do both; therefore, as long as love lasts, we'll not think of marriage.

*Petril.* Choose. I can live without you.

*Mic.* Where can you live without me? In a Tartar's hovel, and feed on mare's milk?

*Petril.* On the mare herself, rather than with the richest noble in the land, who has no mercy in his heart. But fear nothing, father; Michael is only jesting with you; you are in no danger.



Have I contributed to raise Demetrius, and will Demetrius not protect my father? It is impossible.

*Mic.* Well, well ! Say no more. Your father is but a tailor, and Demetrius won't think about him ; so let him strike work, shut up shop, and come and live with us. Give me your hand, Peter ; all is over ; set your mind at rest.

*A Tartar Soldier enters.*

*Tart.* Are you Michael Merowitz ?

*Mic.* I am Michael Merowitz ; but you might have gain'd that information at the door, without troubling yourself or me to come any further.

*Tart.* I am bearer of the Czar's commands to Michael Merowitz, and shall deliver them to no one but the principal.

*Mic.* Why then, consistently with your duty, you may deliver them to me. What are they ?

*Tart.* You must come to the palace forthwith, —you and one Peter Bassovitz, and his daughter Petrilla—perhaps these are the parties—

*Mic.* You are right again : that is Peter Bassovitz, and this is his daughter.

*Tart.* So I shou'd suppose : I cou'd not easily have mistaken one for the other. It is his Czarish Majesty's commands, that you present yourselves at the palace without delay : you will be admitted upon giving in your names to the gentleman-usher.

*Mic.* I am glad to hear the usher is a gentleman—that is not your office, I perceive ?

*Tart.* It is not. You have all heard the summons—

*Mic.* Distinctly, and will obey.

*Tart.* See that you do. Farewell ! *[Exit.]*

*Mic.* See that you do ! Is that your phrase ? When next we meet again, I'll make you find a better, see if I don't.

*Petrit.* Michael, is this courtly personage, that the Czar has sent to you, one of the lords of his bedchamber ? I don't think his message promises any great promotion.

*Pet.* Are you sure he mentioned me in his majesty's invitation ?

*Mic.* Quite sure. Your name was upon the card ; you have a ticket for the entertainment.

*Pet.* I should not have taken it amiss if he had left me out.

*Petrit.* For my part, though I have little to expect, I have nothing to fear. I answered firmly to the appeal of the deacon Otreneif, I'll not run away from the summons of the Czar Demetrius.

*Mic.* Right ! my gay girl. With a man of courage you are safe ; cowards only can be cruel, and my comrade Griska has the spirit of a lion. Therefore, come along, both of you, and fear him not. He is merciful to his enemies, and cannot be unmindful of his friends. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

*A Chamber in the Palace.*

DEMETRIUS and MARIA meet.

*Mar.* Joy to my son ! I press you to my heart.

*Dem.* Ah, my thrice honoured mother, now, behold,  
Justice has laid blind fortune at your feet,  
To make atonement for the wrongs she did.  
Restored once more to these imperial walls,  
Seat of your ancient splendour, I conjure you  
Cast off these sable weeds, and reassume  
Your dignity and freedom. Time, that's past,  
Hath left a long arrear of happiness  
To be discharg'd by time, that is to come.

*Mar.* That will demand some caution on my part.  
Habits and forms when sanction'd by the church,  
Must not be rashly thrown aside and chang'd.

*Dem.* We will preserve all reverence for the church,  
Nor wound your feelings, nor insult its forms ;  
But shall the mother languish in a cell,  
And the son dwell in palaces ? I trust  
The church will not impose that form on me.  
Nature protests against it.

*Mar.* Ah ! my son,  
He that relies on Nature for his guide,  
May be betray'd into unwary steps.  
Let Nature call experience to her aid ;  
Hear what the Patriarch counsels.

*Dem.* I revere  
The Patriarch as a father and a friend,  
I honour him as patron of my right.  
But will he tell me not to set you free  
From a compell'd restraint? I will not hear  
The man, that counsels me to be unjust,  
I will enjoy that liberty of soul,  
Which teaches gratitude, compassion, love,  
And the free exercise of those affections  
Whence all the human charities derive.  
I've spared Suiski : I have left him free,  
Shall I be gentle to my enemy,  
And harsh to my own parent? Heaven forbid !

*IRENE enters.*

*Iren.* Acknowledged monarch of this mighty  
realm,  
I come, as bound in honour, to avow,  
That I have forfeited the word I pledg'd,  
And you with generous confidence believ'd,  
Suiski has deceiv'd me ; he has drawn  
Your army from their duty, he advances  
Upon your capital, and, having sworn  
Allegiance to your person, seeks your life.

*Dem.* I am not unprepar'd to meet his treason ;  
But, pondering in my thoughts the dreadful  
scenes

Which must ensue, if he persist to bring  
Your party to an issue against mine,  
Though conscious of my right, I hesitate  
And pause upon the word, that must decide  
Your fate, and that of thousands in your cause.

*Iren.* I have conjured Suiski to desist  
From stirring up rebellion in my cause,  
And to my ruin—Oh ! for mercy's sake,  
Let not the crime of spilling guiltless blood

Fall on my conscience : save me from that sin ;  
 Rather than that, at peril of my life,  
 Set me between the armies ere they join,  
 And let my abdication be proclaim'd,  
 And heralded aloud to either host :  
 Then if Suiski will not sheath the sword,  
 I stamp him traitor to the nation's peace.

*Mar.* Princess, and you my long-lamented  
 son,

If to allay this discord of the time  
 Be, as I'm sure it is, your generous wish,  
 And both are with like charity inspir'd  
 To seek the general peace, and in nothing,  
 Except in virtue, rivals, what remains  
 To secure this object, but to join your hands,  
 And, blest yourselves, resolve to bless mankind,  
 To spare th' effusion of a nation's blood,  
 And save your else devoted subjects ?

*Dem.* Ah, my good politic mother, well I know  
 'Tis so that marriages are made in courts.  
 But though the joining of our hands wou'd be  
 The reconcilment of the nation's feuds,  
 Irene's hand, without Irene's heart,  
 Though it gave peace to others, cou'd not give it  
 To me, who wou'd not fetter her free choice  
 Were it affianc'd, as I fear it is,  
 To the worst enemy I have on earth.

*Iren.* No enemy of yours can be my choice.

*Dem.* No friend of mine can be the foe of  
 peace,  
 And that Suiski is.

*Iren.* I do renounce him.

*Mar.* What then remains ? Why do ye stand  
 and pause,  
 And let the Heaven-vouchsaf'd occasion pass,  
 When the next hour may float your streets with  
 blood ?

*Dem.* Paint not the peril in such threat'ning  
terms;

But for my claim, the throne unshar'd by me  
Had been Irene's—As for Theodore,  
Neither endow'd with talents or ambition,  
She wou'd have found the path to glory free.  
And what gains she by a divided throne,  
Or I, who born to disappoint her hopes,  
What do I gain by an unwilling hand,  
Whilst she withholds her heart? Rather than  
check

Her freedom in its course, let come what will  
I'll meet it as I may—I will not rule  
O'er trembling dastard slaves, nor own a wife  
Whose spirit is not tow'ring as my own,  
Whose choice no policy directs—But hark !  
That warning speaks no courteous visitor.

\* \* \* \* \*









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